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THE NEW YORKER

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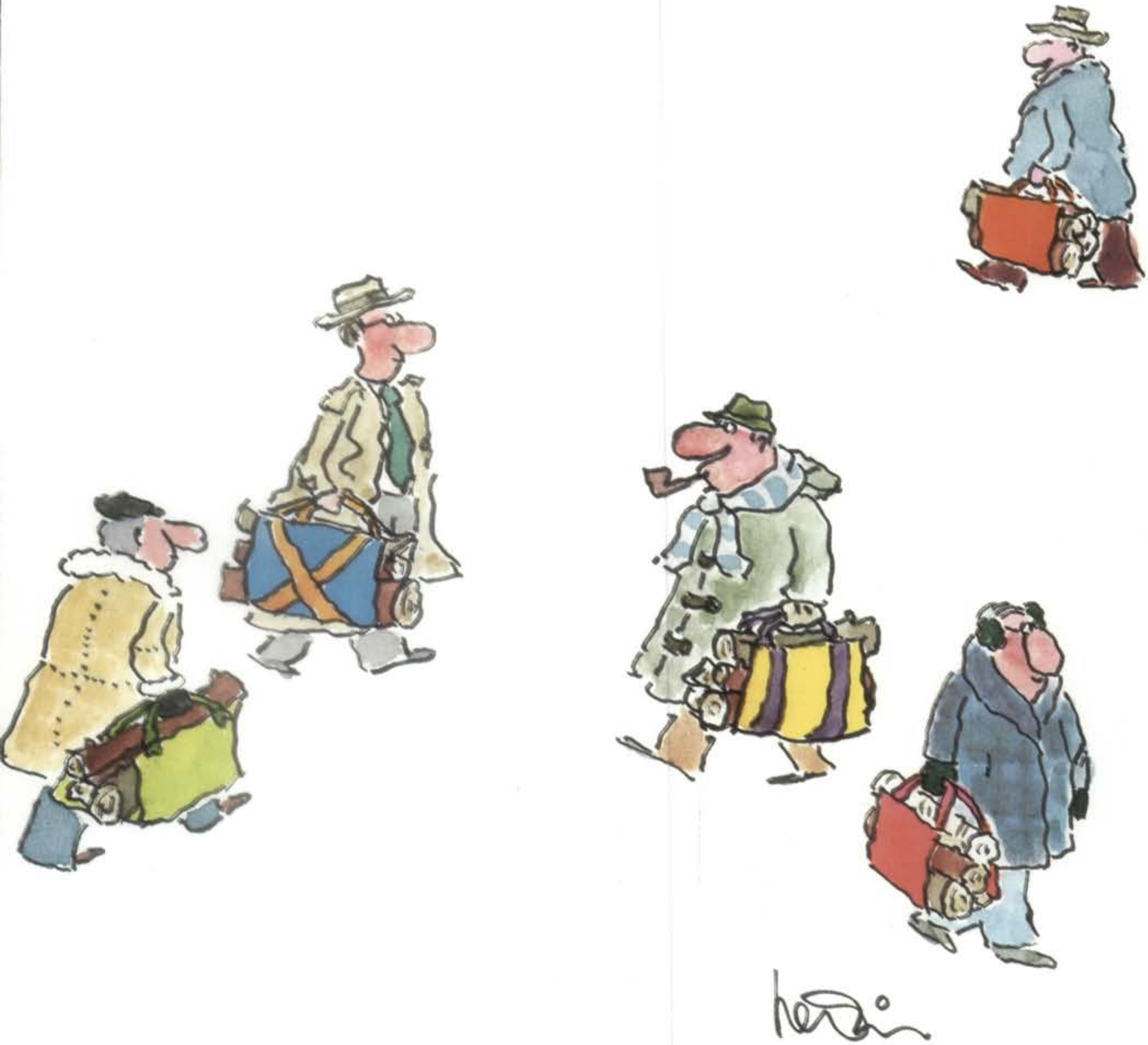

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—An adaptation by Eva Le Gallienne and Florida Friebus of the Lewis Carroll classic, with Kate Burton in the title role. The direction is by John Strasberg and Miss Le Gallienne, who also appears as the White Queen. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 23. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Almost an Eagle—A comedy by Michael Kimberley, starring James Whitmore. Jacques Levy is the director. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 16. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boogie-Woogie Rumble of a Dream Deferred—An anti-war musical still in workshop and loosely based on Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead." The script presents some difficulties, being somewhat anachronistic in feeling, but when it is set aside, the numbers—singing, dancing, acting—are marvellous. Micki Grant wrote the vibrant, melodic songs, and the entire production was conceived, adapted, and (above all) directed by the phenomenal Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Lee Kalcheim's relentlessly jokey and rather disagreeable comedy, set in 1961, about a husband-and-wife team who broadcast daily over WOR while their personal lives collapse into smithereens. The jokes, bright and brutal, are delivered with precision by the company, under Barnet Kellman's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Michael Cristofer, **black angel**, is the second in this season's series. With Tom Aldredge, Jonathan Bolt, Mary McDonnell, and Josef Sommer. Previews through Saturday matinée, Dec. 18; opens officially that evening, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays—except Christmas—and Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Thursday and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 19, no performances until Wednesday, Dec. 29.)

Edmond—David Mamet's play about a New York businessman who leaves West Seventy-ninth Street for the Times Square underworld is as hypnotic as a nightmare, although once it is over, a few flaws become apparent. It is very well performed, under Gregory Mosher's direction, by a cast imported from the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. (11/8/82) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday a 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunda at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A sentimental an rather sad little non-play about a faile American playwright and a good-hearte London bookseller. The two stars are Elle Burstyn and Joseph Maher. (Reviewed in th issue.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 92 8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Ma inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Frank I Gilroy's **who'll save the plowboy?** is the thi in this season's series of eight production (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. an Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Sa urday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunda Dec. 19. For information about tickets, f which contributions are requested, call 66 2028.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn a irresistibly tart and tender in a play abo life in Appalachia, where the old seek in va to cling to their old customs and the you light out for the fleshpots of Florid (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47 St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, e cept Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted pla wright, has written an annoying, cam comedy about some movie people on locati near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/8

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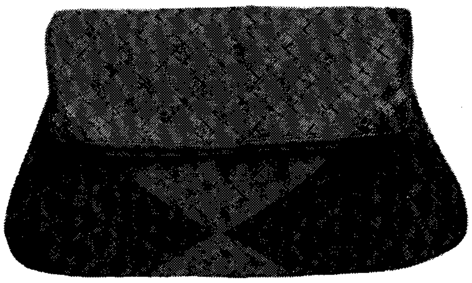

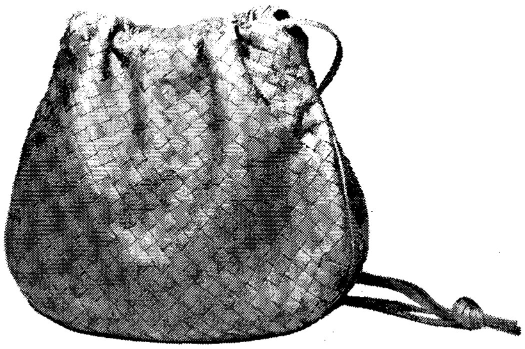

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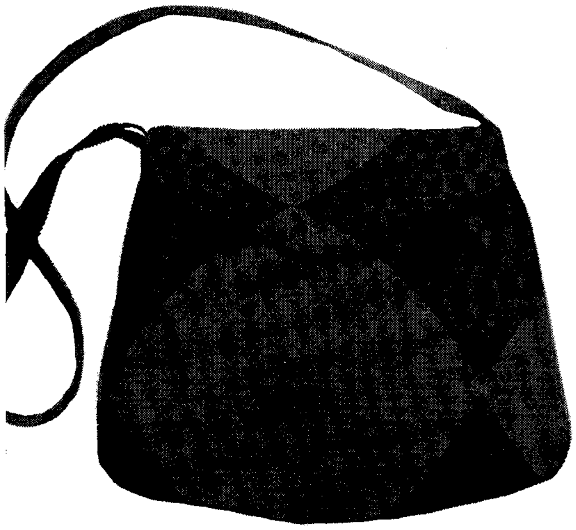

(Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn head the exceptionally fine cast of this Royal Shakespeare Company production of a play about a venal German who, in the early days of Hitler's rise to power, believes himself to be a far better man than he is. Howard Davies is the director. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—A harmless curiosity, which has Diane Venora in the title role. (12/13/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 7.)

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 4 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4; Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 7:30; and Friday, Dec. 24, at 2.)

A Little Family Business—Angela Lansbury and John McMartin head the cast of Jay Presson Allen's comedy, adapted from the French play "Potiche," by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2.)

Monday After the Miracle—Set sixteen years after "The Miracle Worker," William Gibson's new play stars Jane Alexander as Annie Sullivan and Karen Allen as Helen Keller. Staged by Arthur Penn. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Portrait of Jennie—A musical version of the Robert Nathan novel. The book is by Enid Futterman and Dennis Rosa, the music by Howard Marren, and the lyrics by Miss Futterman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

Present Laughter—Noël Coward's somewhat autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starring George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—Presenting a full-length musical, **AMERICANS, OR LAST TANGO IN HUAHUATENANGO.** (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 15-18, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 2. For tickets, call 228-1499.)

The Showgirl—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. Reopens Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Some Men Need Help—A play by John Ford Noonan, with Philip Bosco and Treat Williams. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 757-5458. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Steaming—A comedy by Nell Dunn about half a dozen women in the depths of a public bathhouse in London, scheming to take revenge on the sorry world of men. The splendid cast is headed by Judith Ivey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

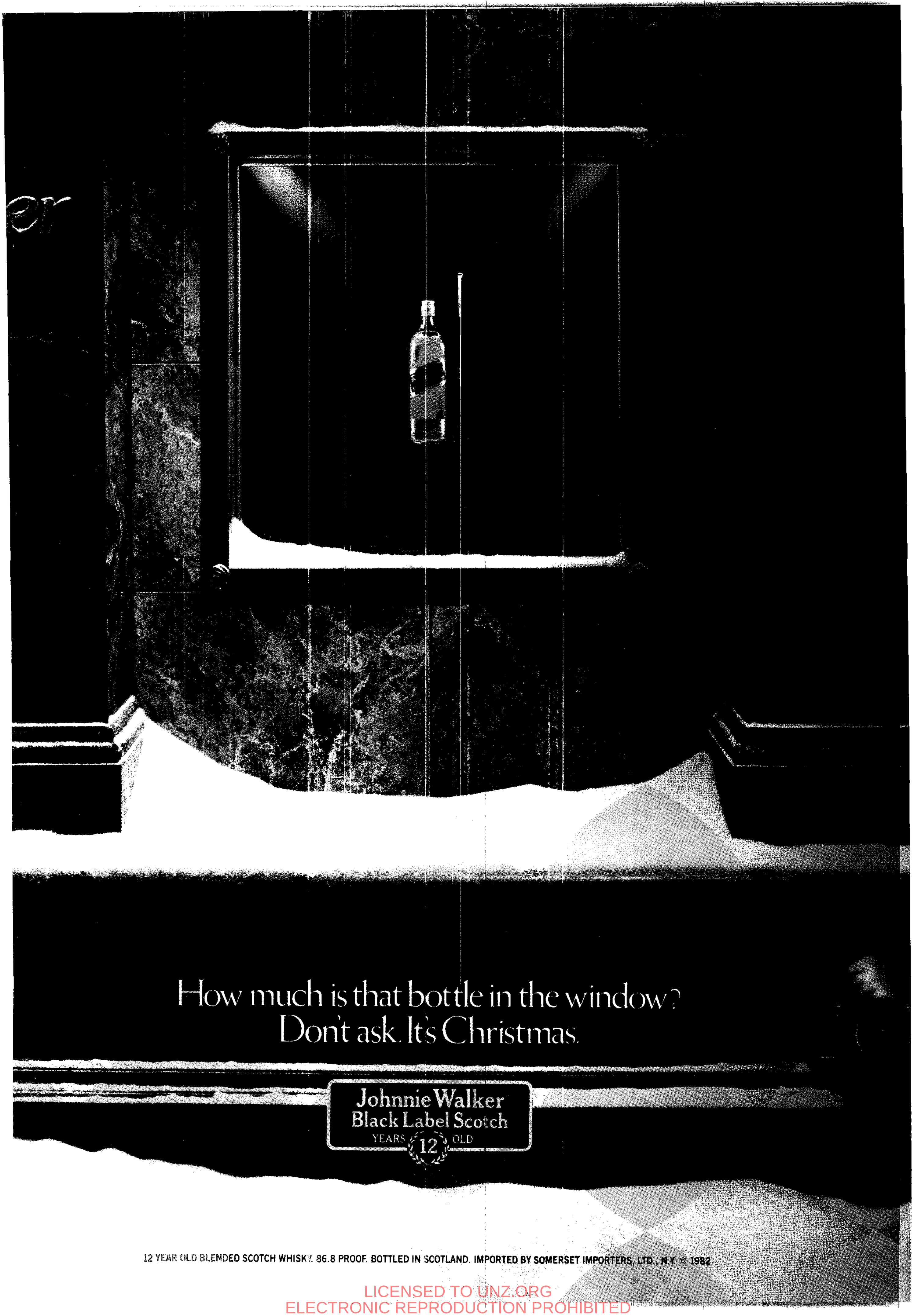
Twice Around the Park—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach in two one-act plays by Murray Schisgal that are only intermittently as funny as Mr. Schisgal appears to think they are. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Upper Depths—A comedy by David Steven Rappoport. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 3 Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Whodunnit—A play by Anthony Shaffer, first seen in London as "The Case of the Oily Levantine." Directed by Michael Kahn, the cast includes George Hearn, Hermione Baddeley, and Fred Gwynne. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 19. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—Donald Li in a mystery-comedy by R. A. Shiomi. (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, excep Christmas, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method a a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzl and then resolve it, displaying much wit an erudition along the way. The puzzle in thi instance is whether Mozart was poisoned b his contemporary, the composer Antoni Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by hir to professional failure and poverty. Davi Dukes plays the villainous Salieri and Joh Pankow plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A old-fashioned musical, based on the onc popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie. The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehar and the so-so songs are by Charles Strous and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays throug Fridays—except Christmas Eve—and Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Satu days—except Christmas—and Sundays at special matinée Friday, Dec. 24, at 3. Close Sunday, Jan. 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group young dancers audition for a handful chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsa and by the time the evening is over w know everything about all of them. (Shuber 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa 1880 and then in a park in London 1980—is a clever and original work th adds a measure of confusion all its own. It very well performed under Tommy Tune brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatr 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** Beth Henley Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about thr young women in a small town in Mississip and their trials and tribulations, nearly of which prove to be very funny indee (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tue days through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play tak place in a formal dining room over the pa fifty years or so, somewhere in New Englan and this action is a matter of brief scen about a large assortment of characters wl are portrayed by six nimble, accomplish actors. David Trainer was the good direct (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., ne Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through F days at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Su days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) .



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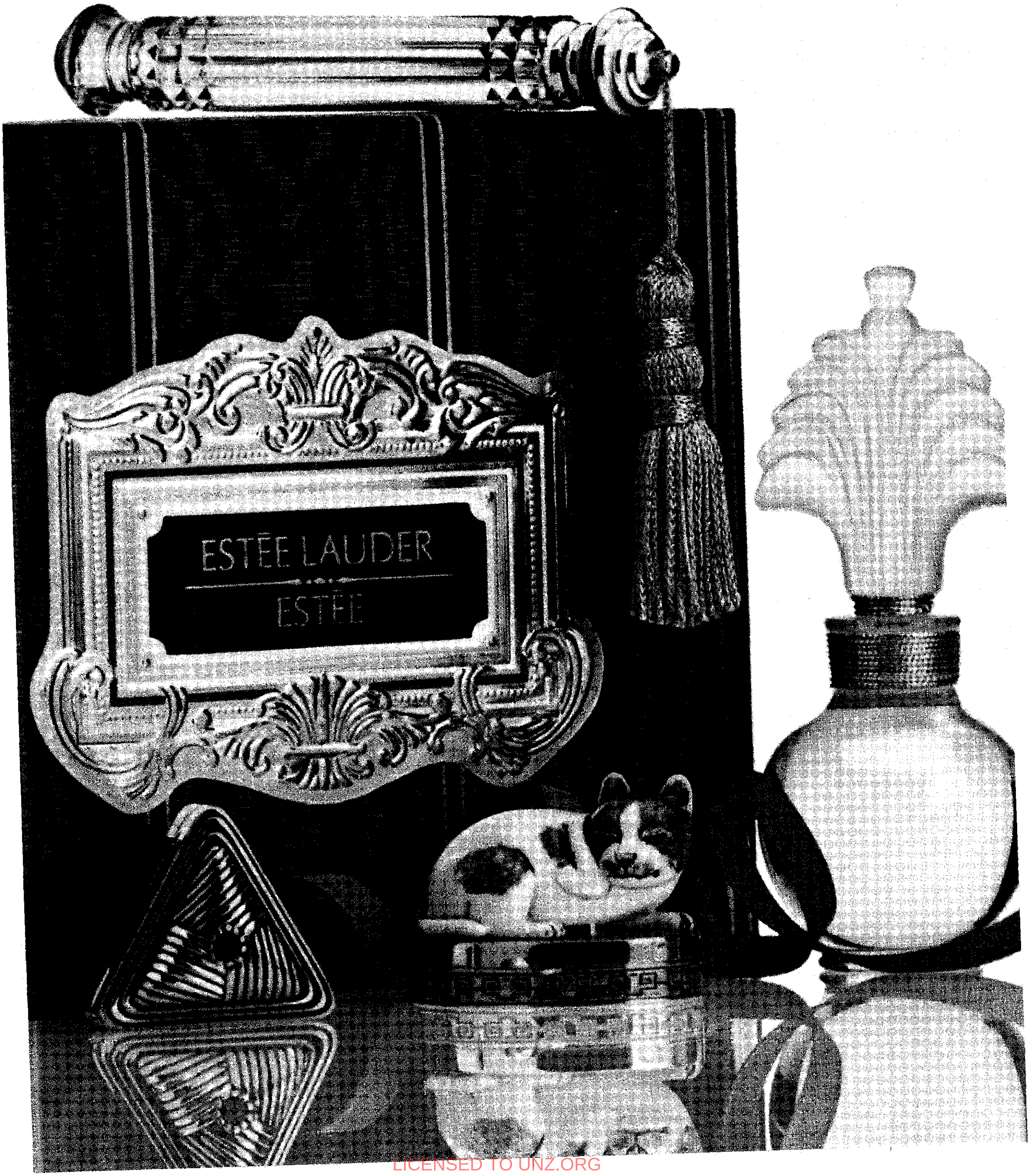
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DREAMGIRLS: Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,416 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30—except Christmas Eve, when there will be one performance, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 21-23, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 6.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 16, at 4 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 4 and 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 1 and 4; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 20-22, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 1 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, at 6; Friday, Dec. 17, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1 and 5; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, at 6; and Friday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Streams," "Treading," "Blues Suite," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Blues Suite," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "The Stack Up," "The River," and "Phases." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Streams," "Treading," "Songs Without Words," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 19: "Phases," "Songs Without Words," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 19: "The Stack Up," "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Joffrey Ballet—Performances of "The Taming of the Shrew" will open a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 24, at 2.)

José Limón Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," "The Moor's Pavane," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Sonata," "Carlota," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Sonata," "Magritte Magritte," and "The Emperor Jones." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 7:30: "There Is a Time," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—"Shadows," "Metallics," "Abandoned Prayer," and "The Abiding Void." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 989-6070. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, at 8.)

David Gordon/Pick Up Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 15-18, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 20, at 8: A full-length work, "Trying Times." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 11: "T.V. Reel," in a new non-video version. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

William Carter Dance Company—"Songs of Praise," an unnamed work, and "Concierto de Aranjuiz," with guest dancer Maria Alba. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Dec. 15, and Friday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

Robert Small and the Small Dance Company—"Centrical Dimensions," "Lullaby," "Crest," and "Skan." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, the **BROSS TOWNSEND** trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** who still mugs and mumbles—i.e., sings—his way through a set, leads his sweet-sounding quintet through Sunday, Dec. 19; Monday, Dec. 20, will belong to Gerald Catling and Jane Carey; and on Tuesday, Dec. 21, hard-bop guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will arrive with his group. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 15, **BUDDY RICH** and his big band and Ron Darian; Thursday, Dec. 16, comics Arsenio Hall, Paul Reiser, and Barry Sobel; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 17-19, singer Jon Lucien and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tyzik; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20-21, Tom Rush and the Carolling Carollers; and Wednesday, Dec. 22, Roomful of Blues. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is at work with support from bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Dec. 18; starting Monday, Dec. 20, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will take charge for six nights. On Sundays, guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** play duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, *performs after ten-thirty in this* theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** his devoted admirers will be glad to know, is back in the Café Carlyle *(until the end of the year, anyway) with his* trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** a sturdy, swinging bebop-derived pianist and occasional singer, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Dec. 15, Quakes at Lima, Health Hen, Glory, and Never, Never; Thursday, Dec. 16, Modern English and the Id; Friday, Dec. 17, the Nitecaps and the Neats; and Saturday, Dec. 18, the Individuals, Peter Holsapple, and the Egyptians. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** sings blues tunes she wrote in 1922 ("Downhearted Blues") and in 1976 ("I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man") and standards such as "The Glory of Love," "Let the Rest of the World Go By," and "The Darktown Strutters' Ball." Pianist **DON SHIRLEY** performs Sundays through Tuesdays. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE,** the debonair straight-arrow baritone and able pianist—dig his left hand—and his bassist, **FRANK TATE,** are at home in the singer-pianist's room in, of all things, a Chinese restaurant. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. *(924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In* spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Dec. 15, the Soldier's Fancy; Thursday, Dec. 16, a jam session; and Saturday, Dec. 18, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays. No music Thursday, Dec. 23, and Christmas.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Wednesdays, the floor is turned over to the Bill Simon–George Simon quintet from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 19, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty are allotted to soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his hot-jazz combo, the **BECHET LEGACY.** Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-*7902)—This snazzy downstairs jazz club is* where altoist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet are ensconced until Sunday, Dec. 19. On Tuesday, Dec. 21, **BETTY CARTER,** a risk-taker of a jazz singer, will bring in her trio. Carter's vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice Carter listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesdays, Music for Dozens (at ten); Thursday, Dec. 16, Stan Rogers and David Massengill; Friday, Dec. 17, Tom Intondi and Martha P. Hogan; Saturday, Dec. 18, Andy Breckman and Buzzy Linhart; Tuesday, Dec. 21, Arms Akimbo and Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Thursday, Dec. 23, **CATHY ROSE SALIT;** and Saturday, Dec. 25, **ANDY STATMAN.** Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** and bassist **DON PATE;** Monday, Dec. 20, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and guitarist **TED DUNBAR;** Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 21-23, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, the Metropolitan Trio. The music on Sundays is provided by singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, the Scott Hardy trio is on hand; Mondays Graham Forbes and Ray Carle play piano-bass duets; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays stride piano and Ellington tunes.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. Pianist and composer **HAL SCHAEFER** performs with bassis **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, Dec. 18; o Sundays, Mondays, and for the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 21, **NINA SHELDON,** a livel singer and pianist, can be found at th keyboard. Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will accompany her starting Tuesday, Dec. 21. Set begin at nine Tuesdays through Saturday *and at seven on Sundays and Mondays.*

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289 3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually little fancier—of a West Side hangout. Thi one attracts neatly dressed couples and hire jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of th West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride specialis (when he's not performing elsewhere), can b found at the dining-room grand. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirt and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. O Tuesday, Dec. 21, at nine and eleven, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in wit Wellstood.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—The schedule at this convivial jazz lof Thursday, Dec. 16, the Jeff Morgan–No Cohen quartet; Friday and Saturday, De 17-18, **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his ten-piec Brazilian jazz band, **AMAZON;** and Saturda Dec. 25, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz ensemble. Sets at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and a jam session held on Fridays run from one to three A.M.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing under the leadership of trumpeter Spank Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSK** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky direc another group of musical archivists fro eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve an Christmas.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9 St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar an restaurant that is often crowded—but, fo tunately, crowded with good listeners. **ROLAN HANNA,** who sometimes sounds undulating an romantic, at other times clipped and percu sive, but who always is a powerhouse of pianist, works with bassist **MIKE RICHMON** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays an Mondays are the property of pianist **JUNI MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA.** Mus from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (24 1664)—No, this isn't the Department Rockabilly at the New School. It's a dege trified Schrafft's, where the authentic Tex ambience is more representative of Aust than of Dallas. Wednesday, Dec. 15, New O leans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Thursday, Dec. 1 Rank & File and the Shake-Outs; Sunda Dec. 19, the Incredible Casuals and t Holmes Brothers Band; Monday and Tue day, Dec. 20-21, Pure Prairie Leagu Wednesday, Dec. 22, the Aztec Two-Step an Devon Square; and Thursday, Dec. 23, Will and Nenni Nininger and Don Morrell & t *Meteors. Music from about eight-thir* nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker S (228-3788)—A real fine lineup: bassist **REGG WORKMAN'S TOP SHELF** through Saturday, De 18; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 19-20, percu sionist **RAY MANTILLA;** and Tuesday throu Thursday, Dec. 21-23, pianist **RICHIE BEIRAC** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, an one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nin thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Satu days. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve an Christmas.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DI HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** is wor ing from a perfect repertory of Gershw compositions Tuesdays through Saturda from nine-fifteen; Mondays from nine to midnight are claimed by the New Orleans Fune al and Ragtime Band. Dining. Closed Su days.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86 8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper We Side night club that brings in satisfying ja rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wedn day, Dec. 15, Thom Rotella; Friday and Sa urday, Dec. 17-18, French Toast; Sunda Dec. 19, guitarist **JOE BECK** and singer **PHYL HYMAN** in a benefit performance; Monda

Dec. 20, Artie Dixon; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, Roland Vazquez. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Dec. 15, B. Willie Smith and Al Anderson; Thursday, Dec. 16, Guy and Pipp Gillette and Paul Geremia; Friday, Dec. 17, R. & B. and rockabilly classicist **otis blackwell**—he wrote "Don't Be Cruel," "All Shook Up," and "Fever"—the George Dickel band; Saturday, Dec. 18, Mrozinski and comedienne Janie Duroy; Sunday, Dec. 19, Mark Suzzo; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, Steven Wright. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**jimmy lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **sy oliver,** along with his bouncy dance septet, is present Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays—except Christmas—from eight to two, Sundays from six to midnight, and Christmas from seven to one. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, Dec. 15, the Thompson Twins; Thursday, Dec. 16, **todd rundgren's utopia;** Sunday, Dec. 19, Hot Chocolate; Thursday, Dec. 23, **richie havens;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, Nils Lofgren. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Dec. 15, André Douglas; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 16-19, **jimmy heath, slide hampton, kenny barron, ron carter,** and **art taylor**—all in one band; Monday, Dec. 20, the Ed Palermo big band; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, the Bob Mintzer trio. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle: Wednesdays, Toninho Horta; Thursdays, Brasil 2000; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, **loremil machado & the sarava bahia** band; Sunday, Dec. 19, Tony Semifusa and Friends; Tuesday, Dec. 21, Marcos Silva. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Friday through Monday, Dec. 24-27.

tar and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Real good weekend jazz: Tenor saxophonist **charlie rouse** heads up a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Christmas.

weet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players and the place keeps on being crowded. Pianist **john hicks** is at the helm of a quintet that includes **hannibal marvin peterson, chico freeman, gary bartz, walter booker,** and **jimmy cobb;** through Saturday, Dec. 18. On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 19-20 (at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty), **sharon freeman,** a French-horn and piano soloist, will perform with her ensemble, and starting Tuesday, Dec. 21, **scott hamilton,** a young tenor saxophonist with a big-voiced swing-era tone, will lead his combo. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**big joe turner,** Kansas City blues and jazz legend, is singing at this simple little club Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays and Tuesdays from seven-thirty to midnight, Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Dec. 15, Leap of Faith; Saturday, Dec. 18, Felony and the Messengers; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, the Singles and the Songs. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the downstairs room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Dec. 20, there will be two bands, **machito's** and **conjunto clasico,** and one guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **arthur blythe.** On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **daphne hellman** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Tenor saxophonist **clifford jordan** winds up a visit with pianist **stanley cowell,** bassist **walter booker,** and drummer **vernel fournier** on Sunday, Dec. 19; on Tuesday, Dec. 21, trumpeter and composer **woody shaw** will bring in his quintet. Monday nights are **mel lewis big band** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **helen merrill** sings here with her trio through Sunday, Dec. 19, and on Tuesday, Dec. 21, concert guitarist **carlos barbosa-lima** will arrive. Music at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Pianist Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Saturday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. **willis (gator tail) jackson** is on tenor sax, leading his outfit nearly every night; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20-21, saxophonist Percy France will drop by with his quartet. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. **hilton ruiz** and **major holley,** the Sunday piano-bass team, are also present Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 15-18; Monday through Friday, Dec. 20-24, have been reserved for pianist **ray bryant** and his bassist, **jimmy rowser.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Derek Bailey's Company—With George Lewis, Fred Frith, and others. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 431-1022. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 16-18, at 9.)

Lester Bowie's Root to the Source—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 11.

James Moody Quintet and Sheila Jordan & Harvie Swartz—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8 and 10:30.

James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Modern Jazz Quartet—With Jon Hendricks & Company. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman–Junior Cook quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 10 and midnight: Waymon Reed quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Mantilla & Space Station. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18: Oliver Lake & Jump Up. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23: David Murray quartet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas, and some are likely to close early on Friday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pompeo Batoni (1708-87)—A loan exhibition of paintings by an artist who has been called Italy's last Old Master. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Colnaghi, a recently opened gallery at 26 E. 80th St. Closes Saturdays at 4.)

Thomas S. Buechner—Precisely rendered oil portraits that hover on the brink of caricature, and romantic landscapes. Through Jan. 8. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

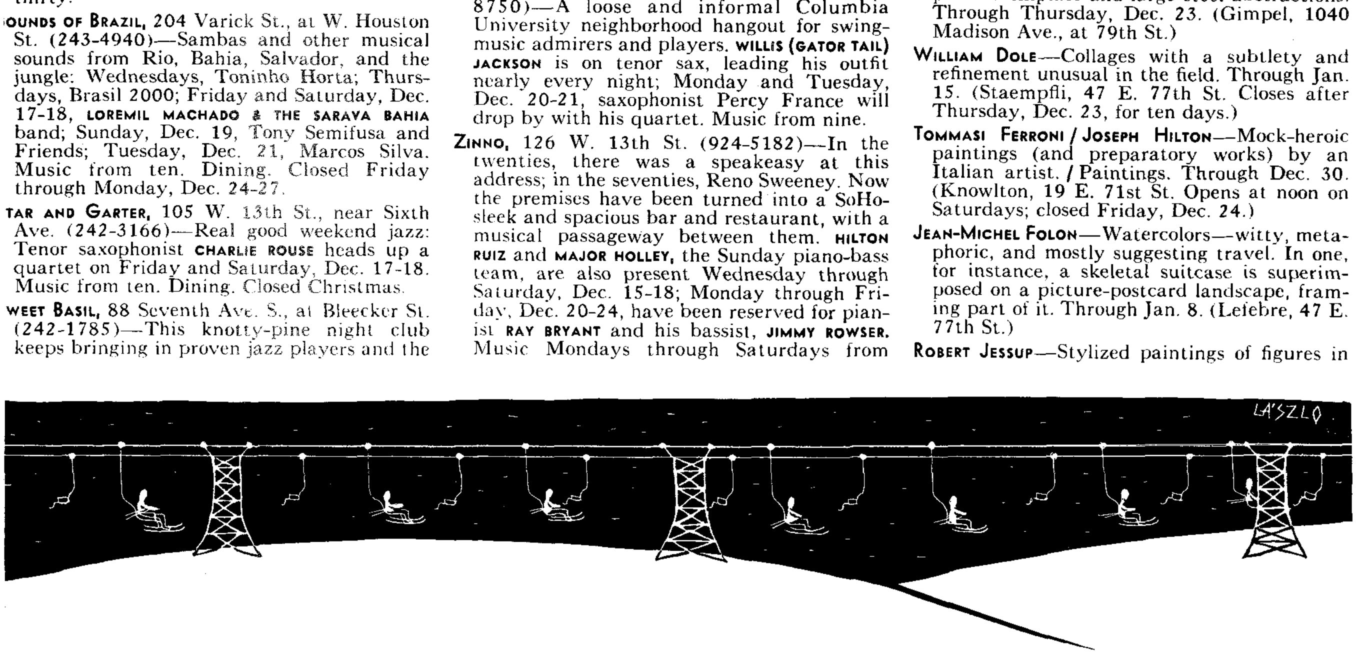
Robert Cronin—Sculptures: small grids of painted tinplate and large steel abstractions. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Dole—Collages with a subtlety and refinement unusual in the field. Through Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

Tommasi Ferroni / Joseph Hilton—Mock-heroic paintings (and preparatory works) by an Italian artist. / Paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Watercolors—witty, metaphoric, and mostly suggesting travel. In one, for instance, a skeletal suitcase is superimposed on a picture-postcard landscape, framing part of it. Through Jan. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Jessup—Stylized paintings of figures in



dreamlike settings. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Robert M. Kulicke—A new set of his small fruit and flower still-lifes, these done in pastels as well as in oils. Through Dec. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Giacomo Manzù—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, works on paper. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Mercedes Matter / Fritz Bultman—Charcoal drawings in which bovine skulls are incorporated in abstract landscapes. / Large pencil drawings of nudes. Through Dec. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Watercolor studies the artist made in 1953 as illustrations for the book "L'Enfance d'Ubu." Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Malcolm Morley—Grecian beaches, Hopi Indians, Bengal tigers, schools of fish, and gaudy parrots are among the subjects of oils and watercolors by this Expressionist. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

James Rosenquist—Three paintings and six drawings dated 1982. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Susan Roth—Abstract collage paintings in which one layer of folded or otherwise manipulated canvas, stiffened with pigmented gel, is laid on another. Through Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—Oils, including abstractions from the sixties. Through Jan. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Sean Scully—Abstract works usually consisting of two or three shaped canvases covered with stripes and joined together. Through Jan. 8. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays; closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

Laura Ziegler—Polychromed terra-cotta sculptures, including full-figure portraits. Through Jan. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **aca,** 21 E. 67th St.: Works from the gallery stock, by Milton Avery, Thomas Hart Benton, Georgia O'Keeffe, Roy *Carruthers, and others. Through Dec. 30.* . . . **cds,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Claudio Bravo, Wifredo Lam, Rufino Tamayo, and other Latin-American artists. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: Representations of animals in a variety of mediums by more than fifty artists: Claes Oldenburg, Roy De Forest, Christie Rupp, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by six contemporary Scottish artists. Through Jan. 15. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Forty American paintings on loan from the Parrish Art Museum, in Southampton, including eight canvases by William Merritt Chase. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and prints by Picasso, small abstractions by Charles Seliger, and drawings by Paul Klee are among the works on view. Through Jan. 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturday, Dec. 18, after which the gallery will be closed for ten days.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary Arcadian paintings by Lennart Anderson, Milet Andrejevic, Bonnie Sklarski, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. . . . **shepherd,** 21 E. 84th St.: More than a hundred Art Nouveau and Art Deco paintings and works on paper and a few sculptures by artists who worked in Vienna and Munich at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 8. . . . **theo waddington,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Bush, Noland, Olitski, Poons, and Rothko. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closes after Wednesday, Dec. 22, for two weeks.) . . . **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: White and black drawings by Barry Ledoux, Susan Rothenberg, Tod Wizon and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 23.

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Sculpture—The theme is houses and the pieces range from Donna Dennis's painted-wood tourist cabin to Eliot Lable's ten gold columns supporting ten Greek temples. Through Jan. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Blake (1757-1827) **and Francisco Goya** (1746-1828)—Engravings from the former's "Book of Job," and etchings from the latter's "Los Caprichos" series. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Sculptures in bronze and *marble. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth* Ave., at 57th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Brancusi and Mondrian—A congenial pairing of their respective sculptures and paintings; the works are on loan. Through Dec. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stephen Buckley / Richard Smith—Abstract reliefs consisting of either doubled-over or woven strips of painted canvas held by stretchers of varying shapes. / Monotypes. Through Jan. 30. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for two weeks.)

Scott Burton—Among four new pieces by the sculptor are a dining table, with chairs for ten, in upholstered leather and bronze. Through Dec. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils by a painter noted for his copious use of white. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

R. J. Christensen—Abstract oils. Through Dec. 31. (Fedelé, 42 E. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd—Landscapes that include views of ice breaking up in the Delaware River. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

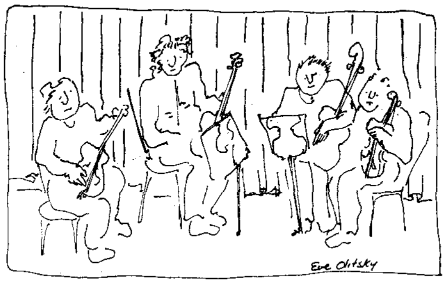
Maryann Harman—Semi-abstract paintings of the Blue Ridge Mountains by a native of the region. Through Dec. 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Lily Harmon—Drawings from all phases of her career. Through Jan. 8. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Bill Jensen—Ten abstract gouache paintings on paper. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Ten new monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, each a segment of a circle. Through Jan. 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of Kelly's sculptures will be at the Whitney Museum starting Friday, Dec. 17.

Loren Madsen—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)



Rafael Mahdavi / Harold Gregor—Abstractions in acrylic on canvas. / Paintings of Illinois farmlands. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / Jean Dubuffet—Six-foot-square canvases in which thin stripes in terra-cotta hues traverse pale backgrounds. / Forty-two paintings crowded with his bright-colored, jack-in-the-box figures. Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Misty, moody landscapes of the Pennsylvania countryside around the Delaware River. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hugh O'Donnell—Constructivist paintings done on wood panels and shaped canvases, which are fitted together in jigsaw fashion. The artist was included in the Guggenheim's 1980 show "British Art Now." Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Recent works, including watercolor abstractions, collages, and one assemblage of wildly disparate objects—bones, beads, vacuum bottles, old labels. Through Dec. 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Rose—Large-scale abstract oils. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings of New England landscapes in all seasons, a couple of views of Taos, and some cloud studies. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Sylvia Stone / Helen Frankenthaler—Huge, fes*tive wall sculptures and freestanding pieces* made up of tangles of geometric forms, some in bright-painted ragboard, some in aluminum. / Monotypes made at the Experimenta Workshop, in San Francisco. Through Dec 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscapes in pastel on canvas, some of the works concentrating on such details as treetops, some taking in the whole view. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elbert Weinberg / Attilio Salemme (1911-1955)—Stylized representations of cats in bronze and in terra-cotta. / Works on paper Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings based on *themes in his play* "The Golden Windows." Through Dec. 30. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St Open Mondays.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Works on paper (pastels mostly) and some sculptures celebrating the people of his native Mexico, and a series o lithographs inspired by a 1981 trip to Egypt Through Dec. 31. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St. Large paintings by Martha Diamond, Judy Rifka, Richard Bosman (who also has monotypes), and others. Through Dec. 30. . . **dintenfass,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and photographs by artists (Arthur Dove, John Marin, Eliot Porter, Helen Torr, among others who were given shows by Alfred Stieglitz, a his gallery An American Place, are joined by thirty photographs Stieglitz himself took o his family. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Friday Dec. 24.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Self portraits by Alice Neel (who is as candid about herself as she is about other nud figures), Paul Georges, Red Grooms, Michae Mazur, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Open at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **gladstone,** 41 W 57th St.: "The Crucifix Show," a title tha stems from the cross shapes—broadly define —encountered in the works of Keith Milow Alan Vega, Brice Marden, Nancy Haynes and others. Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday

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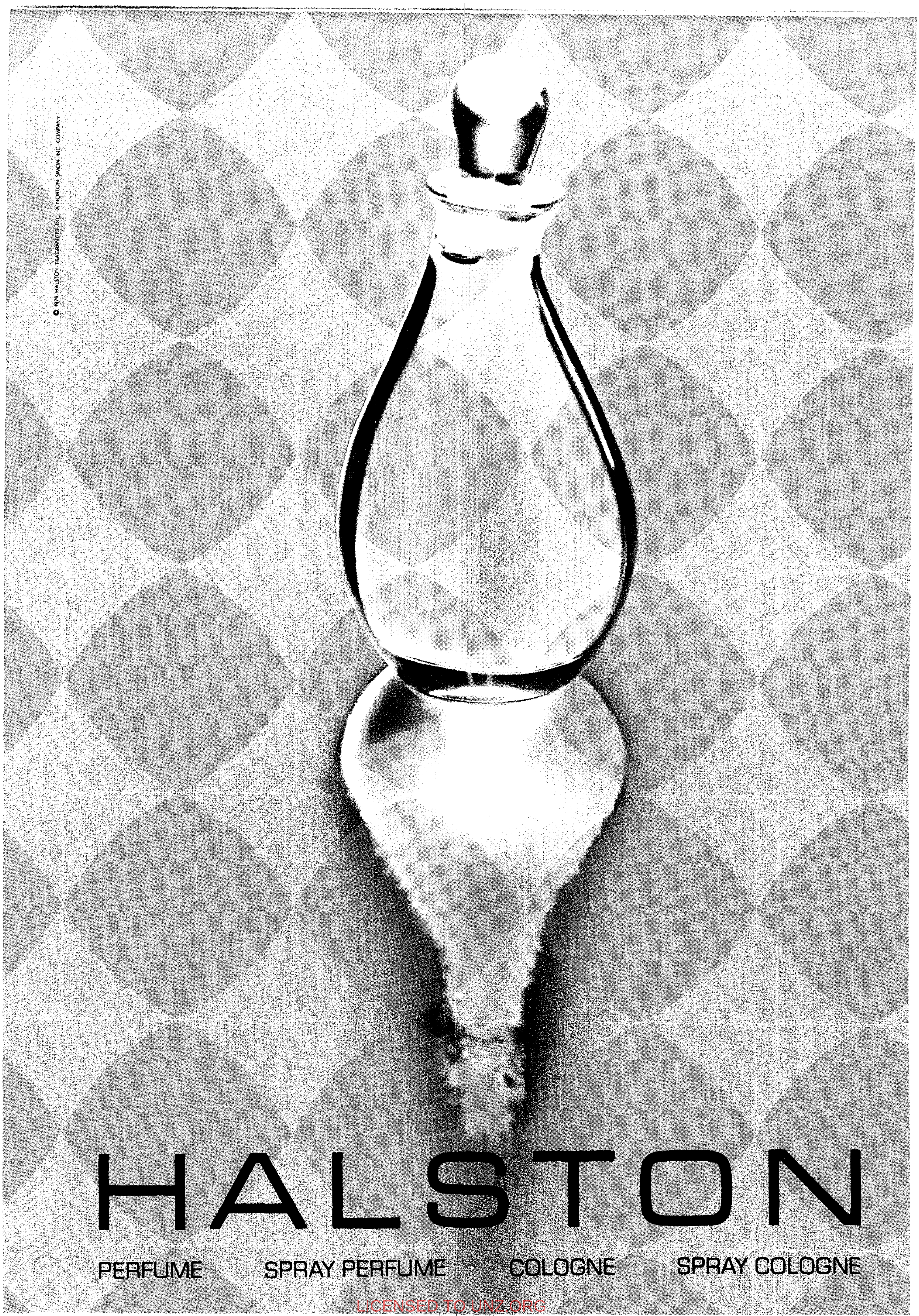
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 24.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lifes by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: Robin Bruch (works on paper), Elga Heinzen (paintings), Gary Kulak (elongated steel chairs), Paul Linfante (pastels), and Jean Promutico (paintings on unstretched canvas). Through Jan. 6. (Closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for ten days.) . . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Former members of the gallery, such as Pollock and Rauschenberg, as well as current ones, such as Cleve Gray and Minoru Kawabata, are represented by paintings in this show, as is the late Betty Parsons herself. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Gabriele Basilico's black-and-white photographs of Milan architecture of the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photographs by Henry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, and Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank, Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Wall-mounted and free-standing sculptures in painted and chromium-plated steel—taken, as is his custom, from crushed automobiles. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., is also showing sculptures, one of them in urethane foam. (Dia opens at noon.)

GENE DAVIS—Nine huge, identical cartoonlike self-portraits, plus another row of thirty-eight tiny ones, reëmphasize this artist's ties to serial imagery, the basis of his familiar stripe paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. A show of drawings is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

DAN FREEMAN—Large acrylic paintings apparently documenting the sexual revolution. Through Jan. 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—A hand-colored photographic mural entitled "Thinking About the Mangrove and the Pine," and other works centered on the ecological concerns of these artists. Through Jan. 22. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

SOL LEWITT—A two-gallery show of wall drawings: A large grid pattern in black on gray (and vice versa) at Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Dec. 31), and solid geometric forms in colored inks and in graphite, upstairs next door at Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Thursday, Dec. 23).

CLAUDIO MARZOLLO / JOYCE STILLMAN-MYERS—Abstract Plexiglas-and-metal sculptures in which fluorescent light constantly changes color. / Superrealist paintings of candy. Through Dec. 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

MATT MULLICAN—This artist's symbols for life, death, health, etc. (they're comparable to the symbols used on road signs), applied to huge, bright-colored cotton banners, as well as to posters and gouache paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

GRAHAM NICKSON / NANCY GIESMANN—Very large (almost life-size) realist charcoal drawings of people at the beach. / Stylized semi-abstract paintings in acrylic and gold enamel, depicting geese, fish, buffalo, tigers, a chorus of howling wolves, canoeists, sailboats. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

A. R. PENCK—Pictographic works—stick men and symbols painted on huge canvases, mostly in black on white or white on gray. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

SHARRON QUASIUS / D. J. HALL—"Washington Crossing the Delaware" is one of four well-known paintings translated into large and funny relief sculptures made of a sort of quilted canvas. / Photo-Realist paintings of women in swimming pools. Through Dec. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

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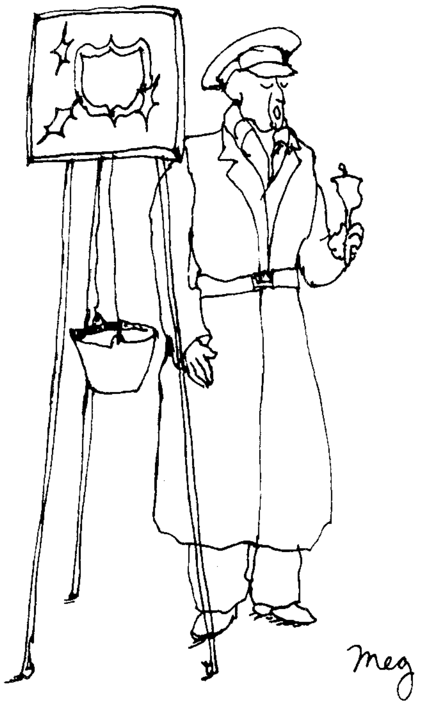
JOHN SANDERS—Abstract sculptures carved from slabs of solid steel with blowtorch and chisel (the largest weighs six and a half tons), plus one bronze casting, taken from a work in steel. Through Jan. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

NED SMYTH / CHARLES GARABEDIAN—New sculptures—baroque caryatids in colored cement, Egyptian-looking columns, and mosaics. / Drawings and watercolors, some of action in classical amphitheatres. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ—Men in space, manic cows, the drug scene are subjects for these outsize spray-paint works by a young artist. Through Jan. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BONLOW,** 150 Greene St.: Works by twenty-odd artists, including Chia, Twombly, and Warhol, under the catchall title "Myth." Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **BRYERS,** 111 Greene St.: A dozen artists, among them Varujan Bogoshian, Howard Hussey, Cletus Johnson, and Hans Namuth, pay homage to Joseph Cornell. Through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **CONCORD,** 451 Broome St.: Portraits by Don Bachardy, Rafael Ferrer, Joan Semmel, Jan Groover, and others. Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among them Stephen Aljian, Barbara Anello, and John Ferro. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8; closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **KEY,** 130 Greene St.: Contemporary watercolors; Marcia Yerman, Stefano Bicini, and Joy Taylor are among the artists. Through Jan. 15. (Closed Tuesdays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **RICCO-JOHNSON,** 475 Broome St.: This new gallery offers American naïve paintings, including a spirited ice-hockey game (Rangers vs. Maple Leafs) and a depiction of the Battle of King's Mountain. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER,** 142 Greene St.: Recent works by Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Roy Lichtenstein, and Cy Twombly. Through Jan. 4. (Closed Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24.)



OTHER GALLERIES

IRWIN S. CHANIN—Photographs, artifacts, furniture, and documents enumerating his contributions to New York architecture. Through Jan. 28. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

RICHARD FISHMAN—Totemic sculptures in cement and steel; also, chalk drawings. Through Jan. 8. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

LIVIO SAGANIĆ—Labyrinthine niches cut into large upright slabs of rough-hewn slate. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

REMO SALVADORI—Paintings by an artist who makes his own colors from berries and minerals he finds in his native Tuscany. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

MERRILL WAGNER / PETER BROWN—Abstractions in oil pastel on slate and on Formica. / Wall sculptures using crating wood, with acrylic paint or plaster added. Through Jan. 8. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS—Photographs of art critics. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—A new set of photographs of room interiors, concentrating on white corners. Through Dec. 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE—Photographs (dated 1902-39), which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. Through Jan. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JULIE O'CONNOR / MARILYNN K. YEE—Photographs of Southeast Asian refugees living in the United States. / Prints by a *Times* photographer. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Basement Workshop, 22 Catherine St., near East Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MICHAEL (TONY) VACCARO—Portraits of Shostakovich, Chaplin, Breuer, the de Koonings, and others by a photojournalist. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Heller, 71 Greene St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—from the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of Hellenistic art lent mostly by museums in Greece. Chief among the works are a fourth-century-B.C. solid-gold wreath with oak leaves and acorns; a pebble-mosaic floor, from Pella, depicting a lion hunt; and a three-foot-high bronze pitcher weighing almost a hundred pounds. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A group of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of the abstract sculptures of Louise Bourgeois, including vertical segmented wood and marble pieces and a room-size latex-and-wood installation. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Jan. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Starts Friday, Dec. 17. A show of his paintings is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joel Shapiro. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. A complementary show is at the Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Janet Fish, Michael Loew, H. N. Han, Flora Natapoff, and other contemporary artists showing fifty-five works, some of which will be purchased by the Academy/Institute (and given to museums) with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Marcel Breuer, Wallace K. Harrison, Joseph Hirsch, Julian Levi, and Tony Smith. Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays, Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

PRODUCE CO·49

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Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six different temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Christmas, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts of compositions by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustration). (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Christmas, 10 to 6, and Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual shows by Jürgen Partenheimer (drawings), Peter Shelton (sculptures), and Stewart Wilson (small figures in several materials). Through Jan. 15.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 1 to 6.—Ping Chong and the Fiji Company (a theatre work called "Rainer and the Knife," combining performance and film), Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 15-19, at 8 and 10. . . . ¶ An installation by Jon Rubin; through Dec. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing a program entitled "Christemasse in Anglia." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec 18, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Michael Jaffee directing "The Christmas Story," a pageant about the Nativity based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Friday, Dec 15-17, at 7 and 9:15. For information abou tickets, call 666-1260.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins directing the *Clarion Instrumental Ensemble and Chorus* in a program entitled "A Seventeenth-Century Venetian Christmas at San Marco." With Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Frederick Hammond, harpsichord; and others. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 765-8008.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting Gregory Sandow' operatic version of the Dickens classic "A Christmas Carol." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 18 at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

Candlelight Christmas Concert—Dino Anagnos directing the Orpheon Chorale, the Cathedra School Children's Choir, and the Little Orchestra Society. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program entitled "A Christmas Odyssey," with Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec 18, at 8. For information about tickets, cal 864-4518.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Franz Franberger directing (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—Chamber musi for a vocal quartet, with Raymond Beegle piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, a 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—MUSICA SACRA: Richard Westenburg directing, with Marvis Marti soprano; René Jacobs, countertenor; Rockwel Blake, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2.) . . . **ST. IGNATIU LOYOLA CHOIR:** Johannes Somary directing with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jennifer Lane alto; Alan Paddle, tenor; and Elwood Howard bass. Also with the Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8 and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 6:30. . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 26, a 2:30.) . . . **CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY:** Charle Dodsley Walker directing an audience-participation performance. With Jennifer Bar ron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Norman Andersson, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3402.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Gregory Mercer, tenor; and James Courtney, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Steven Oosting, tenor, and John Ostendorf, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 20, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Rosalind Elias; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Kodály-Liszt-Bartók program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Dec. 30.

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3, a Stravinsky-Martin-Beethoven program.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting a Vivaldi-Corelli-Peter program, with Ralph Evans, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting a Bach-Vivaldi program, with Stephen Burns, trumpet, and Todd and Daniel Phillips, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

QUEENS SYMPHONY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—David Katz conducting, with Rami Bar-Niv, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a Bach-Mendelssohn program, with Nann Nall, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Challener, organ; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Cantatas and arias of Bach, as well as the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3. With the Festival Orchestra and Chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. John's Episcopal Church, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Y CHORALE—Amy Kaiser directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Jaime Laredo and Daniel Phillips, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leonard Rose and Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

CHARLES HOLLAND AND DENNIS RUSSELL DAVIES—Tenor and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—With Judith Bettina, soprano; Alan Feinberg, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Claude Frank, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

KYUNG-WHA CHUNG, MYUNG-WHA CHUNG, AND MYUNG-WHUN CHUNG—Violin, cello, and piano, in two performances of the same program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON AND MARY BELANGER—Violin and piano, in a program of Hungarian music celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Zoltán Kodály. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

MUSIC PROJECT—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

CHANTICLEER—A vocal and instrumental trio. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

MIRA ZAKAI—Contralto. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

CHARLES LIBOVE AND NINA LUGOVOY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

LUCARELLI-NORELL-SIEBERT TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

OLEGNA FUSCHI—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 29. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:10. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:10.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, Sunday, Dec. 19.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Monday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 22. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Friday, Dec. 24. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 22-25, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 22-25, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1.

SKATING—International Professional Figure Skating Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

TENNIS—Toyota Championships: Chris Evert Lloyd, Martina Navratilova, Tracy Austin, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, and seven others. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 15-17, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 4; and Sunday, Dec. 19 [finals], at 7.)

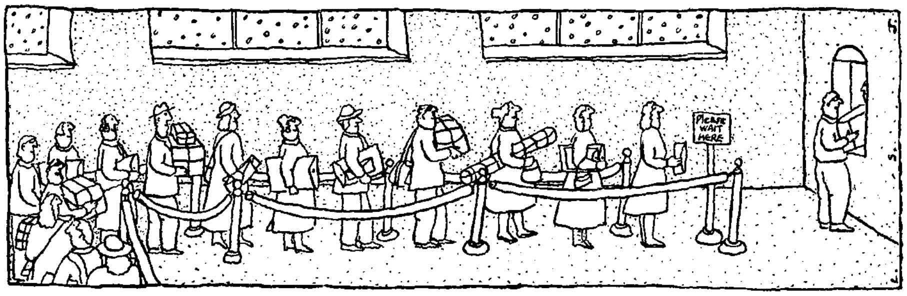
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 15.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—William Styron reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, from 9:30 to 5; Friday, Dec. 17, from 9:30 to 3.) Thursday, Dec. 16, at 2, and Friday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, portrait miniatures, and Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: English porcelain, furniture, and decorations, plus Continental ceramics. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: Oriental rugs. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10: English and Continental pottery and porcelain. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 2.) . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 2: European paintings, including a number on sporting subjects.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—On Sunday, Dec. 19, from noon to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Orchestra Conductor" (1980; directed by Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with John Gielgud.

R.K.O CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 16: "Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.
From Dec. 17: "Tootsie" (Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 16: "Mephisto" (†); and "Raggedy Man" (1981; Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 16: "Personal Best" (†); and "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
From Dec. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 21: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
From Dec. 22: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 16: "Heartaches" (†).
From Dec. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 16: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.
From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "It Came from Hollywood." From Dec. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an *animated film.*
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "My Favorite Year" (†). From Dec. 22: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). From Dec. 20: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film. From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 18: "Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.
From Dec. 19: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 16: "Still of the Night" (†).
From Dec. 17: "Tootsie" (Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 21: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
From Dec. 22: "Diner" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 16: "The Last Unicorn," an *animated film.*
From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 16: "It Came from Hollywood."
From Dec. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Forced Vengeance." From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "Art Pepper: Notes from a Jazz Survivor" (directed by Don McGlynn) and "Jackie McLean on Mars" (1980; Ken Levis), both documentaries; and "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty. From Dec. 22: "Land of Look Behind" (Alan Greenberg), with Gregory Isaacs. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of, at 5:30, "Legacy" (1976; Karen Arthur), with Joan Hotchkis; at 7:30, "Letters from Vietnam" (1964) and "Vietnam Requiem" (Bill Couturie and Jonas McCord); and at 9:45, "David Holzman's Diary" (1969; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson, and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1968; Jim McBride).
Theatre 2: Dec. 15: "First Swallow" (1976 Nana Mchelidze; in Russian); and "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; ir Russian). Dec. 16-18: "The Gambler' (1978; Alexei Batalov; in Russian); anc "The Letter That Was Never Sent" (1962 Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian). Dec. 19-20: "Crime and Punishment" (†). Dec. 21-22: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (†) and "My Apprenticeship" (†). *Dec. 23-25* "My Name Is Ivan" (†); and "Asya' (1977; Josef Heifitz; in Russian).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman) with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Yol" (Yilma: Güney; in Turkish). From Dec. 17: "Still o the Night" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. a 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).
Theatre 2: "Honkytonk Man" (Clin Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michae Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17 "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Moonlighting' (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill) with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "Heartaches (†). From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Ton Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyle Moore.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 18: "Gregory' Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair. From Dec. 19: "My Favorite Year (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 21: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.
From Dec. 22: "Fantasia" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (Richard Attenborough), with Be Kingsley.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 18: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; i Turkish).
From Dec. 19: "My Favorite Year" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Dec. 19: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
From Dec. 20: "Coup de Torchon" (Bertran Tavernier; *in French*), with Philippe Noire and Isabelle Huppert.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), wit Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 16: "My Favorite Year" (†).
From Dec. 17: "Tootsie" (Sydney Pollack with Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (75 2280)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "Come Back t the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean (†). From Dec. 22: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fas binder; in German).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "La Femm Enfant" (Raphaële Billetdoux; in French with Penelope Palmer and Klaus Kinsk From Dec. 17: "Veronika Voss" (Rain Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Ros Zech.

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (87 4040)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Veronik Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in Ge

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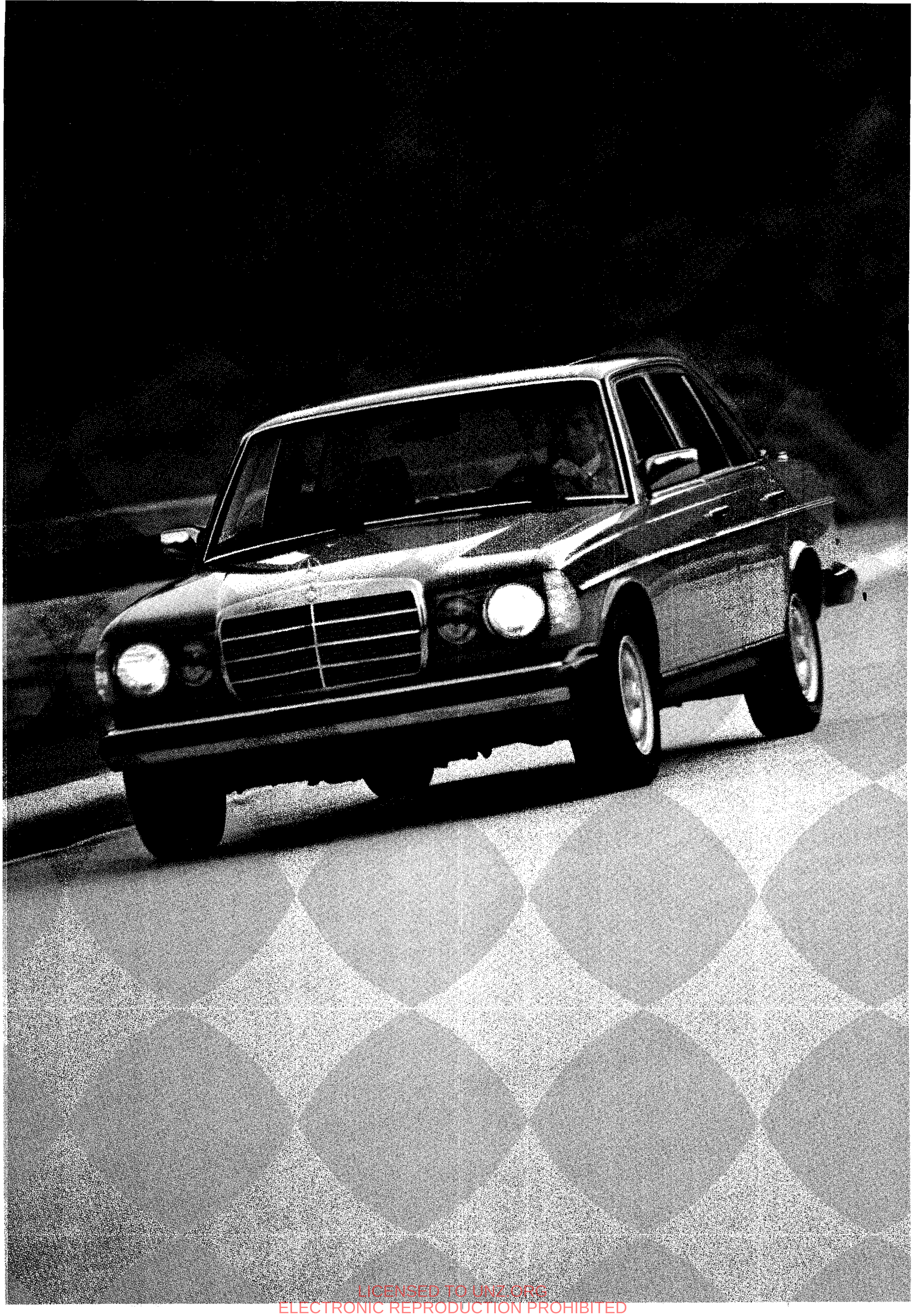
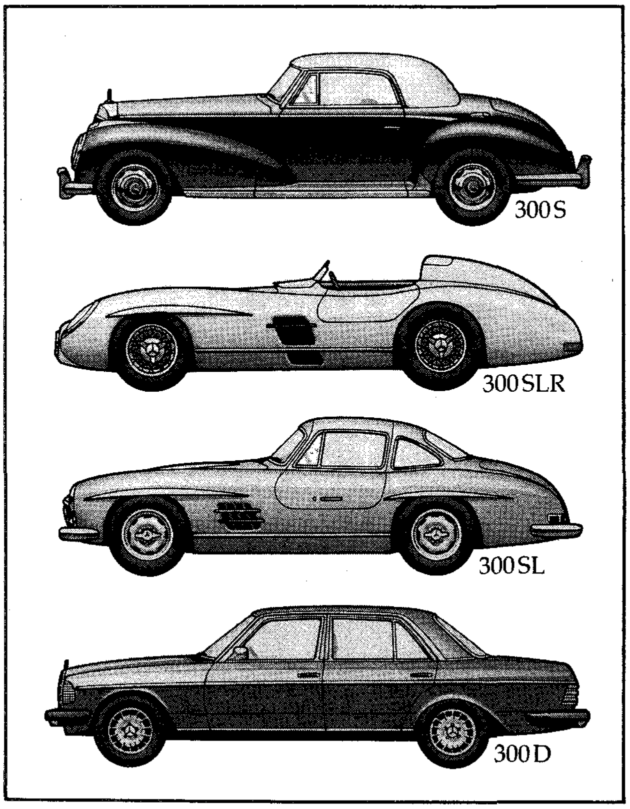


The 1983 Mercedes-Benz 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan: how the heir to an amazing legend is creating a legend all its own.

Three-liter engines have powered some of the most exotic Mercedes-Benzes of all. Now comes a suave, smooth, almost shockingly quick three-liter Mercedes sedan–so exotic that it ranks as the best-performing diesel America has ever seen.



Mercedes-Benz 3-liter dynasty includes elegant 300 S Cabriolet, world championship 300 SLR sports-racing car, muscular 300 SL "Gullwing" coupe, and 1983 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan.

For 1983, the glittering Mercedes-Benz dynasty of three-liter thoroughbreds is perpetuated by the 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan shown streaking along at left.

The turbocharged five-cylinder engine under its hood outpowers every other automotive diesel engine extant. It also generates *184 lb. ft. of torque* at 2400 rpm–torque sufficient to flatten hills and quicken passing moves as no diesel automobile engine has before. Standing-start acceleration is, in a word, startling.

All this and diesel sanity too

The 300 D Turbodiesel joins such visceral pleasures with the practical benefits of a diesel. No conventional tune-ups, for instance. That diesel aura of reliability and long life. And perhaps most welcome of all, fuel mileage sanity. A highly sane 33 estimated highway and 27 EPA estimated mpg,* in fact.

No numbers can convey the car's sense of running *smoothness* in every speed range. Its mechanical integrity seems to abolish most vibration. It is 3585 lbs. of such meticulous engineering that the engine and steering system each employ shock absorbers of their own.

"The 300 D's success in striking a balance between ride and comfort and handling response," comments one automotive journal, "is equalled by less than a handful of other cars in the world." No doubt because the sophistication of its fully independent suspension system is equalled by less than a handful of other cars in the world.

You may develop a taste for out-of-the-way roads, once you sample the 300 D's uncanny knack for blotting up thumps and bumps and taking even potholes in stride.

Nimble-handling cars seldom abound in interior space–but the 300 D once again defies convention. The cabin is easily spacious enough to accommodate five adults. (A 12.57 cu. ft. trunk can easily accommodate their luggage.) The car is so fully equipped that the extra-cost options list is tiny. Automatic climate control, four-speed automatic transmission, and more than 20 other amenities are standard.

Legendary resale figures

The 300 D is creating its own legend–but how reassuring to know that it is already part of another: so coveted is the Mercedes-Benz name by American buyers today that after the first three years, the entire Mercedes-Benz line has been shown to retain an average of *84 percent* of original value.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

©1982 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

Engineered like no other car in the world

man), with Rosel Zech. From Dec. 17: "The Seven Samurai" (†).

Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian). From Dec. 19: "The Light Ahead" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer; in Yiddish), with David Opatoshu.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "National Lampoon's Class Reunion" (Michael Miller), with Gerrit Graham. From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 17: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978; Phil Kaufman), with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams. Dec. 17-18: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932; W. S. Van Dyke), with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1981; John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. Dec. 19-21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946 †) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981 †). Dec. 22-23: "A Star Is Born" (1954 †) and "A Star Is Born" (1976 †). From Dec. 24: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Trick or Treats." From Dec. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 18: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith; and "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film. From Dec. 19: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Dec. 25: "Peter Pan" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 23: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Dec. 24: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

Theatre 3: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 16: "Alone in the Dark." From Dec. 17: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 5: Through Dec. 16: "Concrete Jungle." From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 18: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 19: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 16: "It Came from Hollywood." From Dec. 17: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

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Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Dec. 16: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

From Dec. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.

Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Tex" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Dec. 15: Theatre closed. Dec. 16: "Roaring Fire." From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Theatre 2: Dec. 15: Theatre closed. From Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Horror Planet." From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Trick or Treats." Dec. 17-21: To be announced. From Dec. 22: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

Theatre 2: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 16: "Back to Kampuchea" (1982; directed by Martin Duckworth); and "Vietnam: An American Journey" (1981; Robert Richter), a documentary.

Dec. 17-18: "The Dark End of the Street" (1981; Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington; and "Billy in the Lowlands" (1982; Jan Egleson).

Dec. 19-20: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981; Connie Field), a documentary.

Dec. 21: Theatre closed.

Dec. 22-23: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis; and "Property" (1979; Penny Allen).

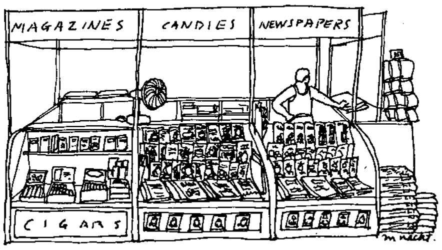
Dec. 24: "Soldier Girls" (1982; Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

From Dec. 25: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 15: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Dec. 16: "Brewster McCloud" (1971; Robert Altman), with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "Quintet" (1979; Robert Altman), with Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey.



Dec. 17-18: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Dec. 19: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "The Missouri Breaks" (†).

Dec. 20: "Lightning Over Water" (1981; Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders); and "55 Days at Peking" (1963; Nicholas Ray), with Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and David Niven.

Dec. 21: "The Ballad of Orin" (1979; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Shima Iwashita; and "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda), with Tamasaburo Bándo.

Dec. 22: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (†).

Dec. 23: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972; Robert Altman), with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.

Dec. 24-25: "Duck Soup" (†) and "The General" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Leap Into the Void" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 16: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris; and "The Sergeant" (1968; John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law.

Dec. 17-18: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

Dec. 19-21: "The Lion in Winter" (†) and "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†).

Dec. 22-23: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Dec. 24-25: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 21 (tentative): "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

From Dec. 22: "Fantasia" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Dec. 15: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).

Dec. 16-18: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

Dec. 19-20: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Dec. 21-22: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961; Frank Capra), with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "A Hole in the Head" (1959; Frank Capra), with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Parker.

Dec. 23-25: "Scrooge" (†); and "Babes in Toyland" (1934; Gus Meins and Charles Rogers), with Laurel and Hardy.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 16: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and

"Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.

Dec. 17-18: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Dec. 19: "Knights of the Round Table" (1954; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Mel Ferrer; and "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.

Dec. 20-21: "The Fan" (1981; Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner; and "Fade to Black" (1980; Vernon Zimmerman), with Dennis Christopher.

Dec. 22-23: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis.

Dec. 24-25: "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "The Wolf Man" (1941; George Waggner), with Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 15: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray; and "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold.

Dec. 16: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Some Came Running" (1959; Vincente Minnelli), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.

Dec. 17: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Dec. 18: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Dec. 19: "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

Dec. 20: "Nazarin" (†); and "Cousin Angelica" (1974; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with José Luis and López Vázquez.

Dec. 21: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†); and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.

Dec. 22: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, and Christopher Walken; and "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable.

Dec. 23: "Gates of Heaven" (1978; Errol Morris), a documentary; and "Koko, a Talking Gorilla" (1979; Barbet Schroeder), a documentary.

Dec. 24: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.

Dec. 25: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 15: "Barbary Coast" (1935; Howard Hawks), with Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins, and Joel McCrea; and "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer.

Dec. 16-18: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946; William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, and Dana Andrews.

Dec. 19-21: "An Affair to Remember" (1957; Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning; and "Portrait of Jennie" (1949; William Dieterle), with Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten.

Dec. 22-25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 15: "Quick Millions" (1931; Rowland Brown), with Spencer Tracy and Sally Eilers; "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, and Warren Hymer; and "Moontide" (1942; Archie Mayo), with Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino.

Dec. 16: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and a series of short Dr. Seuss films.

Dec. 17-18: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

Dec. 19: "The Wages of Fear" (†); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Dec. 20: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.

Dec. 21: "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (1936; George King), with Tod Slaughter, Bruce Seton, and Eve Lister; and "A Christmas Carol" (1954).

Dec. 22: "City Girl" (1930; F. W. Murnau); "Banjo on My Knee" (1940; John Cromwell), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea; and "Dr. Bull" (1933; John Ford), with Will Rogers.

Dec. 23: "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914) and "His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz" (1914), both silent films, directed by the author, L. Frank Baum.

Dec. 24-25: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch); and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 25: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 16 at 2:30: "And Then There Were None" (1945; directed by René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6: "Verdammte Stadt" (1981; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Ulrike S. and Stefan Menche. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Fear Strikes Out" (1957; Robert Mulligan), with Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Klute" (1971; Alan Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland. Mr. Pakula will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 11:15: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1962; Robert Mulligan), with Gregory Peck, Robert Duvall, and Brock Peters. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 1:45: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969; Alan Pakula), with Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 3:45: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing" (1973; Alan Pakula), with Maggie Smith. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 6: "All the President's Men" (1976; Alan Pakula), with Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, and Jason Robards. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8:30: "Comes a Horseman" (1978; Alan Pakula), with Jane Fonda. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 11:15: "To Kill a Mockingbird." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 1:45: "The Sterile Cuckoo." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 3:45: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 6: "All the President's Men." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8:30: "Comes a Horseman." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Fear Strikes Out." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: A film by Richard Myers, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Klute." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Agent Orange: A Story of Dignity" (1980; Jim Gambone); "Warriors' Women" (1981; Dorothy Tod); and "Ecocide: A Strategy of War" (1981; Dr. E. W. Pfeiffer). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Palermo or Wolfsburg" (1980; Werner Schroeter; in German and Italian, with English subtitles), with Nicola Zarbol. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6 and Dec. 24 at 2:30: "The Patriot" (1979; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Hannelore Hoger and Dieter Mainka. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 19: "Call It Sleep" (1982; Isaac Cronin and Terrel Seltzer) and "Casual Shopper" (1980-81; Judith Barry), both videotapes. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Judith Barry will be present on Thursday, Dec. 16, at 2. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 23: "Passes" (1982; Ed Emshwiller), a multichannel video and sound work. Showings every half hour from noon to 6. Mr. Emshwiller will be present on Thursday, Dec. 23, at 2. Closed Mondays and Christmas Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless; it's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence, and her readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained; one admires her as an actress but does not really warm to her performance. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne the King would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. And at the end we're left with Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* know, goes off to beget a male heir. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott; with Irene Papas, Michael Hordern, John Colicos, and Anthony Quayle. Script by John Hale and Bridget Boland. (Cinema Village; Dec. 19-21.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

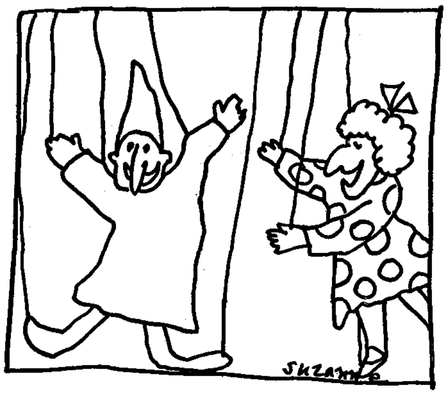
she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio.)

The Childhood of Maxim Gorky (1938)—This is the first film of the justly celebrated trilogy directed by Mark Donskoi, based on the memoirs of Maxim Gorky and dealing with the early experiences that turned him into a writer. (The second film is "My Apprenticeship," see below, and the third is "My Universities.") The trilogy is episodic and uneven, but it's charged with a lyric, revolutionary romanticism; it is also believed to be fair and exact in its portrait of czarist Russia. This first film has a wonderful spaciousness; the landscapes are vast and serene, as the boy Alexei (played by Alexei Lyarsky) observes the grandparents who are raising him. The grandfather (Mark Troyanovski) is brutal and authoritarian, and is wasting the family's resources, but the grandmother (Varvara Massalitinova) is a wonder—she has the understanding that her husband lacks. Though the characters are fully realized, it's the expressiveness of the images of the Volga that stays with you. The visual beauty seems to be what holds the episodes together. Donskoi and I. Gruzdev did the unusually faithful adaptation for all three films. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 21.)

Crime and Punishment (1970)—A first-rate Russian version of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, and Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on-screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 19-20.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 21.)



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Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (72nd Street East; starting Dec. 22.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, and Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24-25.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 16.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 22.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82). (Paris; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Dec. 22.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24-25.)

Heartaches—In this relaxed, enjoyable film, directed by Don Shebib, Rita (Margot Kidder) and Bonnie (Annie Potts) meet on a bus headed for Toronto, and when the harried bus driver is outraged by Rita's language and throws them both out onto the highway, they have no alternative but to become friends. The movie is about this friendship, and about the romantic nature that Rita—a frowzy bleached blonde—hides under her hard-bitten exterior. Rita dresses like a bad dream, and she moves with her head and arms thrust out, as if she were ready to take a swing at the world; she's tough, all right. Dark-haired, big-eyed Bonnie, who's pregnant, is running away from her husband. She seems woozy and remote; she whines like a cuddly puppy with a stomach ache—she sounds so forlorn she's funny. Shebib has his own loose style of Canadian picaresque; you find yourself looking at his characters' messy lives with smiling good will. And Margot Kidder's brazen Rita is a full performance, with the depth that was missing from her earlier roles. Rita is one of those characters—like Barbara Stanwyck's Stella Dallas—who are coarse yet sensitive. They're preposterous creations—sentimental, gutsy, possibly even tearjerking—yet they're played with so much honest emotion that they become intensely likable. With Robert Carradine and Winston Rekert; from a script by Terence Heffernan. (12/13/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Leap Into the Void (1979)—The Italian director, Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near"), has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This new film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the twelfth-century court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own 1966 play. On the Broadway stage, this play seemed to be an entertaining melodrama about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters playing Freudian games of sex and power, but it was brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order, and the point of view is too limited and anachronistic to justify all this howling and sobbing and carrying on. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II—he's so robust he almost carries the role off. Not a small feat when you have to deliver lines such as "Well, what shall we hang? The holly or each other?" and "The sky is pocked with stars." Goldman's dialogue can't bear the weight of the film's aspirations to grandeur, and, as Eleanor of Aquitaine, Katharine Hepburn does a gallant-ravaged-great-lady number. She draws upon our feelings for *her*, not for the character she's playing, and the self-exploitation is hard to take. With Timothy Dalton as King Philip of France, Anthony Hopkins as Prince Richard, and Jane Merrow, John Castle, Nigel Stock, Kenneth Griffith, and Nigel Terry. The cinematography is by Douglas Slocombe; the music was composed and conducted by John Barry; the costumes are by Margaret Furse. This British production has some location scenes but was mostly shot at Ardmore Studios in Dublin. (Cinema Village; Dec. 19-21.)

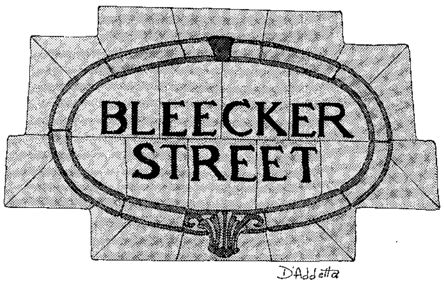
The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the start of each episode as a sort of compère. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

The Missouri Breaks (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 19.)

My Apprenticeship (1939)—This is part two of the Mark Donskoi trilogy based on the memoirs of Maxim Gorky. In this section, the teen-age Alexei (who is to become Gorky) works as a cook's helper on a Volga ship (he washes dishes), and at the end he leaves the grandparents who raised him—the hated grandfather and the deeply loved grandmother. This second film retains the major characters (and the actors) of the first, and Alexei Lyarsky still plays the boy; it is as fine as the first ("The Childhood of Maxim Gorky"). But the third film ("My Universities") is disappointing. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Loews Paramount; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Dec. 19.)



My Name Is Ivan (1963)—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is credited with the effective direction. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 23-25.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 20.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 24.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Gramercy; through Dec. 16.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 25.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew almost enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, pre-moral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses;

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John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. The script is by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch. (A French version, "Le Dernier Tournant," was directed by Pierre Chenal in 1939 with Fernand Gravet, Corinne Luchaire, and Michel Simon; Visconti made an Italian version, "Ossessione," in 1942.) (Olympia Quad; Dec. 19-21.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Olympia Quad; Dec. 19-21.)

Scrooge (1970)—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 23-25.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 17.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tearjerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 22-23.)

A Star Is Born (1976)—The Barbra Streisand-Kris Kristofferson musical version, with the milieu switched to the rock world, is sentimental without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson; adapted by John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, and Pierson. With Paul Mazursky and Gary Busey. Songs by Paul Williams, Streisand, and others. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 22-23.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone-straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part, we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, Waverly, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; starting Dec. 17.)

Tex—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his début as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. This adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm. With Jim Metzler as Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a nightclub owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria," this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (New Yorker; through Dec. 16.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. Clouzot's most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric; the cinematography is by Armand Thirard. Awarded the Golden Palm at Cannes. Originally released in the United States in a cut version, partly because of the film's length (156 minutes) and partly because of nervousness about how Americans would react to the sequences touching on the exploitative practices of American oil companies; the footage trimmed was later restored. (You can see the influence of this picture in Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch.") Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer." In French. (Thalia; Dec. 19.)

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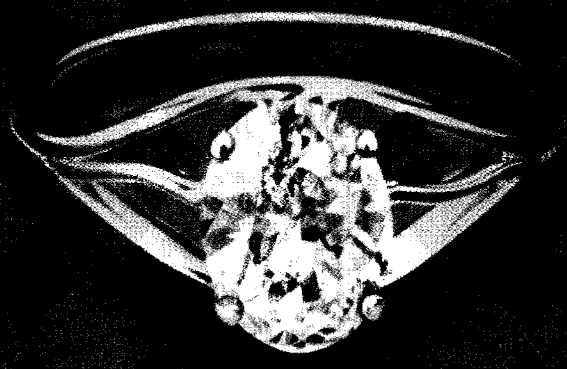

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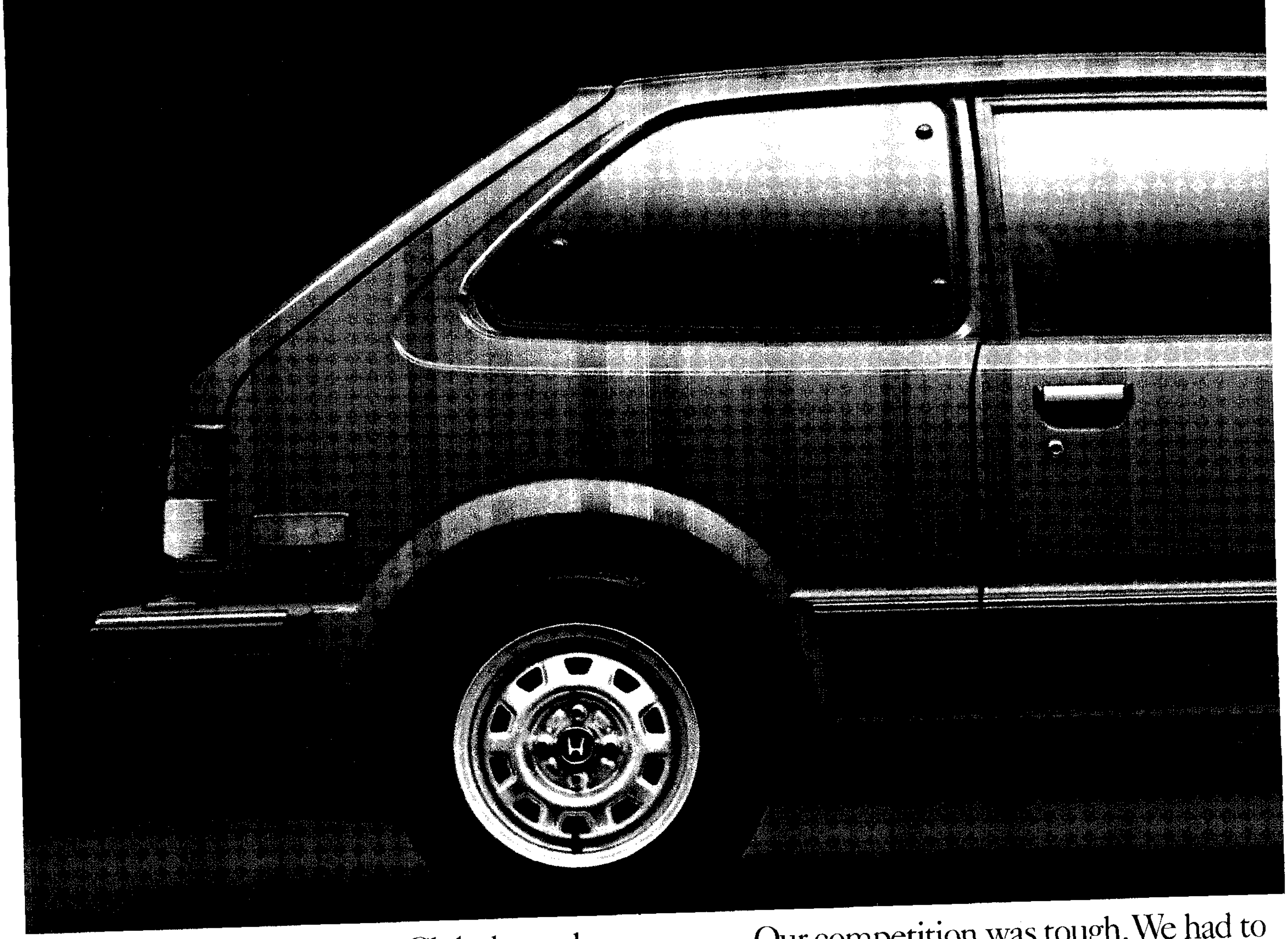

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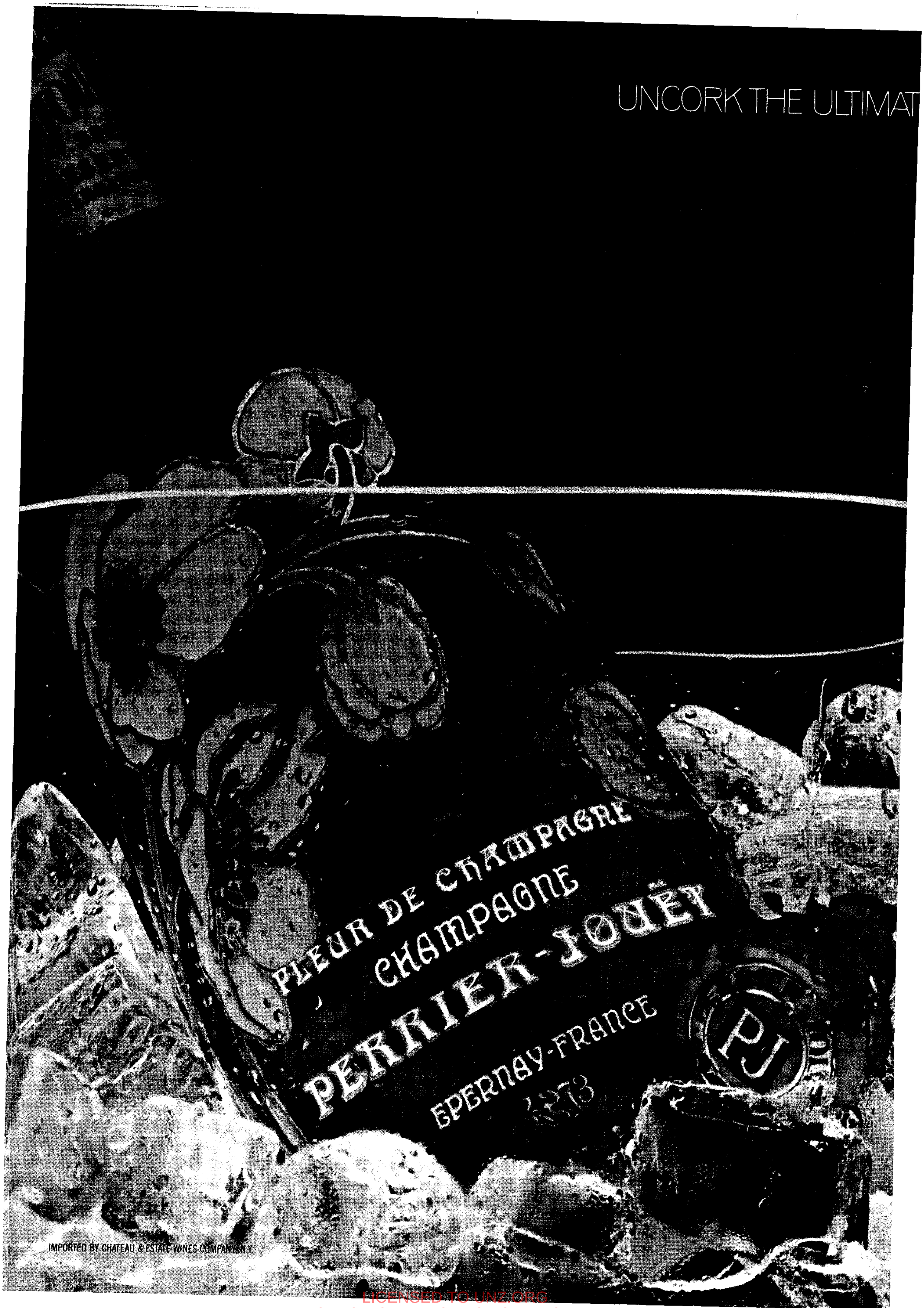
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND in Pacific Palisades, California, writes:

I had to ask my neighbor George to turn his telephone down the other morning. It's a cordless. He was phoning at poolside, right under my bedroom window, while I was still trying to sleep. George wasn't talking so loud, but the lady on the other end of the line sounded like a myna bird in extremis. George loves his cordless. It's a Freedom Phone. He bought it at the Phone Mart. George is a conspicuous communicator. The first time I saw him communicating cordlessly was three months ago. While a few of us were sitting around the pool on a hot Sunday afternoon, George emerged from a dark hall on the west side of the building, his phone at his ear and the antenna sticking out behind him at a forty-five-degree angle, like a bayonet. He talked intently as he walked—something about the right portion, or it could have been Porsche—and then vanished into a dark hall on the east side of the building.

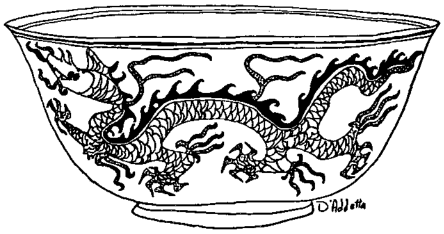
The other morning, George was talking to Tiffany. When I asked him to turn her down, he said into his phone, "Listen, Tiffany, I've got to walk you back to my apartment."

"You've got to what?" Tiffany squawked. "I can't hear you."

"I've got to walk you back to my apartment. Call me in two minutes if we get cut off. I really need to talk to you, but sometimes I can't transmit in elevators."

I don't have a Freedom Phone, or a Roam Phone, or any of the other brands. Until recently, the most conspicuous communicators were those who owned car phones, jabbering and gesticulating as they cruised the freeways. Now people all over town are phoning as they roam around pool areas, lawns, garages, factories, and office corridors. I think I can tell cord from cordless when I'm talking to someone, just as I think I can tell a letter that has been written from one that has been dictated. It's not just the tinny tone. There's a meandering quality to the discourse—a spaciness that has nothing to do with drugs, unless you consider the cordless phone itself a new opiate. I did when the phones first came on the market. I told myself that the only Freedom Phone was no phone at all. Then I tried one, and I'm not so sure.

The cordless I used was in a TV editing room where I was working last week. I took it out into the corridor and used it at every opportunity, partly because editing is so tedious and partly because I find new gadgets easier to deplore than to resist. I chatted with my accountant as I walked to the men's room. I dialled my daughter from a Coke machine. I listened to a friend denouncing a play she'd just seen until, heedlessly, I wandered out of range of the phone's base station, and my friend's voice dwindled to silence in a vortex of background noise. But even the background noise was interesting. It was the sound of the sky. I know that perfectly ordinary phone conversations—calls that you make about hotel reservations, on black rotary-dial phones with short, tangled cords—are often relayed by microwave or satellite. Our voices do more astral travelling than our thoughts. But a cordless phone makes the mysteries of wireless communication more immediate and vivid. My accountant offered no better news than usual the day I talked to him cordlessly, yet his voice seemed to have an ethereal quality, even if what it came through was not actually ether. In October, the New York *Times*, which transmits the text of its national edition to printing plants out here by satellite, ran a front-page piece on cable TV and the proliferation of privately owned earth stations that receive satellite transmissions. The piece included a description of one dish-shaped earth station on a suburban New Jersey lawn, whirring as it moved left and right and up and down, "searching the stars for Regis Philbin." I laughed when I read the phrase, but I might not have laughed so hard if I'd already made my first cordless call, through a base station searching the corridors for me.



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Honors

CARY GRANT gets stagefright. Benny Goodman is absent-minded. George Abbott's favorite song, now that he has directed ninety-nine plays and musicals, is "Falling in Love with Love," from "The Boys from Syracuse." Secretary of State George Shultz sports a red satin Marine dress cummerbund with his dinner jacket, because he used to be a Marine. Eddie Albert was trained in classical music at the Cincinnati Conservatory and is a Wagnerian-opera buff. Lillian Gish is an old friend of Nancy Reagan's mother, and invited our First Lady to dinner frequently when Mrs. Reagan was a struggling young actress in New York. Gene Kelly sang "The Wearing of the Green" with President Kennedy on the night of his Inauguration, and both men forgot the second verse. Eugene Ormandy began his American musical career as a last-chair violinist in the pit orchestra of the old Capitol Theatre in New York. William Agee, of Bendix, is a Goodman fan, and Yves Montand is fascinated by Peggy Lee. Van Johnson lives in an apartment near Sutton Place with four cats he's picked up during appearances in dinner theatres around the country. Hal Linden was Tom Bosley's understudy in George Abbott's "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N," a hard-luck musical that opened on the day Martin Luther King was assassinated. Schuyler and Betty Chapin know practically everybody in the performing arts. Isaac and Vera Stern know *everybody* in the performing arts. Senator Charles Percy is trying to persuade Congress to cancel the accumulated interest on the Kennedy Center's forty-five-million-dollar debt to the United States government. Budget Director David Stockman is shorter and grayer than he looks on television, and Interior Secretary James Watt is taller and balder. These are some of the nuggets of information we picked up during a weekend trip to Washington for the Kennedy Center Honors, a movable feast of parties, testimonials, and live entertainment which celebrates the careers of five distinguished Americans in the performing arts—this year they were George Abbott, Lillian Gish, Eugene Ormandy, Benny Goodman, and Gene Kelly—and adds about half a million dollars to the Center's bank account. There were four main functions: a private State Department dinner, where the Honors—multicolored ribbon necklaces clasped by three gold-plated bars—were handed out; a White House reception, during which President Reagan introduced each honoree to the assembled guests; a variety show at the Kennedy Center Opera House, which consisted of filmed biographies of the honorees and tributes from their fellow-artists; and, after the show, a dinner dance for fifteen hundred people in the great hall of the Center.

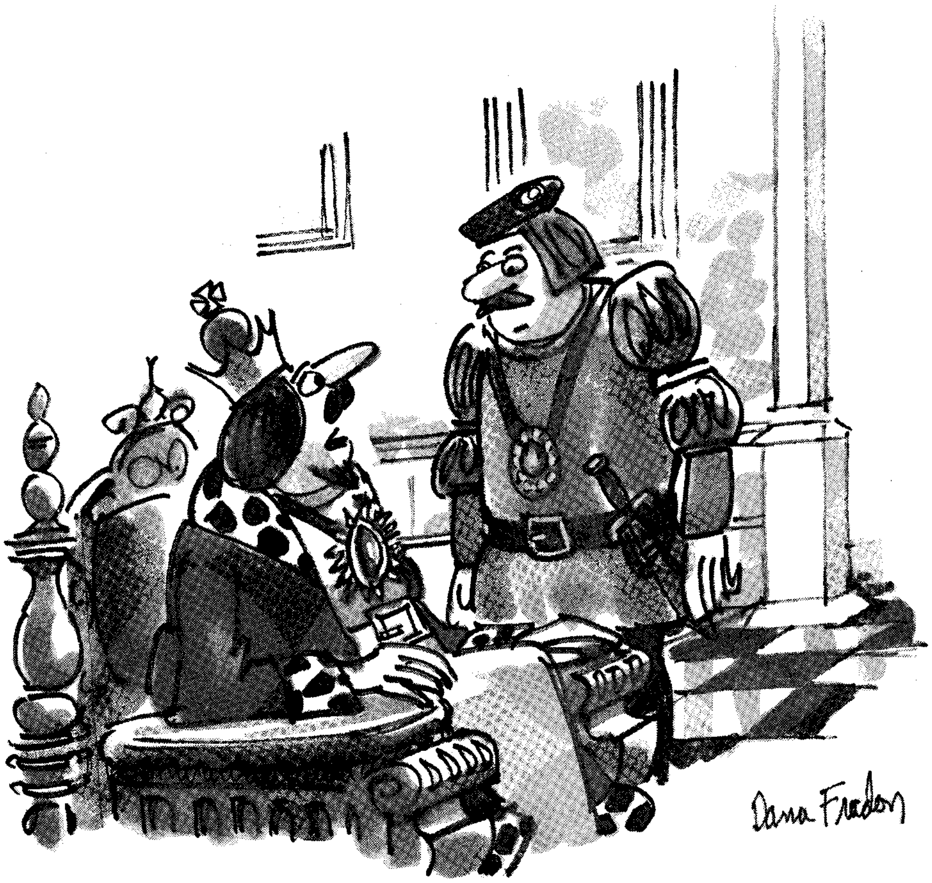
In case you're wondering why President Reagan didn't hand out the ribbons himself, we should explain that, despite all kinds of support from the government, the Honors are essentially a private affair. Recipients are suggested by the Center's eighty-one-member Artists Committee, but the final choice is made by a ten-man executive committee chaired by Roger Stevens, the Kennedy Center chairman. Although there is on occasion some discussion about the candidates, it is generally acknowledged that Mr. Stevens is the dominant influence in the choice of honorees—especially when it comes to the theatre.

Things got under way at seven-thirty on a balmy Saturday evening with cocktails and dinner in the State Department's official reception rooms, which are furnished with American antiques and Oriental carpets and are named for Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams. We wandered out onto a broad terrace overlooking the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument and admired some more recent national treasures: Claudette Colbert, in gold-and-navy sequins; Leona Mitchell, in black sequins; Martha Scott, in purple silk; Eva Marie Saint, in black silk; and Peggy Lee, in ruffled and spangled black lace. We fell into conversation with Jean Stapleton, who said that George Abbott had provided her with her first real break in the theatre. ("He hired me, a greenhorn, as Sister in 'Damn Yankees.' There were two other relative greenhorns in that show—Hal Prince and Richard Adler.") Peggy Lee told us that she was writing her musical autobiography for the Broadway stage. Yves Montand explained that he was narrating Gene Kelly's biographical film, because he'd admired Kelly's films for many years. Lionel Hampton remembered the exact date of his first encounter with Benny Goodman. ("I was playing at the Paradise night club in L.A. on August 20, 1936, when suddenly I heard this clarinet come in on the bandstand next to me.") Eugene Istomin told us that he had made his concert début at seventeen with Maestro Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. ("I played the Chopin Second with one rehearsal, and I still remember the wonderful support he gave me.") Then we talked to Van Johnson, who told us that Mr. Abbott's casting of him as Victor in "Pal Joey" had sent him to California and a movie career ("I ended up with ten lines and a reprise of 'Happy Hunting Horn,' and a lot of people noticed me"); and to Eddie Albert, who was recovering from the shock of singing the aged Emperor in a San Francisco Opera production of Puccini's "Turandot." "Luciano Pavarotti swindled me into doing it," he said. "The score only has about eight notes, but when I opened my mouth to sing the first night I found I'd forgotten all of them. Fortunately, the prompter saved me."

The White House reception, on the following day, was a larger and more formal affair. Guests were ceremoniously announced at the door, music was subdued and classical, and a decorous receiving line snaked in and out of the Blue Room. Toward the end of the afternoon, President Reagan

Bernard Schoenbaum

mounted a platform in the East Room and introduced each of the honorees—Lillian Gish, fragile and lovely in a high-waisted pale-peach silk ball gown; George Abbott, forceful and sharp-eyed at ninety-five; Eugene Ormandy, twinkly-eyed and benign at eighty-three; Benny Goodman, with his curiously remote smile; and Gene Kelly, with his infectious Irish grin—to what might be called the Washington establishment. Of Miss Gish, the President said, "Her performances set a standard of enigmatic allure that has never been equalled." Of Mr. Abbott, he said, "Mr. Abbott—I'm not sure enough yet to call him George, as I'm temporarily between engagements—has surely earned the reputation as the dean of American showmen." Of Mr. Ormandy, he said, "You once said, 'I had tasted the intoxicating wine of being a wunderkind, and my whole ambition was to be a wunderman as well.' Your fellow-Americans want you to know that in their eyes you've made it." Of Mr. Goodman, he said, "He ushered in the era of swing and the music took America by storm." Of Mr. Kelly, he said, "Bob Hope used to say that every time Kelly dances Fred Astaire starts counting his money. To have seen him dance makes most of *us* start counting *our* blessings."



"Bring me my pipe, my bowl, my fiddlers three, and my pollster."

The show that followed at the Kennedy Center demonstrated, as Walter Cronkite, the host, remarked, "not only an abundance of excellence . . . but a diversity of talent." Leona Mitchell sang "Mi chiamano Mimi" for Miss Gish, who had once played Mimi in a silent film of Puccini's "La Bohème." Isaac Stern, accompanied by the Kennedy Center Orchestra under Julius Rudel, played the sublime slow movement of Mozart's Concerto in G Major for Eugene Ormandy. Peggy Lee said, "Benny, you may remember this," and sang "Where or When" in her familiar, smoky voice. Lionel Hampton and his quartet bopped through "Air Mail Special" for Benny Goodman, and then Mr. Hampton took over the drums and led the entire orchestra in "Sing, Sing, Sing." Betty Buckley sang "Memory" for all five honorees, and Gregory Hines tapped his way through "I Got Rhythm" for Gene Kelly. But the high points of the evening were two old-fashioned vaudeville acts, with casts that had been assembled from all over the country. The first was a quintet of Abbott protégés—Van Johnson, Tom Bosley, Hal Linden, Eddie Albert, and Jean Stapleton—who soft-shoed through "You've Gotta Have Heart," with some special lyrics, ending, "We've got George, We've got George, We've got George." The second was a quartet of Kelly cronies—a bearded Donald O'Connor, a slinky, long-stemmed Cyd Charisse, a bouncy Betty Comden, and an impish Adolph Green—singing, "A star with a brain, Who's dancin' And acting And directing And choreographing And making love And SINGIN' IN THE RAIN."

After the show, we sat down to dinner next to William Eells, a Ford Motor Company executive from Columbus, Ohio, who told us that he'd attended every one of the five Honors celebrations. "This year, I had a nice talk with Eugene Ormandy about the late George Szell," he said, "and I found that Cary Grant and Claudette Colbert knew my father's cousin Franchot Tone when he was in the movies. These affairs make those of us who are involved with fund raising for the arts feel really appreciated."

Looking for Their People

AS we left the office one evening last week, the sidewalks were filled with masses of tired-looking men and women moving this way and that. Red and yellow lights coursed round and round marquees; neon arrows flashed on and off. A man sat in the glare of a fast-food shop eating a corn dog. All the way along Forty-second Street, dark shapes stood, and voices hissed, murmured, called out to passersby. "Lovely ladies. Check 'em out," said one voice. "Tapes," said another voice, and "Gold chains" a third. A hooded figure stood guard over a little stack of white cotton socks in cellophane bags. "Toobs," he said over and over, in a mournful bass. "Toobs."

WE hopped into an old yellow cab. There was a pool of grubby water under our feet, and the driver made a wrong turn near the spans of the Queensboro Bridge as he tried to find Club A. The white-gloved hands of traffic officers kept waving us on as we circled in the darkness. "You'll have to get out at this corner," said the driver, so we did.

The night club was well filled with one of those jovial, provincial-seeming crowds that will gather whenever a corporation sponsors free drinks after work. In an inner sanctum that was bathed in a strange orange light we found the European designer Karl Lagerfeld, sitting at a table with four extraordinarily handsome young men, finalists in a competition: one of them was about to be judged most handsome of all and awarded the title of National Lagerfeld Man. The actual Lagerfeld has a sternly chiselled Prussian face and wears his hair in a short eighteenth-century-style tuft of ponytail. He sat in silence, only tapping his middle finger on the table from time to time, while the actress Anita Morris, of "Nine," who was also sitting at the table, pretended to flirt with the handsome young men. She is a woman with an amazing blaze of red hair and an amazing hourglass figure (draped for this occasion in sunflower-colored silk), and the young men, sitting in a close row, looked as cheerful as four birds on a twig. Then they came out before the crowd and sat on four stools in front of a display case filled with pleated golden fans. The jury—Miss Morris, Bill Boggs (the television talk-show host), a *GQ* photographer, and a man from Zoli Models—vanished to reach a verdict on the four. Lagerfeld was now sitting in the front row of tables, wearing dark glasses. A brunette in spangled blue satin entertained, waving one hand like a lasso over her head while belting out "You Light Up My Life." Beside us in the darkness of the audience, two men discussed the finalists.

"I don't know," said one. "His profile is kinda *squashed*. I'll take the one in the pink shirt."

Pink Shirt won, and was to pose for photographs with Lagerfeld and a trophy said to be set with two million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"Where is the trophy, anyway?" Boggs asked into the microphone.

A short man with thinning sandy hair stood up, holding in his hands an odd-shaped, glittering bottle. No one had noticed the man before, and Boggs looked distinctly startled.

"And who are *you*?" he asked into the microphone. "The armed security guard?"

Everyone laughed.

"I am Buzz Baumgold, of Baumgold Diamonds," the short man said with dignity.

WE took a cab to the Metropolitan Museum, where the Belle Époque costume show was to have its gala opening.

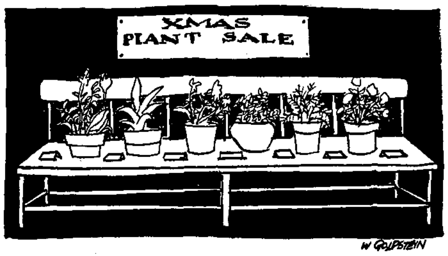
At the top of the steps, the doors stood wide, to admit the ball gowns. The Fourth Estate was poised en masse, with hundreds of cameras and notebooks at the ready. Under a house-high profusion of quince blossoms in the Great Hall, young people in period costumes strolled about lending atmosphere. A girl in green silk with an enormous "My Fair Lady" hat paused on the arm of a bowler-hatted youth (who later had to double as a passer of hors d'oeuvres) and scanned the name cards lined up on the seating-arrangement table. "Goody," she said. "All my friends will be here."

Ball gowns were entering thick and fast, and camera flashbulbs were popping. Between entrances, the paparazzi chewed gum, joked, wiped their camera lenses with their handkerchiefs. "I owe you two bucks, O.K.? I got him with his girlfriend, in Washington, and I'm holding out for four thou. A poor turnout that night—only a couple of key shots."

When the key shots came up now—Raquel Welch in python-style sequins, Halston with some women wearing Halstons—the photographers were galvanized into a crouching, jostling semicircle, moving rapidly backward as their subjects advanced. At these moments, they formed a phalanx as irresistible and lethal as a Roman Army unit with swords, shields, and battering rams. We stepped hastily out of the way. Green Silk, parading nearby, trailed her train across the top of our foot; it felt mysteriously dense and soft, like the tail of some exotic cat. Then there was a ripping sound, and she whisked furiously round. "Back *off*, won't you?" she said to the bowler-hatted youth, with savagery.

The tableau was almost in place, the gathering almost complete. Men raised their eyebrows at women, with a "What—you here?" sort of look. There were more dress designers, wearing tuxedos, than one would have thought alive. We were dining elsewhere, and didn't have time to wait for the greatest entrance of them all—that of Mrs. Diana Vreeland, the special consultant to the Metropolitan Costume Collection, and the organizer of the show. As we headed out and down the museum's great flight of steps, we saw scattered groups of little figures slowly trailing up them, gathering skirts and composing features in preparation for the flashbulbs and the entrances. All along the museum's façade, the fountains, bobbing and dancing with incandescent whiteness, formed a setting for Central Park's horse-drawn cabs, lined up in atmospheric rows, with black silhouettes of nags standing with one fluffy hoof tipped up, waiting and waiting. One of these carriages had a team of drivers—a young man in a chimney sweep's battered top hat and a young woman in a newsboy's white cap—sitting side by side with their feet under a rug on the opposite seat, watching the arrivals. They looked as snug as some old country couple tucked up in bed in a little village in France. They offered to take us on to our dinner, on the other side of the Park, but we declined. The bright-pink mop of Zandra Rhodes' hair was just bobbing out of a cab, and we bobbed into the cab in her place and shut the door. We told the driver, when he asked, that the occasion was the opening of a costume show.

"Some people don't need no costumes," he said, with a nod at Miss Rhodes, who was moving toward the steps.



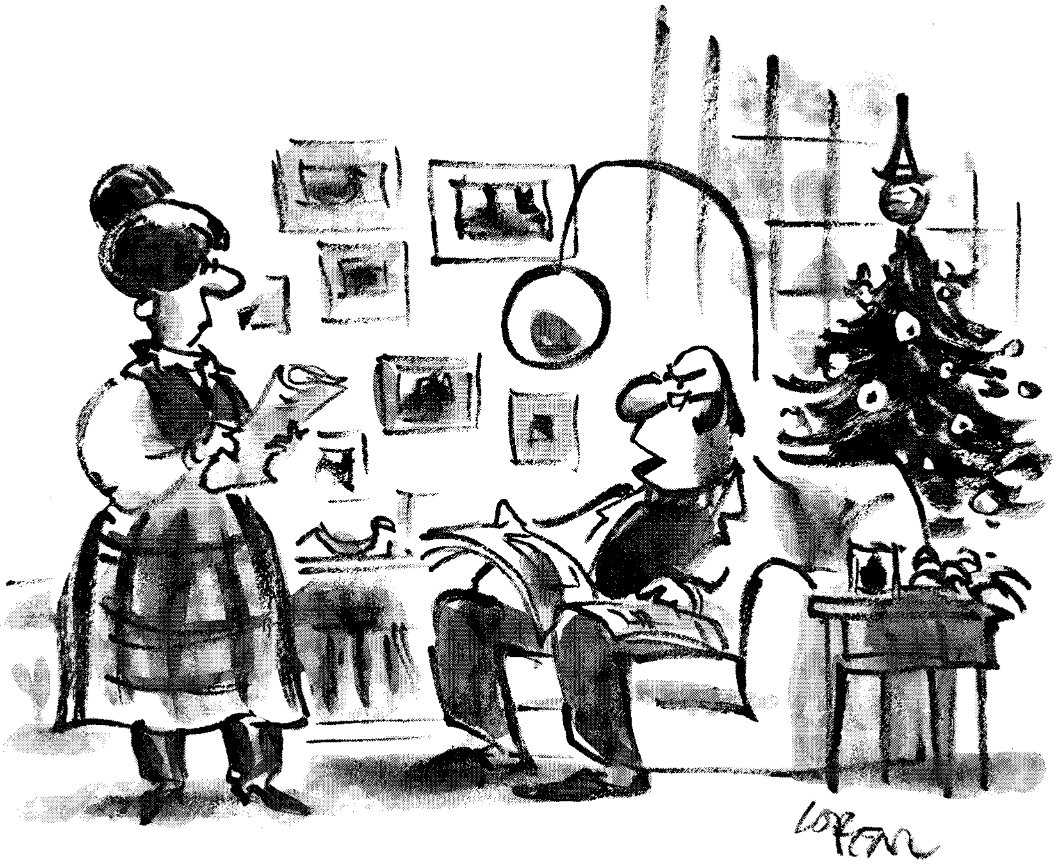
LATER, a friend we'll call simply Walter came with us to join the crowd at the Belle Époque.

"The Belle Époque should make a nice change," he said. "Modern life I can see any old time."

The scene in the forecourt had been transformed. The horse-drawn cabs had vanished, replaced by rank upon rank of limousines, which had reduced Fifth Avenue to a single lane. Turning to look back from the top of the steps, we saw a sea of jet-black roofs shining in the dancing white fountain light. Several people had had the idea of tying white handkerchiefs to the radio aerials as flags.

The museum's dinner guests were still sequestered in an imitation of Maxim's, hidden at the end of a long, red-carpeted, red-lit corridor containing massive stone sarcophagi. We joined the non-dinner guests milling in the ground-floor costume show.

A baby-faced young man in a tailcoat and in a distinctly after-dinnerish state was looking at the Poirets and the Paquins. "This is nice," he announced. "Whaddisit? Oscar Whazzisname?"



"Not wanting to go to a sing-along of Handel's 'Messiah' is not the same as never wanting to go anywhere at all."

Walter scrutinized the show more critically. "Boldini," he said, peering at a portrait. "Doesn't hold up at all."

People in strange-shaped clothes passed in front of mannequins in strange-shaped clothes, as if parading through a dream.

"I like the stuffed dog," said Walter. "That's a very nice touch."

We went back upstairs, past Egyptian mummies that lay on their backs inside glass cases, staring up at us with painted eyes. The dinner guests were starting to emerge.

They came swimming out of the red light as if on a flood tide—a shoal of famous, well-publicized faces, looking eerily bright-eyed yet calm. The non-dinner crowd formed itself into a human tunnel on either side of the flood and looked on. Down the hall came the famous, passing under the stares of the great stone figures, then (with an almost imperceptible rearrangement of the mouth, for photographs) humbly exposing themselves to the stares of the living.

"I get it," said Walter. "This is strictly processional. Magic makes kings, after all."

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kissinger came sweeping out, followed by what looked like bodyguards, then the William Buckleys. The column of dinner guests was gathering force, its ever-denser and faster movement sending the groups on either side swaying at its passage like moored riverboats at the passage of a barge. We could see the famous people talking, but somehow it seemed like an imitation of talk, as though they were extras onstage. The watchers had voices enough for all, though, and a constant murmuring, fluting sound went on around us.

"Did you see those fabulous black transvestites back there?" said one of these disembodied voices, which might have been coming from anywhere—the quince blossoms, the sarcophagi, the walls, the osprey feathers bouncing in the golden curls above some aged face.

"These people don't look as if they're having a very good time," said a voice.

"And I wore this *great* black jump suit, with a big pointy collar and studs," said a voice.

"Do you suppose this is *Society*?" said a voice.

Calvin Klein came by on the tide, then women in sculptured silks that gave them lizard shapes, and a series of bosoms rising from sumptuous ceremonial pillows of spangles and feathers. Suddenly, where the tide was at its densest and fastest, we saw Andy Warhol's face, upturned, white as a sheet, being swept along as if it, too, were disembodied.

Walter had stepped away and was standing with his back to the procession, looking into a jewellike corner of the hall. We joined him to look at soft turquoise-and-coral frescoes that glowingly framed a couch and a mosaic floor on which Osiris studied a snake. "I think it's from Pompeii," he said. "This has always been my favorite room."

We went to retrieve our coats. Prominently hung in the checkroom was a floor-length wrap of downy cream-colored fur.

"Is that lynx?" we asked the woman attendant, handing her our check.

"I really couldn't tell you," she said, reaching over to touch it lightly, and looking at it with something very powerful in her eyes. "But that's our *favorite* coat."

We stepped out into the air at last, and suddenly, instead of being among the watchers, we were the watched. A thick crowd of dark-clad men filled the platform at the top of the steps and formed an honor guard down each side. This was an army of drivers, intently searching each face for a client or an employer. Light from the hall behind us bounced off the brass rails and off the shiny plastic peaks of caps. Some limousines way down below us were already beginning to nose out of line like great black alligators, their red rear lights brightly blurred through the bouncing sheaves of fountain light. A wind had got up, and was turning a stray ostrich feather at our feet and thwackingly filling and emptying the banner of the Belle Époque overhead.

We paused at the top of the steps. Peering at the dark-clad men, Walter said, "There is nothing in the world so eagle-eyed as chauffeurs looking for their people."

HARD TO BE GOOD

SHANE got arrested just before his sixteenth birthday. It was a dumb bust, out on a suburban street corner in Anaheim, California, on a warm spring night. A couple of cops were cruising through the haze and saw some kids passing around a joint, and they pulled over and did some unwarranted pushing and shoving, which resulted in a minor-league riot. Shane did not hit either of the cops, although they testified to the contrary in court, but he did break the antenna off their patrol car, so the judge was not entirely wrong to give him a suspended sentence and six months' probation. The whole affair was no big deal to Shane, since he didn't feel guilty about what he'd done—the cops had been *asking* for trouble—but it upset his grandparents, with whom he'd been living for some time.

d. ehrenberg

His grandfather, Charlie Harris, drove him home after the court appearance. Harris was a retired phone-company executive, stocky and white-haired, who had great respect for the institutions of the world. "I hope you know how lucky you are to get off easy," he said. "The judge could have thrown the book at you."

Shane was slumped in his seat, studying his fingernails. "It was a farce," he said.

"You take that kind of attitude and you'll wind up in the penitentiary."

"I'm not going to wind up in any penitentiary. Anyhow, the cops didn't tell the truth."

"Then they must have had a reason," Harris said.

After this, Harris made several secretive phone calls to his daughter Susan, who was Shane's mother. She lived in the redwood country north of San Francisco with her third husband, Roy Bentley. Bentley was some kind of wealthy manufacturer. Shane heard only bits of the conversations, but he was still able to guess what they were about. His grandparents were fed up with him. They'd been on his case ever since his school grades had started to drop, and it did no good anymore for him to explain that his math teacher failed everybody who wasn't a jock, or that his chemistry teacher was notoriously unfair—to the Harrises, teachers were in the same unimpeachable category as judges, cops, and ministers.

So Shane was not surprised when his grandfather broke the bad news. This happened one night when they were watching the stock-car races out in Riverside. They both loved speed and machinery. After the next-to-last race, Harris put his arm around Shane and told him that Susan wanted him to spend a couple of months with her during the summer. He used a casual tone of voice, but Shane understood that something irreversible had been set in motion.

"It's because of the bust, isn't it?" he asked. "I said it wasn't my fault."

"Nobody's blaming you. Your mother just wants to see you. Things are going well for her now."

"You really think Susan wants to see me?"

"Of course I do," said Harris, giving Shane a squeeze. "Listen, this Bentley guy's loaded. He owns a whole ranch. Your mom says you can have a separate cabin all to yourself. You'll have a wonderful visit."

"Not when all my friends are here," Shane said. "What's there to do in Mendocino?"

"Same stuff you do here. Don't be a baby, Shane. Where's your spirit of adventure?"

"It dissolved."

Harris moved his arm. "If you're going to take that attitude," he said, "we won't discuss it any further."

"It's always *my* attitude, isn't it? Never anybody else's."

"Shane," said Harris, as calmly as he could, "you just simmer down. You're not always going to get your own way in life. That's the simple truth of the matter." He paused for a moment. "The important thing for you to remember is that we love you."

"Oh, sure," said Shane. "Sure you do."

RIGHT after school let out in June, Shane got a check in the mail from his mother. She sent enough for him to buy a first-class plane ticket, but he bought a regular ticket instead and spent the difference on some Quaaludes and a bunch of new tapes for his cassette-player. The drive to the airport seemed endless. At the last minute, his grandmother had decided to come along, too, so he was forced to sit in the back seat, like a little kid. The space was too small for his body; he thought he might explode through the metal and glass, the way the Incredible Hulk exploded through clothes. He watched the passing landscape, with its giant neon figures, its many exaggerated hamburgers and hot dogs. It appeared to him now as a register of all the experiences he would be denied. He would have a summer without surf and beer, without friends, and possibly without sunshine.

The scene at the airport was as difficult as he feared it might be. His grandmother started sniffling, and then his grandfather went through a big hugging routine, and then Shane himself had to repress a terrible urge to cry. He was glad when the car pulled away, taking two white heads with it. In the coffee shop, he drank a Coke and swallowed a couple of 'ludes to calm his nerves. As the pills took hold, he began to be impressed by the interior of the terminal. It seemed very slick and shiny, hard-surfaced, with light bouncing around everywhere. The heels of people's shoes caused a lot of noise.

Susan had enclosed a snapshot with her check, and Shane removed it from his wallet to study it again. It showed his mother and Roy Bentley posed on the deck of their house. Bentley was skinny, sparsely bearded, with rotten teeth. He looked more like a dope dealer than a manufacturer. Shane figured that he probably farmed marijuana in Mendocino, where sinsemilla grew with such astounding energy that it made millionaires out of extremely improbable types. He hoped that Bentley would at least be easy to get along with; in the past, he'd suffered at the hands of Susan's men. She tended to fall for losers. Shane's father had deserted her when Shane was ten months old, vanishing into Canada to avoid both his new family and the demands of his draft board. Her second husband, a frustrated drummer for a rock band, had a violent temper. He'd punched Susan, and he'd punched Shane. Their flat in the Haight-Ashbury came to resemble a combat zone. It was the drummer's random attacks that had prompted Susan to send Shane to stay with her parents. He was supposed to be there for only a few months, but the arrangement continued for more than three years. Shane still hated the drummer. He had fantasies about meeting him someday and smashing his fingers one by one with a ball-peen hammer.

When Shane's flight was announced, he drifted down a polished corridor and gave his boarding pass to a stewardess whom he was sure he'd seen in an advertisement for shampoo. He had requested a seat over a wing, so he could watch the pilot work the flaps, and he had to slip by another young man to reach it. The young man smiled a sort of monkey smile at him. He was slightly older than Shane, maybe seventeen or eighteen, and dressed in a cheap department-store suit of Glen plaid.

Once the plane had taken off, Shane finagled a miniature bourbon from the shampoo lady and drank it in a gulp. The alcohol shot to his head. He felt exhilarated and drowsy, all at the same time. He glanced over at the young man next to him, who gave off a powerful aura of cleanliness, as though he'd been scoured with buckets and brushes, and said, without thinking much about it, "Hey, I'm really ripped."

The young man smiled his pleasant monkey smile. "It's O.K.," he said reassuringly. "Jesus loves you anyhow."

Shane thought the young man had missed the point. "I'm not talking bourbon," he whispered. "I'm talking drugs."

"I guess I must have done every drug there is," the young man said. He tugged on his right ear, which, like his left, was big. "I can understand the attraction."

The young man turned out to be Darren Grady. His parents were citrus growers. He was travelling to a seminary outside San Francisco.

"You're going to be a priest?" Shane asked.

Grady shook his head. "It's more in the nature of a brotherhood. Maybe you've seen those ads in magazines asking for new brothers?" Shane had not seen the ads. "I never noticed them, either," Grady went on, chewing a handful of peanuts, "until I got the call. You want to know how I got it? I was tripping on acid at Zuma Beach, and I saw this ball of fire over the ocean. Then I heard the ball speak. 'Judgment is near,' it said. I'm not kidding you. This really happened. At first, I thought I was hallucinating, but it wouldn't go away, even after I came down."

"So what'd you do?"

"Went and saw a doctor at the free clinic. He told me to lay off the dope. So I did. But I couldn't get rid of the ball."

"That's what made you want to be a priest?"

Grady frowned. "I can never tell it right," he said, picking through the peanut dust at the bottom of his little blue-and-silver bag.

Shane was moved by Grady's story. He'd had similar baffling trips, during which his mind had disgorged images of grievous importance, but he'd never ascribed a religious meaning to any of them. He felt foolish for bragging about taking pills. In order to set the record straight, he explained to Grady that he'd been exposed to drugs very early in life, because his mother had been a hippie; she'd named him after her favorite movie.

"It's not as bad as some names," Grady said. "I had a guy named Sunbeam in my class last year. Anyhow, you can go into court and get it changed."

Shane didn't want to see another judge, ever. "It doesn't bother me much now," he said, looking out at the sky. "When we lived in the Haight, Susan's husband, he was this drummer—he'd let me pass around joints during parties. Sometimes he'd let me have a hit. Susan knew, but I don't think she cared. I was so small, probably not much of it got into me. I don't know, though. I hate it when I see little kids smoking dope around school. You ought to be at least thirteen before you start."

"Maybe you should never start," Grady said.

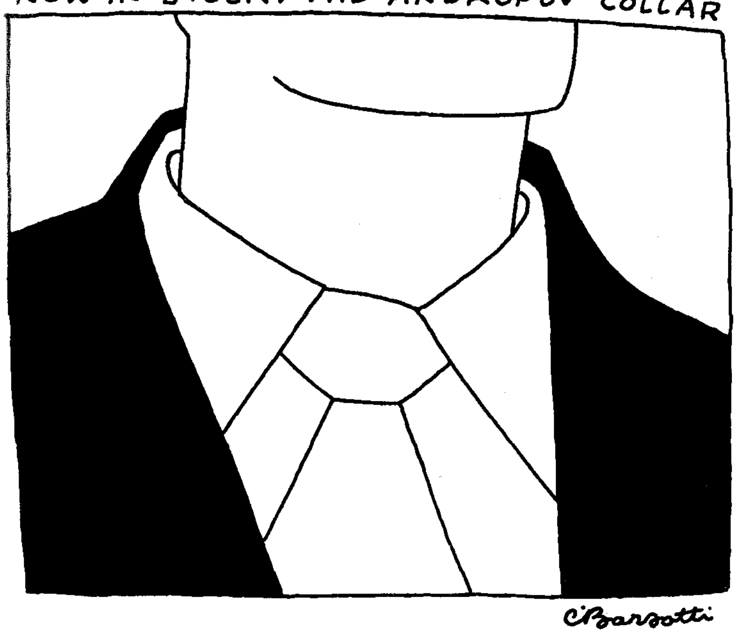
"I wouldn't go that far. It helps to calm you."

Grady tapped his breastbone. "The calm should come from inside," he said.

It seemed to Shane that Grady was truly wise for his age, so he confided all his troubles. Grady listened patiently until he was done. "I don't want to downplay it, Shane," he said, "but I'm sure it'll be over soon. That's how it is with troubles. They float from one person to the next. It's bound to come clear for you real soon."

Shane's high had worn off by the time the plane landed. He and Grady took a bus into the city, and at the Greyhound station, off Market Street, they exchanged addresses and phone numbers. The light outside the station was intense, bathing bums and commuters in gold. Shane was feeling relaxed, but he got anxious again when Grady left for the seminary. He was nervous about seeing Susan; their last visit, down in Anaheim at Christmas, had been marked by stupid quarrels. He tried talking to a soldier who was also waiting around, but it didn't work. The soldier was chewing about four sticks of gum. Shane asked him to buy a bottle of apple wine, so they could split it, and when the soldier did Shane drank most of it, washing down two more pills in the process. He was semiconscious on the bus ride up the coast. The town of Mendocino, arranged on a

NOW IN STOCK: THE ANDROPOV COLLAR



cliff overlooking the Pacific, struck him as a misinterpretation of New England. "It's cute," he said, to nobody in particular.

From the lobby of an inn on the main drag, he phoned his mother, and then he fell asleep in a chair. Later, he heard somebody (he thought it was Susan) say, "Aw, Roy, he's wrecked," so he said a few words in return and walked wobbly-legged to a station wagon. The next thing he knew, somebody was handing him a sandwich. He took it apart, laying the various components—cheese, tomatoes, alfalfa sprouts, two slices of bread—on the table. It occurred to him that he wasn't hungry. He said something to that effect, and somebody said something back—Bentley, the guy from the photo. He followed Bentley into a black night. Moisture from redwood branches dripped onto his head. The air seemed to be eating into his skin. Bentley unlocked the door of a cabin that smelled of pitch and camphor, and said something about extra blankets. Then Shane was alone. The whirlies hit him, and he stumbled to a small, unstable bed. After he was under the covers, the whirlies subsided, and he was able to assess his surroundings. He thought they were pretty nice. The only thing that concerned him was that there seemed to be animals in the cabin—they didn't scratch or howl, but he was aware of them anyway, lurking just beyond his line of vision.

TANNENBAUM

Wooden strawberries, tinsel pythons,
plastic icicles with shepherd's crook hooks,
the toilet-roll angel from school—
we amass the stuff of celebration.

I screw the tree
hard into its base and each
turn skews it further from the true
upright. Year by year

we dress the tree, finger
the strings of lights,
touching every brittle stamen,
telling the rosary of the snapped elements.

It never works, never the first time.
There's always something loose,
something to curse at.
A star falls, needles rain onto the carpet.

In the late summer the children
discover its skeleton in the hedge.
On our bonfire it crackles and spits,
breaks down to a snowy white ash.

Staring into the flames
I think of Christmas,
my mother visiting us,
using my study as her bedroom.

On my desk she lays a bracelet,
three rings, a watch, and the pendant
that holds my father's face.
Gold, silver, all the things that melt.

—Tony Curtis

• •

THE animals were ducks, two of them, with bulbs inside glowing like hearts. Shane saw them when he woke in the morning. Gradually, he remembered where he was, along with the details of his arrival, and he felt disgusted and ashamed and yanked the covers over his head.

For some reason, he started thinking about Darren Grady. He was certain that Grady had never pulled such a dumb stunt. He wondered if Grady had made it to the seminary and if the other priests had shaved off his hair; he wondered, too, if Grady would recall their meeting or if all such mundane occurrences would automatically vanish from his mind, to be replaced by a steady image of God. Fifteen minutes or so passed in this fashion, helping to temper Shane's guilt and instill in him a new commitment to righteous behavior. He didn't pretend that he could ever be as wise and good as Grady, but he considered it within his power to improve. He got out of bed, examined the ducks more closely—they were lamps—and then, outside the cabin, he dumped his remaining pills on the ground and crushed them to dust. The act was like drawing breath.

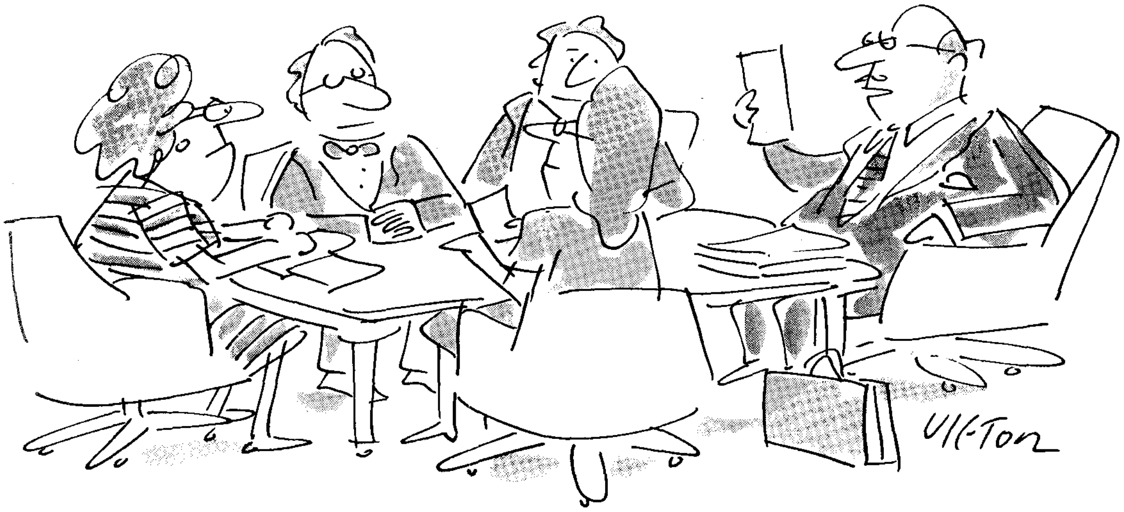
Bentley's place was indeed like a ranch, fenced-in and isolated from any neighbors. There were a few outbuildings, including a chicken coop and a beat-up barn missing boards from its siding. Inside the barn, Shane found bird's nests, rusty tools, and a broken-down old Chrysler with fish fins. Parts from the Chrysler's carburetor were scattered on a shelf, leaking oil.

Shane expected to be jumped on as soon as he opened the door to the main house, but nobody seemed to be around. He had no memory of its interior, except as a series of difficult-to-negotiate planes and angles. In the kitchen, he poured himself a glass of orange juice and sat down to read the sports page of a day-old paper. He heard his mother call to him from upstairs. "Is that you, Shane?" she asked. "Come up here right now. I want to talk to you."

He poured more juice and went up. "Where are you, Susan?"

"In here. I'm taking a bath."

The bathroom door was ajar; steam escaped from within. Shane peeked and saw his mother in the tub, under a layer of froth and bubbles. Her hair was pinned up; it was thick, still mostly black, with a few gray strands. Shane thought she was immensely beautiful. He couldn't remember how



"That makes four 'Yes'es and one 'No, no, a thousand times no.'"

old she was—maybe forty. The number was an ancient one, but he believed that it didn't really apply.

"Don't just stand there," she said. "It's drafty. Come in and shut the door." When he was inside, she said, "You look a little better today."

"Feel a little better," Shane said.

"How about a kiss for the old lady?"

He bent down, intending to kiss her on the cheek, but she lifted her arms from the water and embraced him. The sudden movement lifted her out of the soapsuds, so that her breasts were briefly visible. Shane had seen her naked before, countless times—in bathtubs and at nude beaches—but the quality of her flesh seemed different now, echoing as it did the flesh in the girlie magazines that he hid in his room in Anaheim.

"Oh, Shane," she said, pushing him away, "you were such a mess last night. What happened to you?"

Shane put his hands in his pockets. "Me and this friend of mine, Grady, we bought a bottle of apple wine and drank it at the bus station." He was quiet for a second or two. "I'm sorry I did it," he added.

"Well, you *should* be sorry. You gave us a real scare. When you behave like that, it makes me think you want me to feel guilty. I know I shouldn't have left you with Grandma and Grandpa for so long. You're my responsibility, and I've done a poor job of raising you."

Shane recognized this as therapist talk; Susan was always seeing one kind of counsellor or another. Left to her own devices, she would have sputtered and thrown something at him. Once, she'd almost beaned him with a ladle; another time, an entire needlepoint kit had whistled by his ear. "You can't *raise* me, Susan," he said. "I'm not spinach."

She laughed and looked directly at him. "No, you're not spinach. But you'd better be telling me the truth about last night. It better not be pills again."

"It's not pills."

"It better not be, because if you get caught fooling with them you could go to jail, you know. It's a violation of your probation. I don't understand how you got arrested in the first place. Who were those kids you were hanging around with?"

"There's nothing wrong with the kids," Shane said heatedly. "The cops started it. Anyway, Susan, since when are you so much against drugs? You used to smoke a joint every morning."

"I haven't smoked marijuana in years."

"Sure, Susan."

"Don't you dare talk to me like that, Shane," she said. "I'm your mother."

"I know."

"I'm not trying to be moralistic or anything. I just want you to keep out of trouble." She stood up in the tub; water dripped down her breasts, all down her body. "Give me that towel, will you, honey?"

He grabbed a towel from the rack and threw it at her, much too hard.

She pressed the towel against her chest. "*Now* what is it?"

"What do you *think* it is? Christ, Susan, don't you have any modesty?"

"I'm sorry," she said, embarrassed. "I forgot how old you are." She wrapped herself tightly in a terrycloth robe. "Go downstairs and I'll make us some breakfast."

The eggs she fried were brown and fertile, with brilliant orange yolks. She served them on red ceramic plates from Mexico. The colors made Shane's head swim, but he still ate with appetite. He was glad the confrontation with Susan was over. Their future together no longer seemed littered with obstacles. As she moved about the kitchen, banging pots and pans in that careless way she had, he felt a deep and abiding fondness for her, even though he knew that she had presented him with a complicated life by refusing to simplify her own. Charlie Harris called her a "nonconformist," and Shane supposed that he was right—if you ordered Susan to do one thing, she'd be certain to do the opposite. He respected her independent streak, because he had a similar streak in him; they were joined in a bond forged of trial and error.

After Susan cleared the table, she gave him some towels to put in the cabin and told him that she was going into town. He wanted to go with her, but she wouldn't let him.

"I don't mind errands," he said. He wanted to see what Mendocino looked like when it wasn't scrambled. "I could help you carry bags and stuff."

"We'll go tomorrow," Susan said firmly. "I'll have more time then. Today I've got my yoga class and a doctor's appointment." She came up behind him and hugged him. He could smell her sweet, fresh hair. Her breasts pressed against his backbone. "I love you very, very much," she said. "Now go get yourself clean."

Shane went dutifully out of the house, but he was worried a little. The word "doctor" had an awful connotation, like "teacher" or "cop." He had a terrible feeling that Susan might be sick. So a new thing began to haunt him—he ought to have been a better son. He remembered how in March his grandmother had reminded him to mail a birthday card to Susan, and how he had gone to the pharmacy and bought himself a candy bar instead. What possible use would candy be when Susan was in her grave? "You're so selfish," he said to himself, kicking at a pinecone. Every problem in the world, he saw, had its roots in some falling away from goodness.

THAT afternoon, around lunchtime, Shane was in the old barn, sitting behind the wheel of the Chrysler and staring at the bird-peopled rafters, when Bentley wandered in and interrupted his daydream, which had to do with driving at great speeds over the surface of the moon. In person, Bentley looked even more disreputable than he had in the photograph. He could have been a bow-legged prospector who'd spent the last thirty or forty years eating nothing but desert grit. His rotten teeth were like bits of sandstone hammered into his gums. "How's the boy?" he asked in a twangy, agreeable voice, leaning his elbows on the car door.

"The boy's fine," Shane said. "He's just fine."

"Well, I'm happy about that. I'd like to have the boy step from behind the steering wheel of the car so that I can have a chat with him."

Reluctantly, Shane got out of the car. His hands were balled into fists. Down in Anaheim, he'd decided that if Bentley was a puncher, he'd punch first.

"Take it easy," Bentley said. "I'm not going to hit you."

"Wouldn't put it past you to try," Shane muttered.

Bentley lifted an expensive lizard-skin cowboy boot and ground out the cigarette he'd been smoking against the sole. "I lost my taste for violence a long time ago," he said. "Course, if I needed to, I could still fold you up and put you in my pocket with the Marlboros."

"I'm warning you," Shane said, backing off.

"The trouble is, Shane," said Bentley, following him, "your mother and I got a good thing going, and I don't want some wise-ass punk from surfer land to come around and spoil it. You pull the kind of crap you pulled last night one more time, and I'll stick you into a Jiffy bag and mail you home to the old folks."

"You can't boss me around."

At this, Bentley chuckled a bit, revealing the stumps in his mouth. "Sure I can," he said. "So long as you're on my property, and living off my kindness, I am most assuredly your boss. And here's some more news, my friend—I'm putting you to work."

When Shane protested, Bentley cut him short by jabbing him in the sternum. "I'm giving you two choices. Either you can work by yourself at the ranch, and do some painting and cleaning, or you can work with me at the factory."

"What's your business?"

"I'm a manufacturer."

"Yeah, but what do you manufacture?"

"What I manufacture," said Bentley, "is ducks."

They went to visit the factory in Bentley's station wagon, which smelled of stale tobacco and leather. "See that rise?" Bentley asked Shane, as they passed a sloping hillside off to the right. "If you were to walk to the top of it and then down into the gully, you'd come to another twenty-acre parcel I own."

"Do you have another house there?"

Bentley gave him a peculiar look. "No house, no nothing," he said. "It just sits. It's appreciating in value. We'll have a picnic there someday."

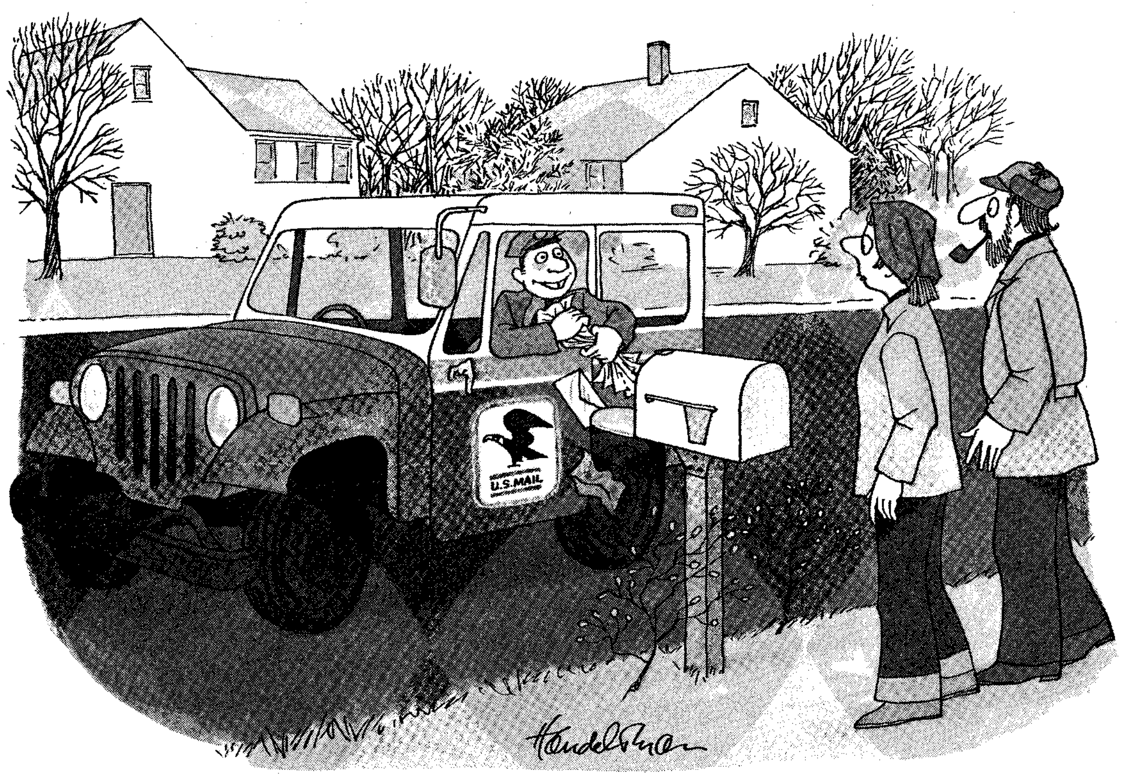
"My grandfather," said Shane, "he loves to barbecue."

"We don't barbecue," Bentley said. "What we do is eat that organic food that Susan cooks. The woman has a fear of meat." He turned on the radio; a country singer was singing about beer and divorce. "Listen here, boy," Bentley continued, "I want you to have a good time this summer. I'm not naïve about dope. I've done my share of it. But you have to learn yourself some moderation. Moderation is the key. You keep on abusing yourself the way you're going, you'll wind up in a pine box."

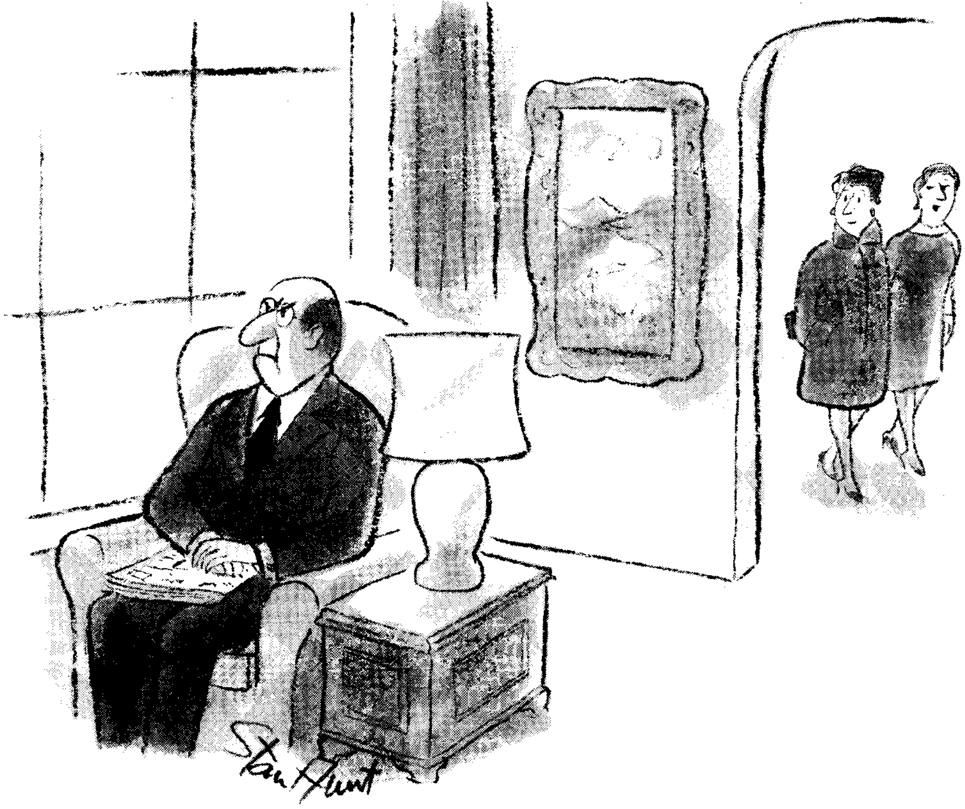
"My grandfather said I'd wind up in the penitentiary."

"That, too," Bentley said.

The factory was situated at the edge of town, in a concrete building that might once have been a machine shop. Inside, ten or twelve young longhairs, both men and women, formed an assembly line at long wooden ta-



"Oh-oh! Caught in the act. Now you know who's been scrunching up your mail."



"He's very provoked, Ethel. He found it necessary to break into a little trot this morning to catch his train."

• •

bles. As Bentley had said, they were making ducks—or duck lamps—by gluing two pieces of heavy-duty celluloid around a metal stand that had a socket at the top for a bulb. Once the duck halves were glued together, they were secured with rubber bands and left to dry for a day or two. The excess glue was later wiped from the ducks with solvent, and they were put in cardboard boxes and cradled in excelsior. The wholesale price was twelve dollars a duck, but they were sold in trendy stores for as much as forty apiece. The materials came from Hong Kong.

Shane was shocked. His mind boggled at the notion that somebody could earn a fortune on celluloid ducks. The arithmetic didn't seem right. Forty dollars? Who'd pay forty dollars? A movie star? Were there enough duck-loving movie stars to provide Bentley with the capital to own a ranch and forty-odd acres? Apparently so. But Shane remained suspicious—the scam was too good to be true. He wished that Harris, who was always harping on the importance of hard work, could be there to watch Bentley as he lounged around the shop, smoking cigarettes and joking with his crew. Harris would go right through the roof; he'd say the whole shebang was un-American. Shane liked the atmosphere, though. Nobody treated the craft of duck-making very seriously. Besides, a tall blond girl with ironed hair kept glancing at him from across the room; he fell into an immediate fantasy about her. He told Bentley he'd prefer to work at the factory instead of at the ranch.

"I'll start you in the morning," Bentley said. "You'll be a duck-packer. You'll pack so many damn ducks, you'll be quacking in your sleep."

They locked up after everybody had quit for the day. On the ride home, Shane's thoughts drifted back to Susan, and he asked Bentley if anything was wrong with her.

"No way," Bentley said. "She's a fine, fine lady. Absolutely perfect."

"I mean, is she sick or anything?"

"Sick? No, she's not sick. She's just got some female trouble. When you get older, you'll learn that every woman has it sooner or later. They can't avoid it, and you can't help 'em with it. It's just something they have to go through on their own," Bentley said with a sigh. "We'll talk about it more when we get to the ranch."

But Shane didn't bring up the subject again (he was afraid of what he might hear), and Bentley volunteered no further information. Instead, they returned to the barn and played with the Chrysler until they were both covered with oil. They cleaned the points and plugs and reinstalled the carburetor. Bentley showed Shane how the engine had been modified to make it operate at maximum efficiency. "Let's fire up the sumbitch," he said, wiping his face on a polka-dotted bandanna. He let Shane sit in the driver's seat and try the ignition, but the engine wouldn't turn over. "Pump the pedal," he said. Shane pumped it and tried the ignition again. The engine roared. It sounded big in the barn, scattering robins and swallows into the dusk. Shane floored the pedal briefly and felt himself transported; energy ran through him as though he were a sieve.

AFTER Shane had been at the factory for three weeks, he sent a postcard to his Anaheim pal Burt, the kid who'd actually hit a cop during the bust. He described his cabin, the redwoods, and the factory. "If you want to come up here," he wrote, "I can squeeze in another bed easy. And don't worry about me doing any you-know-what. I'm off that stuff for good."

Twice his grandparents called to see how he was getting along. He still felt estranged from them, and this was compounded when they told him they'd bought a camper and were going to Joshua Tree National Monument until mid-August unless Shane planned to come back before then.

"Me?" he asked, sounding wounded. "Since when do *I* have plans?"

For the next twenty-four hours, he was sullen and depressed, but he had to work at it, because he was having so much fun on the job. Every morning at eight, he and Bentley headed off together into a coastal fogbank that was always just beginning to disperse. They drank coffee from Styrofoam cups and told each other duck jokes while they watched the sky separate into a confetti mist under which the town of Mendocino stood exposed, back from wherever it went at night. Shane packed boxes with a ponytailed guy who was known as Eager on account of his last name, Beaver. Eager was anything but—he had a meticulous nature, and he took pains to be sure that each duck was nestled as comfortably as possible in its excelsior. He could have been packing eggs or glassware. "C'mon, Eager," Shane said to him one afternoon. "They're not alive, you know."

The tall blond girl was Emma King. She was nineteen, a college student. Shane followed her around like a dog. When the weather was hot, Emma came to the factory in white shorts and a red halter top, and Shane would monitor her every movement from his packing station, waiting for her to reach down for a tube of glue or bend low for the X-Acto knife she kept dropping on the floor. She had a boyfriend she saw on weekends, but she told Shane that she'd go to the movies with him before he returned to Anaheim. "I'm in love with this heavy girl, she's *nineteen!!!*" he wrote on another postcard to Burt. "We go drinking together after work." This was almost true, or at least at the outer fringe of validity. One Friday, Eager *had* invited him to go to a tavern in the woods where anybody could get served, but he'd decided against it to avoid trouble. Later, he heard that Emma had been there, so in his mind they were linked.

He asked her for a photo, but she didn't have any, so he borrowed Susan's camera and snapped her in different poses, while she pretended to complain. The cutest shot was one of Emma kissing a duck on its beak. Shane taped it to the dashboard of the Chrysler. He thought of it as his car now. Bentley had promised it to him in lieu of wages if he could pass his driver's test. Already, he was practicing. He did Y-turns and parallel parking. Some evenings, he and Bentley took a ride to the ocean, steaming down dirt roads that were dotted with Scotch broom and beach poppies. Once, Bentley let him go by himself, without any adult supervision, and he handled the Chrysler with such authority and skill that he developed a stitch in his side from excitement. It was a mystery to him how things kept changing.

Another mystery was his mother. He'd never seen her so happy. He could not reconcile so much happiness, in fact, with scraggly, bowlegged, rotten-toothed Bentley. Here was a man who could walk around for days with egg in his beard and never even notice. The scent of nicotine was embedded in his clothes and maybe in his skin. Could it be that love had nothing to do with beauty? If Bentley could provoke love, then so could a stone or a twig. So could a garbage can.

But there was no denying Susan's contentment. She thrived on Bentley's generosity. She seemed to float around the house, gliding barefoot an inch or two above the floor, dressed in blouses and peasant skirts that showed off her bosomy fullness. She baked bread, hummed romantic tunes, and filled all her vases with flowers. She was constantly hugging her egg-stained lover, patting him on his flat little prospector's ass. The affection spilled over to Shane. Susan's arms were always grasping for him, making up for lost time. She drew him to her for purposes of both measurement and embrace. The very size of him seemed to thrill her—he'd grown from almost nothing! "Oh, Shane," she'd say in a husky voice, holding a hunk of his cheek between her thumb and index finger. "You're such a dear boy."

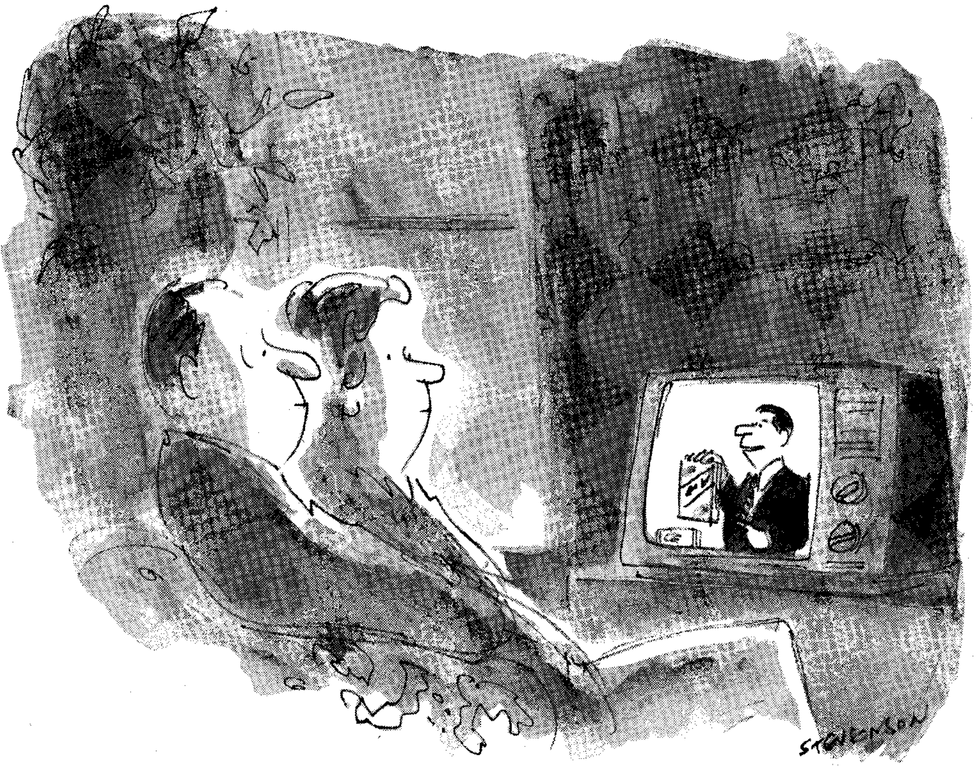
If Shane hadn't known better, he would have sworn that she was stoned all the time, but he'd never seen any dope in the house. As far as he could tell, the Bentleys had adopted a much more civilized vice. They drank wine—a bottle or two every evening, with Bentley leading the way. The wine burnished their faces. It made them talkative, sentimental, occasionally teary-eyed. After dinner, if the fog wasn't too thick, they'd put on sweaters and sit on the deck and speak in conspiratorial tones about the day's events, while bats sailed about overhead, like punctuation. When there was nothing on TV, Shane sat with them, shivering no matter how many layers of clothing he wore.

"Thin blood," Bentley would say, teasing him. "Goddam thin Southern California surfer's blood."

"My blood's fine."

"It's *thin*, Shane. It takes six months for blood to adapt to a new climate."

Blood was yet another mystery. Sometimes Shane thought that he understood Susan better than Bentley did, simply because they were related by blood instead of marriage. Although he and Susan had often lived apart, had quarrelled and made mistakes, she was still his mother, and he was able, in a curious way, to anticipate her moods and know when something was bothering her. One night, as they sat outside, he saw that she was unusually quiet, removed from the



"Not only is our product more nutritious and economical than Zesto. Let me tell you what they're saying about Zesto's chairman of the board."

The Napper Wakes

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conversation, and when Bentley went into the house he asked her if she'd got bad news at the doctor's office—she'd had another in her ongoing series of appointments that afternoon. The question made him tremble. Suppose she confessed something awful to him? Ignorance was a kind of protection. But she only smiled wistfully and patted his hand and said no, nothing very serious was wrong. It was just that the doctor had told her that she might need an operation—minor corrective surgery. She started to explain the problem to him in clinical terms, but it sounded indecent somehow to hear her describe her body as though it were an engine in need of repair, so he interrupted. "I know," he said, mimicking Bentley's sad resignation. "Female trouble." He put an arm around her, wanting to say more, but by then Bentley was back with full wineglasses and a word about the rising moon.

SHANE's driving test was scheduled for a Thursday afternoon. Bentley gave him permission to come home early from work to practice. He backed the Chrysler into the barn several times without scratching it, and then he walked over to the house, hoping that Susan would make him a snack, but she'd gone to town for her yoga class. The phone rang while he was eating a boiled hot dog. Darren Grady was on the line, calling from Elk, a town south of Mendocino. Grady was upset, distressed, talking a mile a minute. He'd run away from the seminary. He was stranded, broke. Shane couldn't believe it. Where had Grady's wisdom gone? "Take it easy, Darren," he said. "Everything's going to be all right."

But Grady was blubbering. "I was trying to hitch to your place," he said, "but this highway patrol, he kicked me off the road. I cooled it in the bushes for a while and tried again, but here comes old highway patrol with his flasher on. I gave him the finger and split for town. I'm like a hunted criminal, Shane. You got to help me."

Shane glanced at the kitchen clock. He figured that he could get to Elk and back before he and Bentley were scheduled to meet the state examiner, so he told Grady to sit tight. The drive over there took about twenty minutes and gave him a severe case of paranoia. Every car that approached him seemed from a distance to be black and ominous and full of cops.

Grady was where he said he'd be, in front of a restaurant. He was sitting on the curb and eating a hamburger—some ketchup was on his chin—and drinking a can of beer. When he saw Shane, he waved wildly and let loose his monkey smile. Shane was surprised that Grady still had hair—there was no bald spot or anything. The only truly abused part of him was his Glenplaid suit. All its department-store slickness had been rubbed away; there were holes in the knees of his trousers, as if he'd been on a long pilgrimage over concrete. Also, he'd lost his socks. The confidence he'd had on the plane was gone; now he was nothing but fidget. "I'll never forget you for this, Shane," he said, getting to his feet. "Is this yours?" he asked in wonderment, touching the Chrysler's fins. "It's a mean machine."

Shane eyed the half-demolished burger. "I thought you were broke," he said.

"I am, but I talked up the waitress in there"—Grady jerked his streaked face in the direction of the restaurant—"and traded her my Bible."

"She gave you beer for a Bible?"

"Just the hamburger. The beer I found."

This sounded fishy to Shane. "Where'd you find it?" he asked.

"Some guy left it on the seat of his car." Grady climbed into the Chrysler. For a moment, he seemed collected, drawn virtuously into himself, but then he fell apart and started bawling. "You're the only damn friend I've got," he said, blowing his nose in the hamburger wrapper.

Grady told Shane that he'd been on the road for three days. The first night, after he'd snuck out of the seminary, he hitched to San Francisco and slept in the Greyhound station, thinking he would catch a bus to Anaheim in the morning, but when he woke he realized that he'd have to confront his parents with the sorry evidence of his failure, so, instead of phoning them, he walked over to Powell Street and ate a breakfast of crab and shrimp at a place that was shaped like the prow of a ship, and then spent twenty-two bucks playing video games at an arcade. This left him with just one dollar to his name—his emergency dollar, which he kept folded in sixteenths and hidden in the secret compartment of his wallet. When he pulled it out, the slip of paper on which Shane had written Susan's address and phone number fell to the floor.

"You get it?" Grady asked, turning toward Shane, who was paying only a little attention, since he had to watch for cops. "It was a *sign!*"

"What about the ball?" Shane asked. His forehead was wrinkled in concentration.

"Ball? What ball?"

"The ball from Zuma Beach. Did it

come back while you were with the priests?"

"It never did."

"Then why'd you leave?"

Grady shrugged. His fidgety fingers picked at his knees through the holes in his pants. "It's hard to be good," he said. From the pockets of his suit coat he took two fresh cans of beer and—before Shane could protest—popped the tops. Shane accepted a can and stuck it between his thighs. He hit a bump and got doused.

On the second day, Grady said, he'd reached the town of Healdsburg. He said it was the hottest place he'd ever been to—hotter than Hell, frankly. In the evening, when it got too dark to hitch anymore, he wandered to the town square, where there were palm trees and flowers and benches, and he took off his shoes and socks and dunked his feet in a fountain. The water felt soothing as it swirled between his toes, but a bunch of Mexicans who were hanging around the square kept watching him, and he thought they might knife him or otherwise do him harm. He knew this was an irrational fear, but it was fear nonetheless, so he gathered himself together in a hurry, slipped his wet feet into his shoes, and walked briskly down a side street that led him to a vineyard, where he curled up on the warm ground and slept the night away under cover of grape leaves. A flaming sun woke him at dawn. He couldn't find his socks. Their absence seemed to hurt him more than anything else. "Everybody knows you're running away from something if you don't have socks on," he said, biting his lower lip. "Who's going to stop for a person with bare ankles?" With this, he finished his beer in a gulp and threw the empty can out the window. The can rattled over the macadam, bounced two or three times, and rolled past the nose of a highway-patrol car that was parked in the bushes, waiting for speeders.

"Aw, Grady," Shane said.

Grady swivelled around to look back. "That's the guy I gave the finger to," he said.

Shane felt as though his body had been stripped of a dimension and then spliced into a deadly, predictable horror movie. He tried to imagine that the cop hadn't seen the can—or, better, that the cop had decided to overlook it—but this didn't work, since the cop had left his hiding place and was approaching the Chrysler at a steady clip. Shane gave Grady the half-full beer he had between his thighs, and Grady dropped down in the seat and drank it off, then shoved the empty into the glove compartment. The cop came closer. Grady looked again, and, panicked, said, "He's going to bust us, Shane. I know by his face."

FRENCH APACHE DANCE

You spoke with the tongue of an angel
All the time we danced a cabaret-style
Street tango there was no charity in your
Moving me along in 2/4 as you puffed
Up like an adder provoked a rejoicing
Inside me while you continued to reassure
Me we could bear all things then when
You began to see your prophecies would
Fail you looked me face to face and began
To believe you knew an audience understood
Desires were all that mattered until you
An Indian who knows the perfect way to
Catch a wolf reminded me, "It all ends
When it shouldn't go any farther."
—ALEX WAGNER

• •

"You don't know for sure."

The cop's flasher went on.

Grady sank lower in the seat. "I'm holding, Shane," he said morosely.

Shane didn't want to take his eyes from the road. "You're *what*?"

"I'm holding some speed. I bought it at that arcade." He showed Shane four pills. "Should I throw them out the window?"

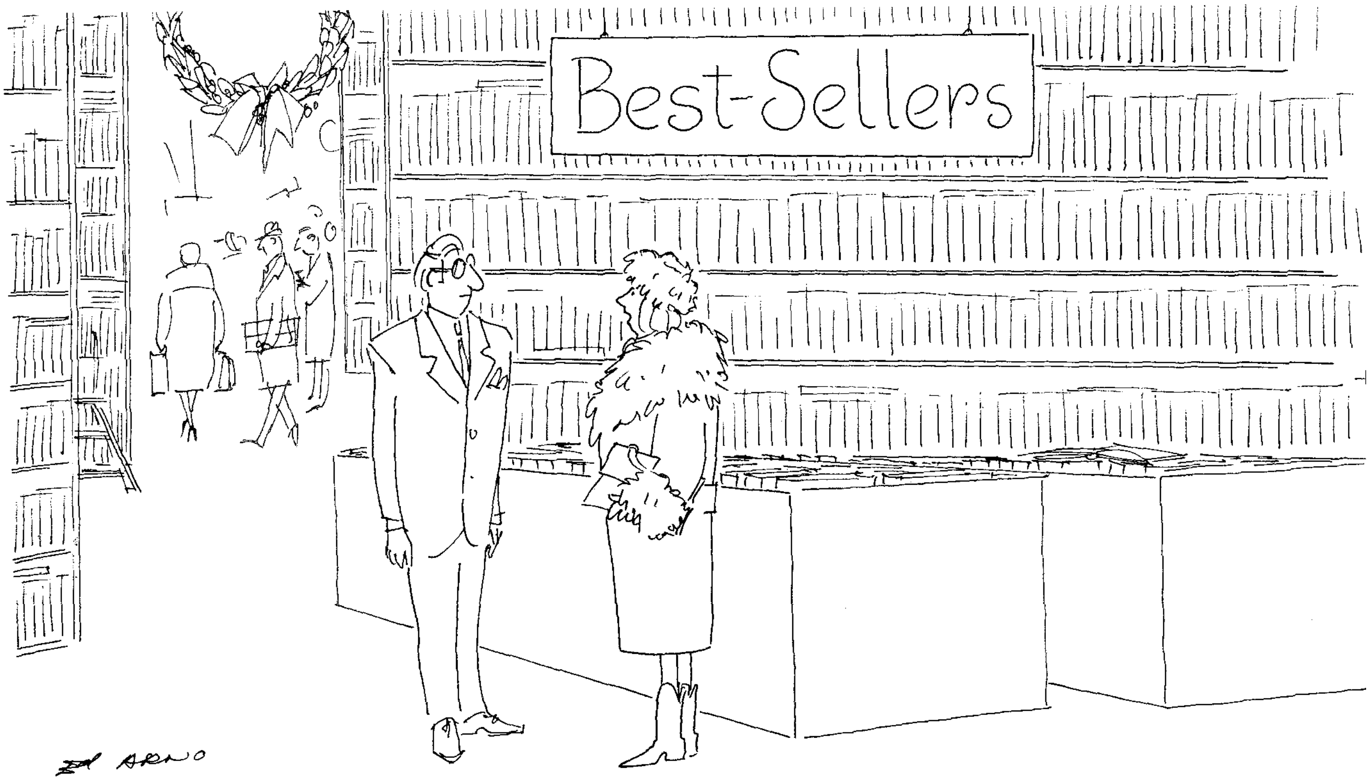
The pills got swallowed—Shane couldn't think of any other way to dispose of them. He and Grady ate two apiece, which lent a hallucinatory edge to subsequent events. The cop was wearing reflector sunglasses, for instance, so that Shane was able to watch himself react to the words that bubbled from between the cop's lips when the cop pulled them over. The cop spoke of littering, of underage drinking, of operating a motor vehicle without a license and without what he called a vehicular-registration slip. Eyeless, he led Shane and Grady to his car and locked them in the back seat behind a mesh screen. The pills really took hold on the ride to the police station, and Shane was possessed by a powerful sense of urgency and a concomitant inability to stop talking. He believed that he had an important message to deliver about the nature of goodness, and he delivered it ceaselessly—to the cop, to the officer who booked him, to the ink of the fingerprint pad, and to the cold iron bars of his cell.

GIFT WRAPPING

ROY BENTLEY bailed out the boys. He came to the station with his attorney, a fashionably dressed man whose hair was all gray curls. The attorney seemed to know everybody around, and after a brief back-room conversation he reported to Bentley that the charges—except for littering—had been dropped. Bentley paid a stiff fine, then put the boys in his wagon and drove them to the ranch. They were amazed to be let go so quickly. "You must be important, Mr. Bentley," Grady said.

"You two are just lucky I've got some clout," Bentley told them. "A successful businessman is not a nobody up here. I'm a Democrat and I belong to the Rotary. But don't think it's over yet. You still got Shane's mother to face."

Susan exploded. There was no therapist talk this time. When Shane came through the door, slinking like an animal, she yelled and threw a pot holder at him, and then, so as not to be discriminatory, she threw one at Grady, too. She grabbed Shane by the hair and held him in place while she



"I want something to get even for that new translation of Proust he gave me last year."

• •

lectured him. She said he was an ungrateful little bastard, spoiled, indifferent, snotty, rotten to the core. He refused to argue, but in the morning, when she was almost rational again, he explained to her exactly why he had done what he'd done, so that she would understand that he hadn't been frivolous or irresponsible. "It was circumstances, see?" he said, sitting forward in his chair and kneading his hands. "I couldn't just leave him in Elk, could I? How would you feel if you called some friend of yours for help and the friend said no?"

"What about Roy, Shane?" she asked. "You could have phoned him at the factory, and he would have gone for Darren."

"But it was an emergency, Susan."

"The only emergency was that you didn't think."

The next day she was more forgiving, taking into account his unblemished record, and also the fact that he had been (at least to some extent) victimized. She also agreed that Grady could stay in the cabin for a few days, provided that he let his parents know where he was. This Grady did. "Hello, Dad?" he said to his father, while Shane listened in. "It's me, Darren, your son. Remember about the seminary? Well, you were right. It didn't work out."

In the cabin, Shane and Grady lay on their beds in the dark and had long philosophical discussions. Grady said that when he got home he was going to forget about religion and enroll in a junior college to study biology, so he'd have a grasp of how the universe was put together. "Science today," he said, "it has the answer to mysteries that puzzled the ancients." Shane confessed that he was dreading his senior year in high school; he would be an entirely different person when he returned to that bleak, airless building, yet nobody would acknowledge it. "The system hates what's real," he said. Grady agreed.

On more than one occasion, they talked about how strange it is that sometimes when you do everything right, everything comes out wrong. Grady had examples. "I gave my sister this kitten for her birthday," he said, "and she was allergic to it." Or "Once when I was small, I washed my mom's car to surprise her, but I used steel wool and scratched up the paint."

Shane had other questions. "If it was me stranded in Elk," he asked, "would you have come and got me?"

"You know it," Grady said, with emotion crowding his throat.

Both of them took a solemn vow never to touch dope again, ever, in any form, no matter how tempted they might be.

Grady ended up staying for better than two weeks. Several important things happened while he was around.

First, Shane passed his rescheduled driver's test and celebrated by pin-striping the Chrysler and painting flames on both its doors. Then he asked Emma King to go to the drive-in with him. They went to a kung-fu double feature on a Friday night. She sat so far away from him that it seemed a deliberate attempt to deny his existence. He thought that maybe older women expected men to be bold, so after a while he walked his fingers across the seat and brushed them against Emma's thigh. She sneezed. He withdrew. Later, on the steps of her house, much to his surprise, she kissed him full on the lips and told him he was sweet. He knew it was the only kiss he'd ever get from her, so, driving home, he made a mental inventory of the moment and its various tactile sensations.

Next, on a Saturday afternoon, he and Grady took the Chrysler to the main town beach, but it was crowded with hippies throwing Frisbees to their dogs, and Shane suggested that they go instead to this great isolated spot even he had never been to before

—Bentley's twenty undeveloped acres. They had to slide under a barbed-wire fence that had "No Trespassing" and "Private Property" signs plastered all over it. The trail down into the gully was steep and overgrown; the gully, in fact, was more like a canyon, with a stream trickling through it, and vegetation sprouting from the soil. The vegetation was so thick and matted that it was almost impossible for them to distinguish individual plants, but one of the plants they *could* distinguish was marijuana. A few stalky specimens were growing wild, like weeds. All Shane's suspicions were confirmed—Bentley *was* a grower.

"That's why he had the attorney," he whispered to Grady.

"Are you going to say anything?"

"Uh-uh. No way."

But Shane's conscience bothered him. In the eyes of the law, Bentley was a criminal. Did this put Susan in jeopardy, too? Would she be considered an accessory to the crime? So Shane spilled the beans to Bentley. He told him about the find and waited for Bentley to react.

Bentley tugged at the strands of his beard. "Well, you got me, all right," he said sheepishly. "I did grow me a few crops of Colombian down there a while back, before I met your mother, but the whole experience rubbed me wrong. I had a couple of brushes with John Law, and they made me real nervous. That's why I took my profits and went into ducks. Ducks are as legal as it gets."

"What about the plants we saw?"

"Must be volunteers. That happens sometimes. Stuff grows from old seeds, leftover seeds. We'll go pull 'em up."

They pulled up all the marijuana plants in the gully, arranged them in a pyre, and burned them. "It's sad," said Bentley. "But it has to be."

Next, Susan went into the hospital for her operation. The surgery was performed in the afternoon, and Shane was allowed to visit that evening. He was scared. Susan was in a private room. She was still groggy from her anesthesia, and she had an I.V. tube in her arm. He thought she was asleep, but she called to him in a funny, childlike voice and asked him to sit in a chair by the bed. "I'm in the clouds," she said, rubbing his hand.

"But are you O.K.?"

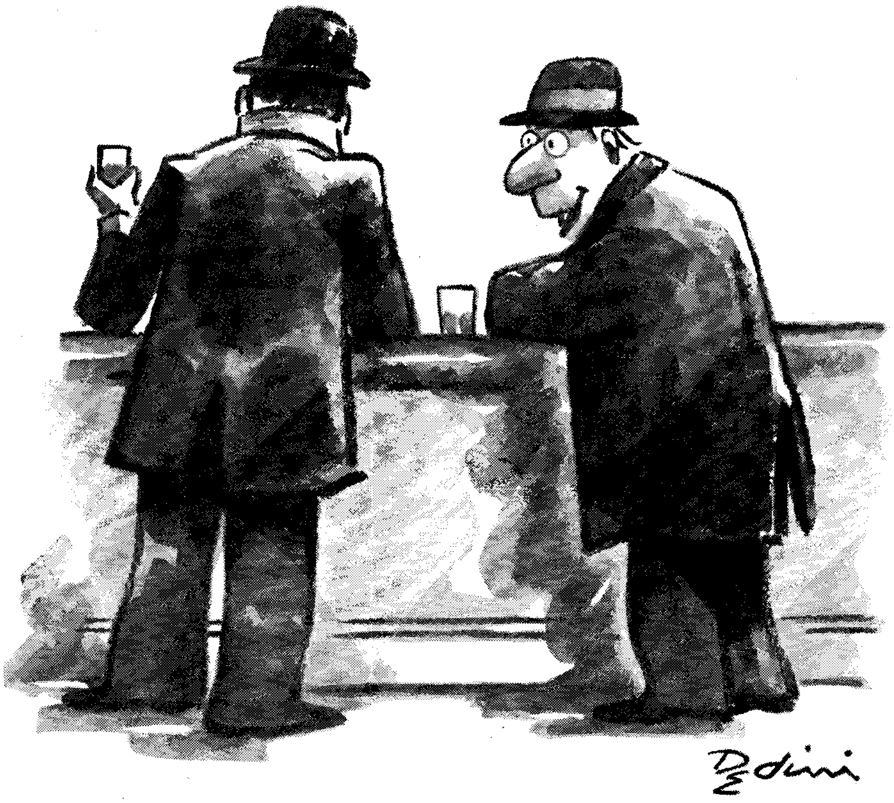
"I'm fine," she said. "The doctor fixed everything. He says I can probably have a baby now."

"A *baby*?"

"You think I'm too old, don't you?"

"I don't know," Shane said. "How am I supposed to know about babies?"

"Lots of women have babies at my age," Susan said, rubbing and rubbing. "Roy and I want to try. Oh, Shane honey, I made things so tough on you, I want another chance. Don't I deserve another chance?"



"One and one is two, right? That's what life is about. One and one is two."

"Sure," said Shane. "Of course you do."

But the potential baby confused him, and also depressed him a bit. In his mind, it was rotten-toothed, bearded, and smelling of tobacco. He wondered why Susan would want to introduce such a creature into the world. "I'm never going to understand anything," he complained to Grady that night. "Not anything."

"What's there to understand?" Grady asked.

"Maybe you are wise, Grady," said Shane.

Grady left at the end of the week. Shane dropped him at the Greyhound stop in Mendocino. They shook hands in a special way they'd devised, with plenty of interlocked fingers and thumbs.

"I never had a friend like you before," Grady said. "I'll never forget what you did for me."

"I'd do it again," said Shane. "Any time."

IN late August, there was an unseasonal thunderstorm. It rattled windowpanes and made chickens flap in their coops. When it was over, the morning sky was clear and absolutely free of fog. Shane got up early and changed the oil in the Chrysler. He filled the trunk with his belongings and put a pair of ducks for the Harrises on the back seat. Susan was not entirely recovered from her surgery, so he had to say goodbye to her in her bedroom, where she was propped up against pillows. She asked him again if he didn't want to transfer to a school in Mendocino and stay on with them, but he told her that he missed his grandparents and his friends. "I might come back next summer," he said, kissing her on the cheek. "You'll probably have the baby by then." Bentley stuck fifty dollars in the pocket of his jeans. "You ain't such a bad apple, after all," said Bentley with a smile. Shane drove off quickly, without looking back. The highway was still slick and wet from the rain, and the scent of eucalyptus was in the air.

—BILL BARICH

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1 P.M., CH. 10 — "Star!" (1968) Julie Andrews, Richard Crenna. The music, life and times of Gertrude Stein from her humble beginnings to the time when she was the toast of two captains.—*TV listing in the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

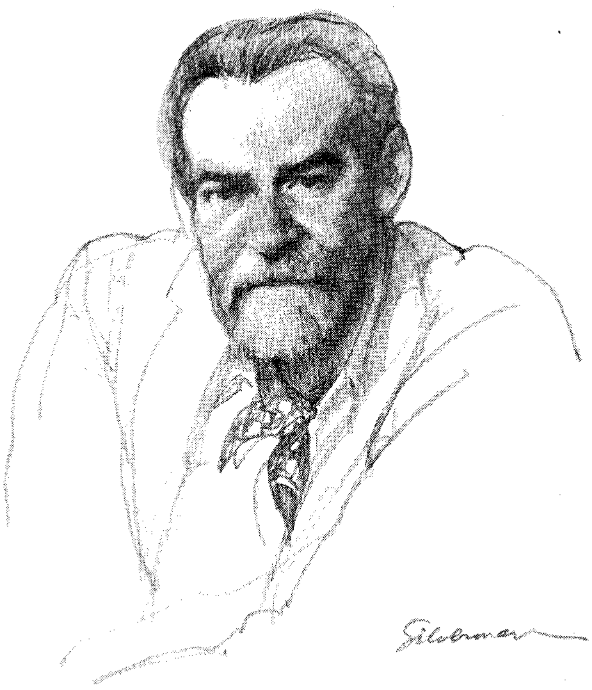
One of whom was Alice B. Toklas.

PROFILES

WITNESS

AS a practical man of the theatre, a self-styled carpenter-playwright, Athol Fugard (pronounced FEWgard) takes his tools—he uses a different pen and blend of ink for each play—and carefully constructs his work. Then, as director, he assembles the cast of his choice, which in his native South Africa often includes himself. To carry the carpentry image a step further, once he has made his "chair" he determines in rehearsal how well it can support his actors. Rehearsals can be an immensely difficult time for him. Actors want motivation, and when the playwright is also the director they expect it immediately. To avert confrontations, when Fugard began rehearsing his play "A Lesson from Aloes" for Broadway, in November of 1980, he announced to the actors that the playwright was dead and was therefore unavailable to supply motivation or rewrites. As the actors arrived at a greater individual understanding of their characters and came to trust the play, Fugard cheerfully let it be known that the playwright was not really "dead" but "in Paris" and was reachable in case of artistic emergency.

Fugard's customary rehearsal problems were intensified with his most recent play, " 'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys," which is currently playing on Broadway. He is a playwright who thrives on a kind of artistic disguise, a metaphorical distancing of himself from incidents of his life, but "Master Harold" is as openly confessional as a play by O'Neill or Strindberg. By his own admission, it is "the most totally and immediately autobiographical" of his works. It tells the story of the relationship between Fugard as a youngster and Sam Semela, a black waiter who for many years worked for Fugard's mother in a café she ran in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Even the names are the same: the playwright was born Harold Athol Lannigan Fugard, and his nickname, as in the play, was Hally; Sam Semela; the other waiter, Willie Malopo; and the St. George's Park Tearoom, the setting for a heart-wrenching rite of passage.



Athol Fugard

In the play, Hally (his age increased from ten to seventeen for dramatic purposes) turns against Sam, his best friend and father figure, and assails him with the pent-up resentment he feels against the incapacities of his real father, a cripple and an alcoholic. In the play's climactic scene, Hally spits at Sam, as Fugard did in real life—an act that has haunted the playwright through all the subsequent years. The scene was an agonizing one for him to write, and initially he thought that he could write the play without it—that he could devise a substitute event. Inexorably, he was driven to put it down on paper, and, in some degree, the writing became cathartic. By his choice, the world première would take place at the Yale Repertory Theatre, in New Haven; in contrast, all his other full-length plays had been done first in South Africa. His initial explanation: this play was for him; the others were for his country. Later, he added that the origin of the work was so private and so South African that he was hesitant about exposing it to an audience of his countrymen, at least before he could validate its universality. He chose New Haven because it has become an artistic home away from home for him; he thinks of it as a kind of American equivalent of Port Elizabeth—as a working-class port town with a diverse population.

Though Fugard planned to use American actors, he selected Zakes Mokae, an experienced South African actor and a close personal friend, to play the role of Sam. Twenty years earlier, with encouragement from Fugard, Mokae had switched from a career as a saxophonist to one as an actor. He appeared in Fugard's earliest plays and in the original Johannesburg production of "The Blood Knot," Fugard's first major work: he and the author were half brothers—one black, the other light-skinned and able to pass as white. Fugard chose Mokae to play Sam in "Master Harold" for two reasons: he thought he was the best actor for the role and his presence would lessen Fugard's self-consciousness about reëxperiencing his trauma onstage. The production proceeded with an air of calm—a strong contrast to the previous year's experience with "Aloes," which was marked by a clash of personalities. However, it was soon clear that the actors—Mokae, Željko Ivanek as Hally, and Danny Glover as Willie—were tiptoeing around the play's darkest edges. In response to the boy's racial taunts, Mokae was required to drop his pants onstage and reveal his bare backside. Some time later, the boy, betrayed by his guilt, had to spit squarely in Mokae's face. Whenever these pivotal points were reached, both actors retreated nervously. Finally, Fugard decided to take matters into his own hands. At the point where Mokae was supposed to drop his pants but would not, Fugard quickly undid his own belt, dropped his pants, shoved his bare backside in Mokae's face, and said, "I'll show you a fair arse!" When it came time for the boy to spit, and he didn't, Fugard again took action. He moved Ivanek aside, placed his hands squarely on either side of Mokae's head, held it, and spat repeatedly in his face—a shower of spittle in the face of Mokae, who, Fugard says, is "a man I love more than any other man I know." The actors were stunned, and after a few moments of

BUY LOW
SELL HIGH

silence they and the playwright broke into tears. The action was liberating—an emotional release—and from then on the cast completely lost its inhibitions. The confrontation that provoked tears in rehearsal brought a similar reaction from audiences at Yale and, later, on Broadway. "Master Harold" proved to be one of Fugard's most universal works of theatre. It operates on two levels: as the story of a loving but lacerating relationship between a black man and a white boy; and, in common with his other plays, as a powerful political statement about apartheid.

Fugard has achieved his reputation—as high as that of any other living playwright, with the exception of his idol, Samuel Beckett—with plays that have social and political content. His body of work is unmatched as political theatre in our century. Tom Stoppard has written about the fate of dissidents behind the Iron Curtain. Younger British playwrights such as David Hare and Howard Brenton mordantly chart the decline of English civilization. As anarchists, Fernando Arrabal and Dario Fo rebel against all established order. Rolf Hochhuth reinvents recent history in order to comprehend the troubled morality of his native Germany. David Rabe sees American involvement in Southeast Asia as a stain on our national conscience. But one has to look back to Bertolt Brecht to find a dramatist equally obsessed with the relationship of the individual to his society. In contrast to Brecht, who sought to alienate his audience from empathy, Fugard is not didactic. He is a humanitarian—a rare playwright, who could be a primary candidate for either the Nobel Prize in Literature or the Nobel Peace Prize. He sees apartheid as a national and an international tragedy but never forgets that it is also his personal tragedy. He wears his South African citizenship as a hair shirt, and each of his plays is a cry of "mea culpa."

To the outsider, Fugard's plays may seem unrelated to his personal life, but each of them has a specific root in his life—even a work as apparently remote as "Boesman and Lena." That play is ostensibly about a colored, or mixed-race, couple living at a subsistence level and travelling nomadically across the mud flats of South Africa. Boesman is dour, bitterly abusive, and stubborn; Lena is a stoical survivor. The inspiration for the play was the relationship between Fugard and his wife, the former Sheila Meiring, both of whom are educated white South Africans. Symbolically, from Fugard's point of view, he has held his wife—a poet and a novelist—"hostage" in South Africa. She would consider leaving; he must stay. The play is so close to them that the "ex libris" seal over their names in the books in their home library is a miniaturization of the poster for the Paris production of "Boesman and Lena." Fugard describes the seal: "Boesman burdened and Lena sitting in an attitude of resignation." Explaining his habitual and—until "Master Harold"—covert use of his life in his art, he paraphrases a line from the anthropologist Frithjof Schuon: "an inscrutable private secret and a shattering public act." Then he paraphrases Adrienne Rich in an essay on Emily Dickinson: "What is under most pressure to be concealed explodes into poetry." He continues, "A play gets written when the external specifics of a story run parallel to a very private need to make a personal statement. If you've got a secret, you can create. It's almost like building the labyrinth at Knossos. Your Minotaur is at the center."

Fugard is an artist of intense integrity and moral commitment, but he is seldom a political activist. Years ago, he took the lead in encouraging British playwrights to refuse to have their plays performed in segregated situations in South Africa. Later, he changed his mind about that issue, deciding that it was important for a play to be seen—no matter how restricted the audience—and that the emphasis should be on the political effects of the work of art itself rather than on the effectiveness of public protest. He internalizes all conflicts, personal as well as political. Emotionally, he has been wounded by the events in his life and in the life of his country, and one can read his sorrow on his face. His eyes are brown, deep-set, and piercing, as if he had been staring too long into the African sun. His skin looks parched, and he has a gray-flecked beard, which juts forward. When he is speaking, his right hand often works feverishly through the bristles of his beard, as if he were sifting worry beads. He looks like an Old Testament prophet. Whiskers add character to his face, and beardless he is almost unrecognizable. Occasionally, when he has been acting a role, he has shaved his face and trimmed his thick dark-brown hair. As a clean-shaven Eugène Marais, in "The Guest," his disturbing film about the Afrikaans poet, naturalist, and drug addict, he resembles a condemned man—sad, sallow-skinned. He is wiry in build, and as sinewy as a whip. Despite his slightness, he can exude fierceness: one can imagine him arm wrestling sailors in Singapore bars, and winning. He dresses like an outdoorsman—corduroy trousers, turtleneck sweaters, thick-soled boots—and

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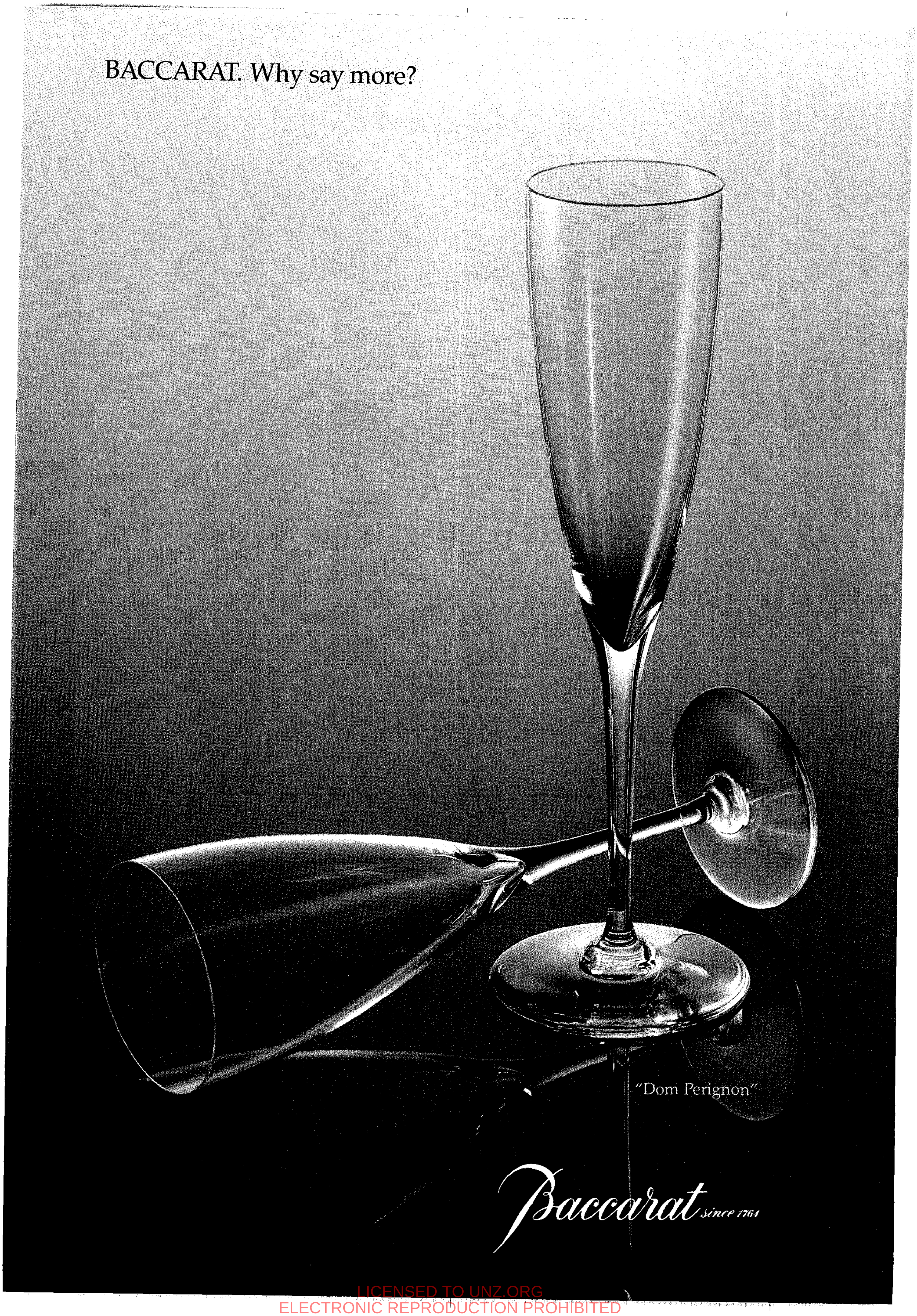
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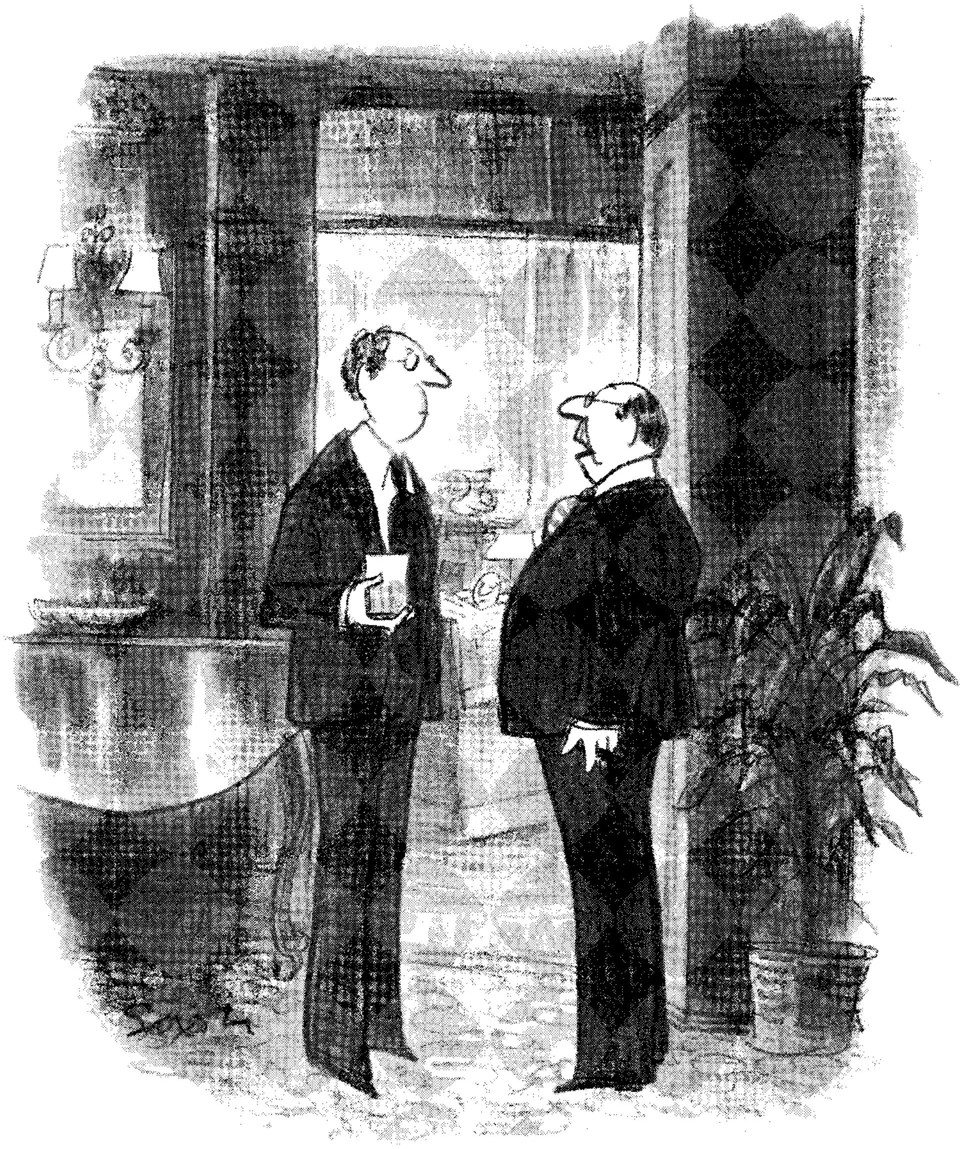
he carries a kit bag even in the city. He looks as if any minute he might stride off into the bush, where he could survive on instinct and scientific acumen. He looks as if he never ate, or as if he existed on a diet of wild berries and mushrooms. The fact is, he likes his meat charred, as if it had been cooked too long over a wilderness fire. He eats sparingly and so slowly that his meal is cold long before he finishes. Dining is a time for conversation, not for gourmandizing. Whatever city he is in, one of the first things he does is to find a neighborhood restaurant near the theatre where he will be working; he chooses a table and moves in as host. Establishing an immediate rapport with the owner and the waiters, who may or may not know who he is, he will have all his meals and most of his meetings in that restaurant—a safe place. Though I have shared many tables with him during the past few years, while following him through productions of his last two plays, I have never seen him eat anything sweet. A dinner ends ritualistically with strong black coffee, brandy, and a cloud of tobacco smoke. He refers to himself as an "addictive" personality. Alcohol and tobacco, not drugs, are his habit. He can drink more bourbon, red wine, and brandy without showing it than any other man I know, but sometimes the drinking catches up with him. He can move from euphoria to a feeling of deep pessimism. But when he is in a good mood he is immensely convivial. A responsive conversationalist, he listens closely to others and approaches all questions with the utmost seriousness. Women are naturally drawn to him. He has a generous nature and a warm capacity for laughter, and he is vulnerable to the point of self-injury.

Fugard's consciousness as well as his creativity is irrevocably linked with his homeland. For all his rage about the injustices of South Africa, the country is his life support. He returns home for replenishment and sustenance. On his home ground—in his house, called the Ashram, on seven bucolic acres in Port Elizabeth, with his trees, birds, and aloes, and with his work—he achieves a certain discipline and unity. He can control his life, and he refuels his tank of creativity. When he leaves his country, he arrives on foreign soil revivified. But as he immerses himself in a production—his primary reason for travel—he seems to drain himself of energy. Within several weeks, he may be exhausted, running on the artistic equivalent of automatic pilot. As soon as possible, he books a return flight to South Africa. His country is the source of his art, and without it he feels helpless. One day in London, he said to me, with an air of finality, "I'm not going to find stories here." I hadn't known that he was looking. He explained, "I don't understand the code. I stand on a street in Port Elizabeth or Johannesburg or a small South African town, and in terms of the life that passes me I've mastered the code. If I were standing on a street corner in Port Elizabeth and a black woman came past carrying a shopping bag, I could say, with a fair degree of accuracy, 'You come from there. You're working as a domestic servant. You're going to catch a bus at the terminus which will take you to the black ghetto.' If I stood on a corner in London or New York, I couldn't put that sort of biography behind *any* of the people walking past me. Mastering the code of a place has been necessary to me as a writer." I suggested the possibility that in another country he could collect his thoughts. He disagreed, saying, "I think I actually need the sustaining provocation of being in South Africa when I'm telling a South African story." Years ago, he wrote in one of his notebooks, "My life's work was possibly just to witness as truthfully as I could the nameless and destitute of this one little corner of the world."

THE Fugard family is a typical South African hybrid. Athol's mother, Elizabeth Magdalena Potgieter Fugard, could trace her ancestry on her father's side back to 1652



"I suggest you take your proposition to Mr. Hodkiss at the office. He may send you to Sam Watson or Bob Exum. Eventually, of course, you will have to talk to me."

"Both of you, say Merry Christmas to Leonard!"

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and some of the earliest Dutch settlers in Africa. Athol's father, Harold David Fugard, was a South African of English and Irish descent. Athol has heard of only one Fugard outside his immediate family, and that, oddly, is a colored man in Cape Town, who once sent him a letter asking if he knew the derivation of the name. Athol's paternal grandmother emigrated from England, and, like so many transplanted English, she became, in her grandson's words, "a total royalty snob." She showed her monarchical mettle by insisting on regal names for her three grandchildren. The eldest, Athol's older brother, was called Royal—Roy for short. His sister was named Glenda Foscha Dalgoruski, after a Polish princess with whom the grandmother had corresponded. Athol was named after a British governor of South Africa in the early part of the century, who was the Earl of Athlone. His father, who had lost a leg in an accident aboard a ship during his childhood, was a pianist who led a succession of jazz bands. The first, resident in Middelburg, was a seven-piece group called the Orchestral Jazzonians. In a photograph of the band, the elder Fugard, in black tie and starched collar, sits at his piano looking handsome and dignified. Scattered on the floor in front of the jazzmen are a trumpet, a banjo, and a megaphone. As a tribute to that original band, the son drops its name into "Master Harold" as that of a black jazz band playing for ballroom-dancing competitions.

Athol Fugard was born in Middelburg on June 11, 1932. When he was three, the family moved to Port Elizabeth. His father played for a time with a band called the Melodians, then retired from all remunerative activity and sank into a life of indolence and alcohol. Mrs. Fugard ran the Jubilee Hotel, a small boarding house, to support the family. For an essentially accurate picture of Fugard's boyhood and of his relationship with his parents, one can look to "Master Harold." As in the play, his mother was a strong matriarchal presence and a good businesswoman. Fugard's wife, Sheila, remembers her mother-in-law as the South African equivalent of a Jewish mother, infinitely solicitous of her children and supervisory to the point of interfering in their adult lives; when she visited her married "children," she would take them food—sometimes a cooked chicken. Fugard was close to his mother, while his father remained at a distance, although in his boyhood they did share a taste for pulp fiction, comic books, and horror movies, as the father and son do in "Master Harold." Fugard said recently, "He was an incredibly gentle man, but he was absolutely without my mother's capacity for rising above the South African situation and seeing people as people. My dad was full of pointless, unthought-out prejudices." In direct contrast, his mother was color-blind. "Like Piet Bezuidenhout in 'A Lesson from Aloes,' she had this set of ideas and human values that put her in radical opposition to the system," Fugard recalled. "She never got involved in politics, but as early as I can remember she had an understanding of the injustice. I think that all the faith I have in life and in people—in the sheer fact that growth doesn't stop until the moment you die—comes to me from my mother. There was a famous runner who ran with Roger Bannister so that Bannister could break the four-minute mile. I regard my mother as having broken the four-minute mile. I paced her. Two separate individuals—one with six years of schooling, the other with twelve years of schooling and a university education—arrived at the same sense of outrage and anger over the injustice of that society. I think the relationship with me was very important to her. I can remember clearly the sense of it when I was seven or eight years old—of her feeling that she had lived, or was in the process of living, a wasted life. She hoped that would not be the case with me. She was inordinately ambitious—for herself as well as for me. It was a question of dealing with

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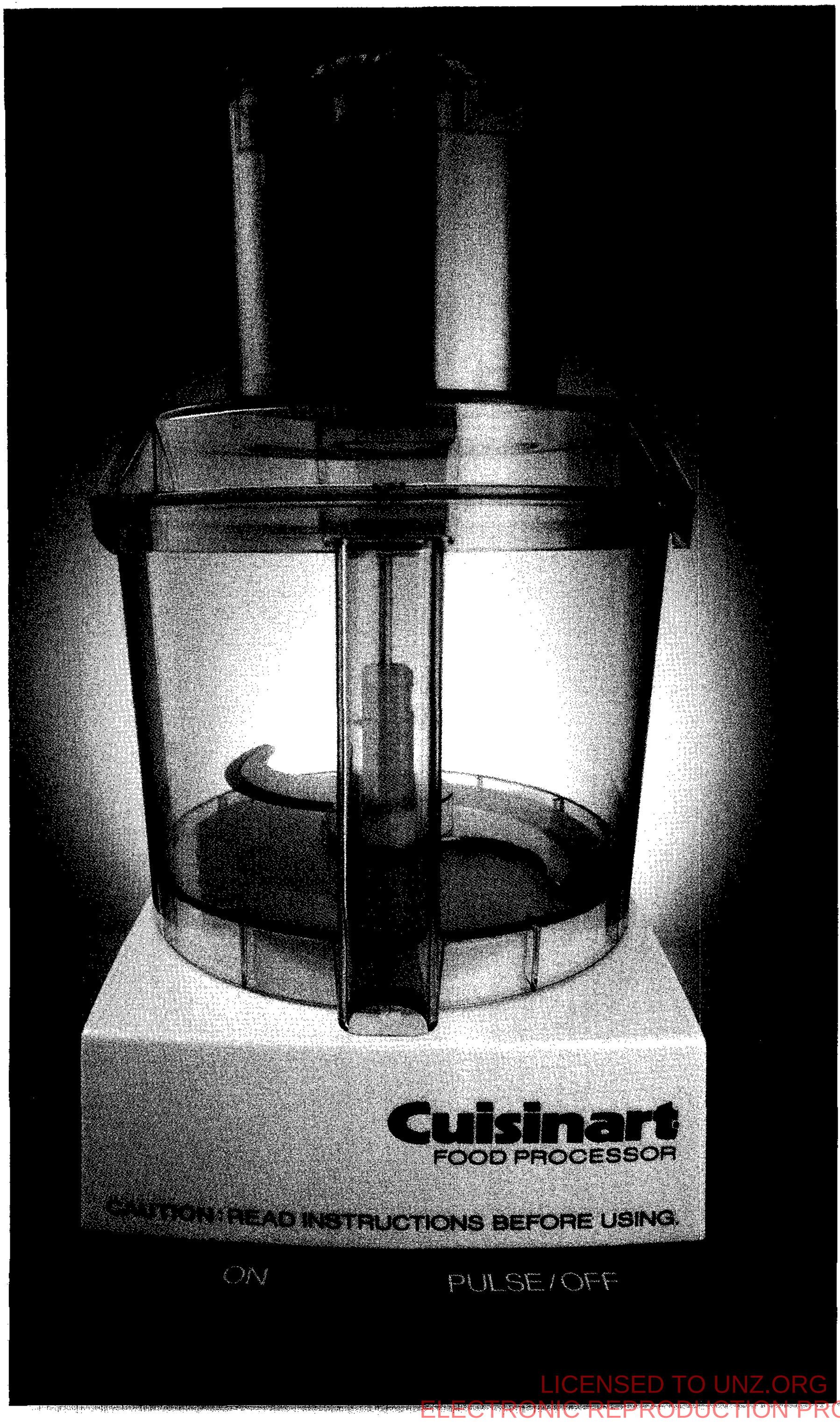

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my mom on that level and with my dad on his crutches, as he finally oared his way into shallow waters."

The portrait of Fugard's mother that one receives from "Master Harold" and in conversation with her son is idealized, just as the portrait of his father is encrusted with resentment. The father seems to have been a superfluous man. But the truth is necessarily more ambiguous. In Fugard's notebooks, there are signs of irritation at his mother's natural vulgarity and at her ability to dominate any situation. And, for all his embarrassment about his father's weaknesses, there is an undercurrent of sympathy. Fugard admits that he is not quite fair to his father in "Master Harold." In common with Hally in the play, young Athol was quick, intelligent, assertive, and rather a loner. Looking at an old photograph of her husband as a young boy standing on a street in Port Elizabeth, Sheila Fugard observes that he looks sad, "like someone out of the American Depression"—perhaps a figure from the book "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." He had no friends of his own age, and spent most of his out-of-school hours with his mother's waiters—in particular, with Sam Semela. Sam was the third important adult figure in his childhood, and the most influential one.

NEW YORK
50 MILES
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CROISSANTS

As a young man, Sam had left his native Basutoland (now Lesotho), a black enclave within the boundaries of South Africa, in order to seek employment in white Port Elizabeth—a typical move for someone of his color. Hired as a waiter at the Jubilee Hotel, he quickly became Mrs. Fugard's right-hand man, and he continued working for her when, in 1941, she moved to the St. George's Park Tearoom, a café next to a local swimming bath. Though divided by twenty years in age and by skin color, Sam and Hally were companions and confidants. Hally looked up to Sam, and, in a reversal of roles that would have been equally possible in the American South before the Civil War, the boy became the adult's teacher. He shared his earliest academic and literary discoveries with the uneducated but intellectually inquisitive waiter. Man and boy ignored the strictures of their society—to onlookers they remained servant and young master—and engaged in long man-to-man discussions about everything from fiction to philosophy and sex. "He radiated all the qualities a boy could look to and recognize as those of a man," Fugard recalls. "I thought, I can model myself on that. As I started reading, Sam started reading. He and I evolved theories, such as one about the shapes of good heads and bad heads, with such relish and enjoyment—things that a father and son should do. My first discovery of sexual drives—I talked about them with Sam." Discussing the parallels between himself and Hally in the play, he savors one of his favorite stage directions for the character: "trying to look like Tolstoy." He scrunches up his face and squints in apparent imitation of Tolstoy, and quotes a line from the play: "Those burning, visionary eyes! My God, the face of a social prophet if ever I saw one." And then he adds about his alter ego in the play, "Little bastard, that little Hitler strutting around there. 'I give you chaps a little freedom, and what do you do? Foxtrot!' That boy is totally without glamour. When he says, 'I'm not interested in girls,' it's because no bloody girl is interested in *him*." In the play, as in life, Sam is a ballroom dancer, but one of many things that Fugard chose to omit from the play is the fact that as a youngster he himself was a ballroom dancer. When he was twelve, he and his sister became Eastern Province Ballroom Junior Dancing Champions—a title they held for three of the next four years. Until they dissolved their partnership, Athol and Glenda, the foxtrotting Fugards, were on their way to becoming the Fred and Adele Astaire of South Africa. It is an idea that is unsettling when one considers the burning, visionary eyes of the social prophet.

After dinner one night, a call came to the Fugard house from the nearby Central Hotel. Harold Fugard was drunk—again—and had passed out on the floor of the hotel bar. Could someone come and take him home? Mrs. Fugard happened to be out, and Athol hesitantly went to Sam and asked him to help. The two walked downtown to the hotel, where the youngster had to ask permission for the black man to enter the whites-only bar. Athol's father was lifted onto Sam's back, and, with Athol carrying his father's crutches, the two walked home. The episode, witnessed by the citizens of

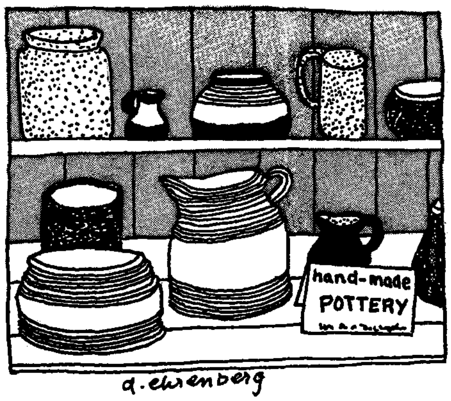
Port Elizabeth, mortified the boy, and to cheer him up Sam made him a kite of brown paper and strips of wood from a vegetable box. Together, they flew the homemade contraption from a hill in Port Elizabeth, and the memory of its first flight remains Fugard's most cherished recollection of his youth. The story is told in "Master Harold."

Many years later, in his notebooks, Fugard looked back on his friendship with Sam:

> Realize now he was the most significant—the only—friend of my boyhood years. On terrible windy days when no-one came to swim or walk in the Park, we would sit together and talk. Or I was reading—Introductions to Eastern Philosophy or Plato and Socrates—and when I had finished he would take the book back to New Brighton.
>
> Can't remember now what precipitated it, but one day there was a rare quarrel between Sam and myself. In a truculent silence we closed the café, Sam set off home to New Brighton on foot and I followed a few minutes later on my bike. I saw him walking ahead of me and, coming out of a spasm of acute loneliness, as I rode up behind him I called his name, he turned in mid-stride to look back and, as I cycled past, I spat in his face. Don't suppose I will ever deal with the shame that overwhelmed me the second after I had done that.

There have, of course, been other formative experiences in Fugard's life, political as well as personal—the 1960 outbreak of violence in Sharpeville, which polarized blacks and whites, and provoked him to return to South Africa from England; the removal of his passport by the South African government, in 1967; the revolt of blacks in Soweto in 1976—but his own individual act of cruelty at the age of ten against his closest friend has become for him a symbol of inhumanity and of insurmountable personal guilt. When he is asked the reason for his bizarre behavior, his response is almost that of an amnesiac. "I'm so ashamed of that act that I've done a sort of cauterization on my memory," he says. What seared his mind was Sam's reaction. "As I rode away, I saw disbelief and pain. The measure of the man is that I know that the loneliness, the desperation out of which I dropped as low as to do that was in some way understood by him. With time, maybe even at that immediate moment, he forgave me." But Fugard has not forgiven himself, and the burden has mounted over the years. While trying to probe his motivation, he has flailed himself with guilt and has suffered remorse. If only he could explain his act, perhaps he could—on a larger scale—comprehend the actions of his nation. In play after play, he has returned to his central subject, the debilitating effects of apartheid, in many cases imagining what it would be like to be a black man in South Africa—what it would be like to be *Sam*. Almost forty years passed before he could write truthfully about his own inhumanity.

There are indications that as a boy Fugard tried to write imaginatively, but his literary activities, in common with those of the stage Hally, consisted mostly of reading books and writing down titles for stories that might be written. In this working-class society, the role of the artist did not come naturally, and after elementary school he took a practical side step into automobile mechanics, studying on a scholarship at Port Elizabeth Technical College, the equivalent of an American technical high school. Though he did not pursue a career as a mechanic, the school gave him a grounding in aptitudes that he retained into adulthood: as an artist, he is mechanically minded. He was also academically proficient, and that earned him another scholarship—this one to the University of Cape Town, where he majored in philosophy and also took courses in social anthropology. At the university, he showed little interest in theatre. His chief extracurricular pursuit was boxing. He fought as a lightweight in intramural competitions. "I very nearly ended up the university champ, but I was floored in the third round by a red-headed, freckle-faced little bugger," he recalls ruefully. Although he did well in his studies, he had no sense of direction, and he became increasingly unhappy whenever he thought about others' expectations of him. In September of 1953, several months short of writing his final examinations, Fugard made up his mind to quit the university. "If I'd got that degree—and in South Africa you can't do anything until you have a degree—I could have been trapped into doing things I didn't want to do," he has said. "I didn't want to teach. I just had a sense of horizons *shrinking* as I got nearer the end of university." While still pondering his decision, he visited the university's music school and signed out a recording of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. "Listening to that symphony, I had a sense of the space, of the freedom in my life—and I didn't have the slightest doubt about what to do," he recalls. "I very rarely listen to that symphony now, because it is so charged in terms of my choice to leave the university." He telephoned his mother in Port Elizabeth and told her that he was going to quit school and hitchhike the length of Africa, from Cape Town to Cairo. Having invested so much of herself in her son's education, she was shocked, but she tried not to show her disappointment. Characteristically, her reaction was quick and intuitive. "It was the gambler with one stake left," says her son. "You've been losing the whole night, and you've got a couple of chips left, and somebody says put them on that number. She just said, 'Go.' "



At the age of twenty-one, Fugard, with a university friend named Perseus Adams, who was a poet, and carrying ten tins of sardines in his haversack, hitchhiked north. Six months later, he arrived, penniless, in Port Sudan. He wired his mother to send him money, but by accident she sent it to Port Said rather than to Port Sudan. After several days of waiting, he was beginning to feel abandoned. One night, while he was sitting at a bar, a stranger began talking to him. He said he was the captain of a ship that was sailing for Japan at midnight. After hearing of the young man's indigence, he offered him a job on his ship as a supernumerary—for room, board, and a shilling a month. Because Fugard was unable even to pay his hotel bill, he decided to try a sailor's life, and, with visions of Conrad and Melville in his head, he set sail early in the morning on the S.S. Graigaur. He was the only white seaman aboard the merchant vessel; most of the others were Malay or Sudanese, and this was the first time that he had shared close quarters with people of a different race. He did odd jobs at the request of the captain, and in his free time he began writing a novel about his mother's life. With special regard for the apprentice seaman's artistic ambitions, the captain gave him a folding card table. He set it

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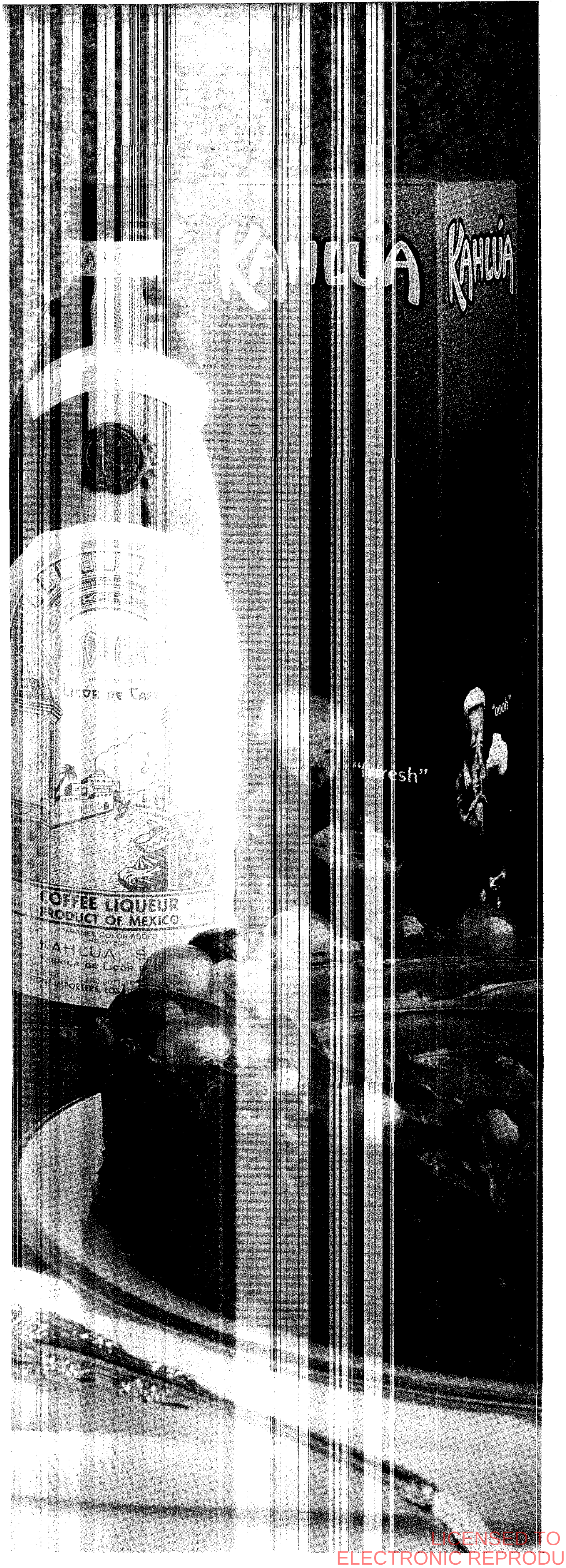

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Pecan Pancoat
¾ cup unsweetened cocoa powder
1 cup boiling water
½ cup Kahlúa
1⅔ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup butter
1½ cups sugar
3 large eggs, beaten
3 tbs. raspberry jam
Kahlúa Frosting
Candied cherries for decoration

Prepare baking pan with Pecan Pancoat. Mix cocoa with water; cool. Add ¼ cup Kahlúa. Resift flour with baking soda, baking powder and salt. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs. Blend dry ingredients into creamed mixture alternately with cocoa mixture. Turn into prepared pan. Bake in 325° F oven 60-70 minutes until cake tests done. Let cake stand in pan 10 minutes, then remove sides and cool. Using Pecan Pancoat surface as bottom, cut cake in half, horizontally. Drizzle remaining Kahlúa equally over each cut surface. Spread jam over bottom cut layer and cover with ¼ cup Kahlúa Frosting. Put cut layers together and spread top and sides with remaining Kahlúa Frosting. Decorate with candied cherries.

Pecan Pancoat

Butter sides of 9-inch springform pan. Spread 1 tablespoon butter in bottom and sprinkle with ¼ cup finely chopped pecans and 1 teaspoon sugar.

Kahlúa Frosting

Melt 6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces over warm water; cool slightly. Gradually beat in ½ cup butter and 1 teaspoon instant coffee granules dissolved in ¼ cup Kahlúa. Beat smooth. Chill until spreadable.

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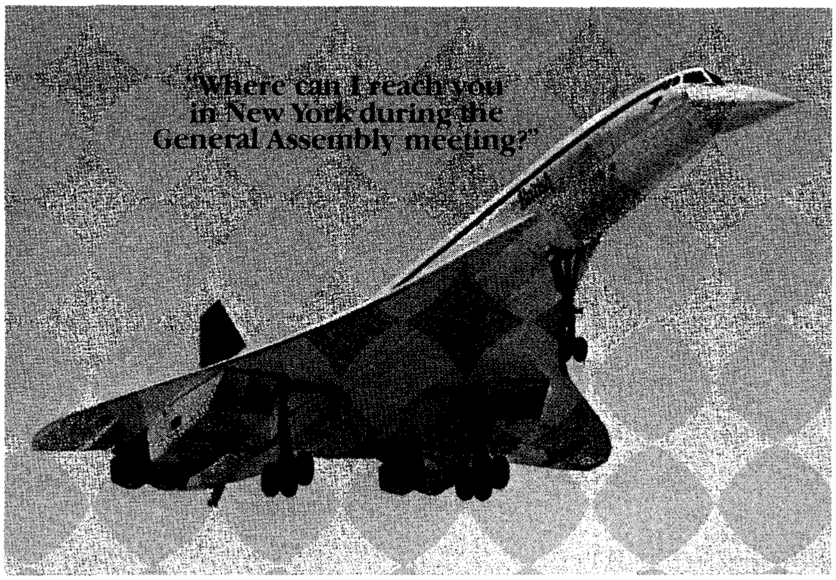
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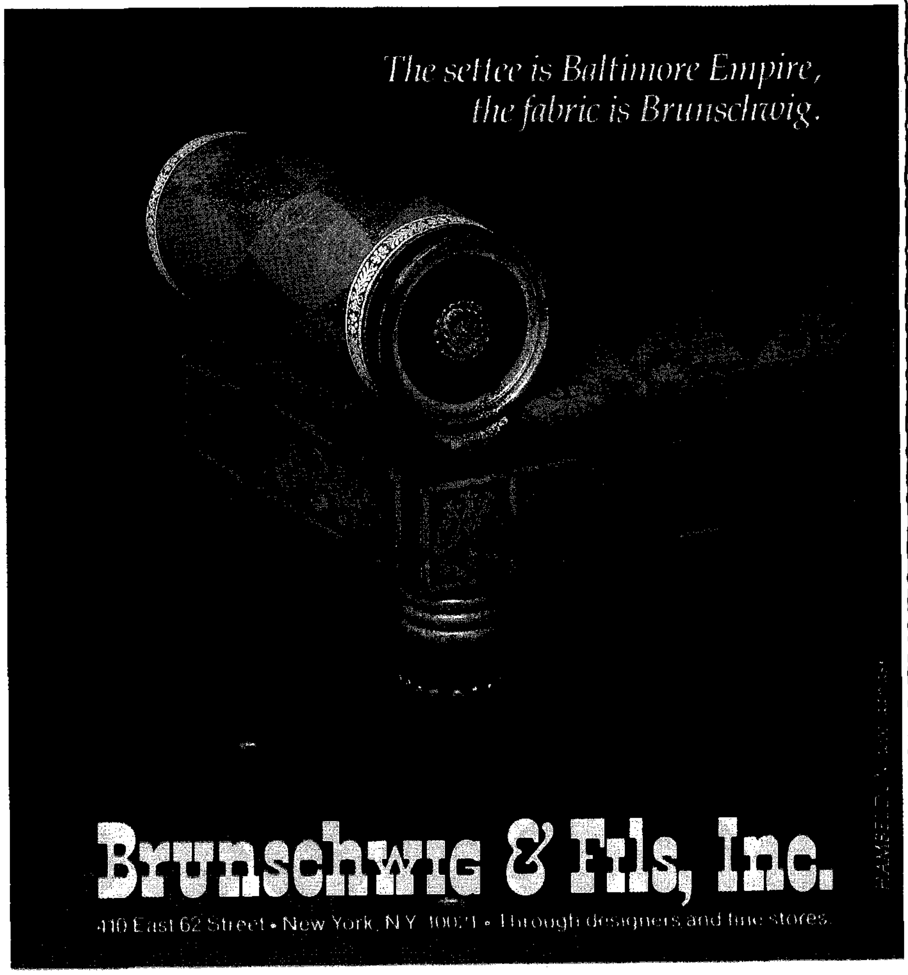
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up on deck, and after duty he would spend hours at the table writing in longhand. One of Fugard's closest friends aboard was a Sudanese "donkeyman," or stoker. He was black, large, and "violent-looking." When he and Fugard visited brothels during their ports of call, "the ladies would take one look at him and say, 'No, no.' " While Fugard was writing on deck, the stoker would watch silently—like Queequeg studying Ishmael. Fugard recalls, "He was endlessly fascinated by watching a pen move across paper and leave words behind." Living at a low economic level and being an inveterate smoker, Fugard used to collect the other sailors' butts and roll his own cigarettes with leftover tobacco. One day, the stoker presented him with a tin of fifty cigarettes from the ship's store—a gift he will never forget. He wrote on and on, filling pages but becoming increasingly discouraged. One night, in a fit of depression, he got drunk, picked up his voluminous manuscript, and threw it into the sea. The pages, he recalls, floated "into the outgoing tide in a Fiji lagoon." The stoker was horrified. It was as if his friend had performed an act of self-mutilation. "He couldn't believe I would throw away the paper with all the words," Fugard says. Today, when he is asked the reason for his action—besides his depression—he says, without regret, "I knew the novel wasn't any good." He was not yet a playwright, but he had already become a critic. Fugard attributes his ineffectuality as an apprentice writer to a lack of firsthand experience. He had nothing to write about; his time at sea was largely uneventful. "Art is born out of conflict and not out of innocence," he says now. The few vivid memories that he has of his sailing days are of eating too much—even when he believed that the meat, after months at sea, was tainted—and of drinking too much during shore leave and getting into barroom brawls from which he had to be rescued by protective shipmates.

After two years at sea, mostly in the Far East, the ship docked at Greenock, a small port near Glasgow. Having concluded his tour of duty, Fugard left the ship, and at once bought a ticket back home on the Windsor Castle—a vessel that later figured in "A Lesson from Aloes," as the ship on which the character of Steve Daniels begins his exile in England. Back in Port Elizabeth, he found himself qualified for only two careers—as an ablebodied seaman and an automobile mechanic—unless he wanted to try his luck as a prizefighter. By this time, however, he had made up his mind to be a writer, and, honoring that fact, his mother bought him a typewriter as a homecoming present. He wrote articles for the *Evening Post*, a small newspaper in Port Elizabeth, and then prepared radio news bulletins for the South African Broadcasting Corporation. Moving to Cape Town, he continued in broadcast journalism. Whether writing for newspapers or radio, he was, by his own admission, not suited to the role of objective reporter. "My work was always too colored by emotion," he says.

At a party one evening in 1956, Fugard met Sheila Meiring. They had been students at the same time at the University of Cape Town, but they had never met. Now, brought together by friends, they began going out together. Her parents raised objections to him as a suitor. "Sheila's father, a very good doctor, hated me because he was a frustrated writer. In fact, when he broke up our first engagement he said to Sheila, 'Don't worry. He's never going to be anything except a hack journalist.' I *was* a hack journalist."

Sheila Fugard recalls their courtship: "Athol was writing poetry and short stories, and I had written short stories, so we had a lot in common. He was a kind of existential young man. I remember walking with him on the beach, and he would be suffering tremendously because the *tide* was going out. Now he's much more worldly, humorous, and charming."

They were engaged for several months and then got married. Of the two, it was she who first became interested in the theatre. She had studied acting and was working as an actress in Cape Town. "The decisive factor in terms of my involvement in the theatre was meeting and marrying Sheila," Fugard says. His first attempt at playwriting was a one-act piece entitled "The Cell." He says, "It was in blank verse—very blank." It was based on a news story about a black woman who was arrested and gave birth to a stillborn baby in prison. The play's première took place in 1957 at a small amateur theatre in Cape Town founded by the Fugards. It was directed by Mrs. Fugard, and both she and her husband were in the cast, along with three actors playing mythical masked figures. The director dismisses the writing and the direction as

Christian Dior
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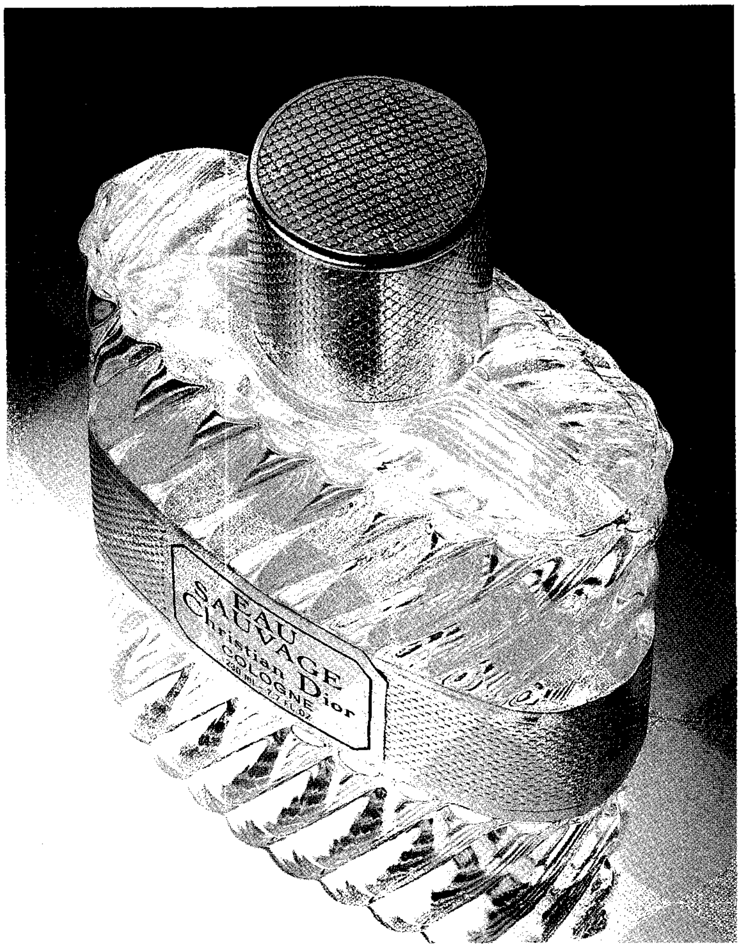

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arty and pretentious. Fugard's next play, also in one act, was "Klaas and the Devil," a Synge-like story about a fishing village on the South African coast. Fugard played the leading role. One critic, who had been a professor of Sheila's at the University of Cape Town, dismissed the play as "absolutely hopeless."

At the time, the South African theatre was in its infancy, its activity largely limited to local versions of imported popular fare. Occasionally, something of consequence was presented, and one play in particular had a significant effect on the hopeful playwright. This was the South African première of John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger." Fugard says, "It made me aware of how many bloody good South African stories there were to be told. It suggested to me that as a South African writer I needn't get involved in trying to imitate the stories of writers outside South Africa. Until then, I'd been essentially involved in imitative exercises." A foreign writer to whom he felt an even larger early debt was William Faulkner. "I was absolutely fascinated by the fact that here was an American writer who was *unashamedly* regional," he says. "It was reading and responding to Faulkner that gave me my first push toward the regional identity that I've stayed with ever since."

In 1958, the Fugards moved to Johannesburg. While continuing his writing, Fugard took a job as a clerk in the Fordsburg Native Commissioner's Court, which tried passbook cases. Every black person had to carry a passbook for identification, and failure to carry one could lead to arrest. This oppressive system, superbly detailed years later in "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead," a play that Fugard wrote with two actor friends, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, limits a man's choice of employment and his movement from city to city. As a court clerk, Fugard was burdened by the impersonality of the legal system. "I remember it as a nightmare," he says. "It was just so awful and ugly. We literally disposed of people at the rate of one every two minutes. There was no question of defense—the evidence was rigged. It was a sausage machine. A man had been stopped by the police. His passbook wasn't in order." He bangs the table for emphasis. "Guilty! Five weeks!" Fugard lasted only three months as a court clerk, but the experience had a permanent effect on him.

Following up an interest in the mechanics of theatre, he became a stage manager for South Africa's National Theatre Organization. While learning about lighting, scenery, and costuming, he nurtured his bond with people backstage—an alliance he feels to the present day. Stage managers, stagehands, propmen—they are all his fellow-carpenters in the theatre.

A crucial factor in determining the course of Fugard's playwriting was his first visit to Sophiatown, a black township on the outskirts of Johannesburg. In contrast to other South African ghettos, Sophiatown was at that time an open township; that is, a white man did not need a permit to go there. One day, Benjamin Pogrund, who had been best man at his wedding, suggested that Fugard accompany him to Sophiatown. He said that Athol would be provoked by what he saw. They visited a friend of Pogrund's and spent the night drinking and talking. At one point, several black writers dropped in. They wanted to write as much as Fugard did, and when he spoke about his awakening interest in the theatre they became excited at the possibilities. Other friendly evenings followed, and, because the company was stimulating, Fugard found himself spending more time in black Sophiatown than in white Johannesburg.

Fuelled by their enthusiasm and by his experiences as a court clerk, Fugard wrote his first full-length play, "No-Good Friday," about the thwarted lives and the assertive idealism of young black people in Sophiatown. It was cast with nonprofessional actors, including both Zakes Mokae and Athol Fugard, and it was directed by the author. "Some of the actors could hardly speak English," Sheila Fugard has recalled of that first production. "I can remember wondering how one would get through to them, how one could move them onstage. They would come from work at five-thirty in the afternoon. Some were teachers, some were laborers. Some had no money. I would have to buy them hamburgers—and we had very little money. Athol said that the leading lady couldn't read—that's why she was slow on the script." The play opened on August 30, 1958, at the Bantu Men's Social Centre, in Johannesburg, to a private audience, and went largely unnoticed by the public.

The following year, Fugard wrote a second full-length play, "Nongogo," about a former prostitute who runs a shantytown bar, and it was also per-

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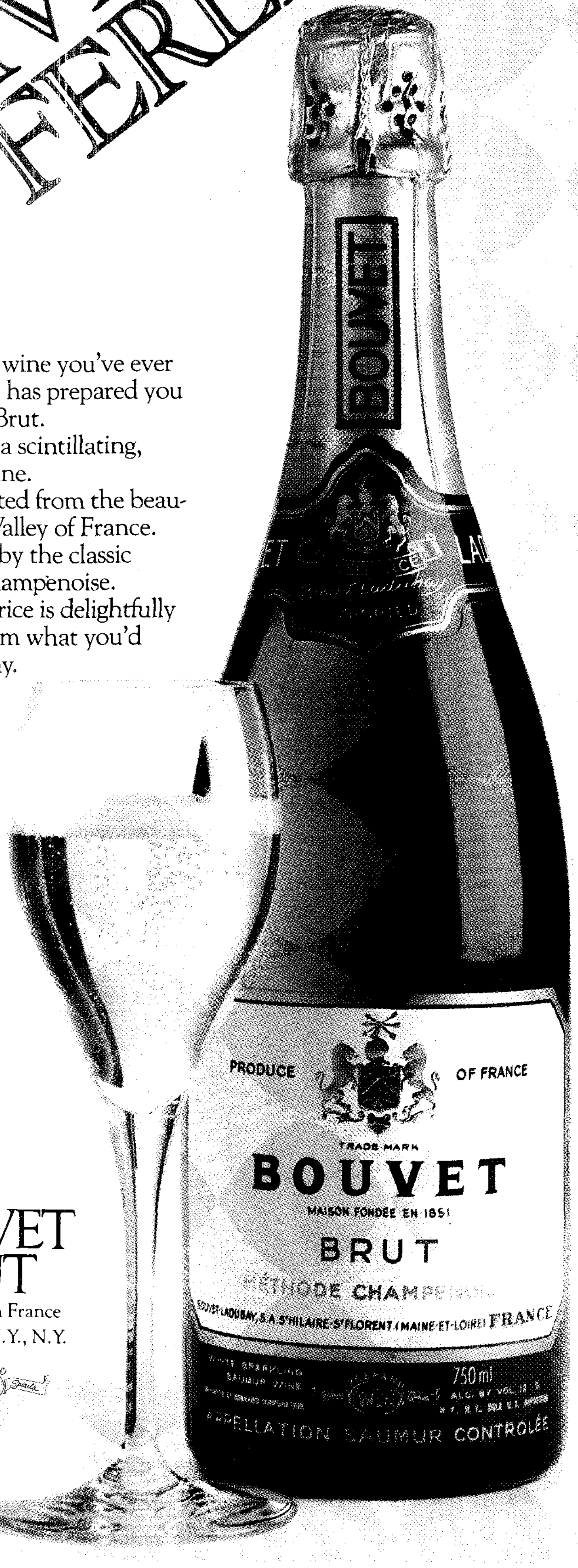
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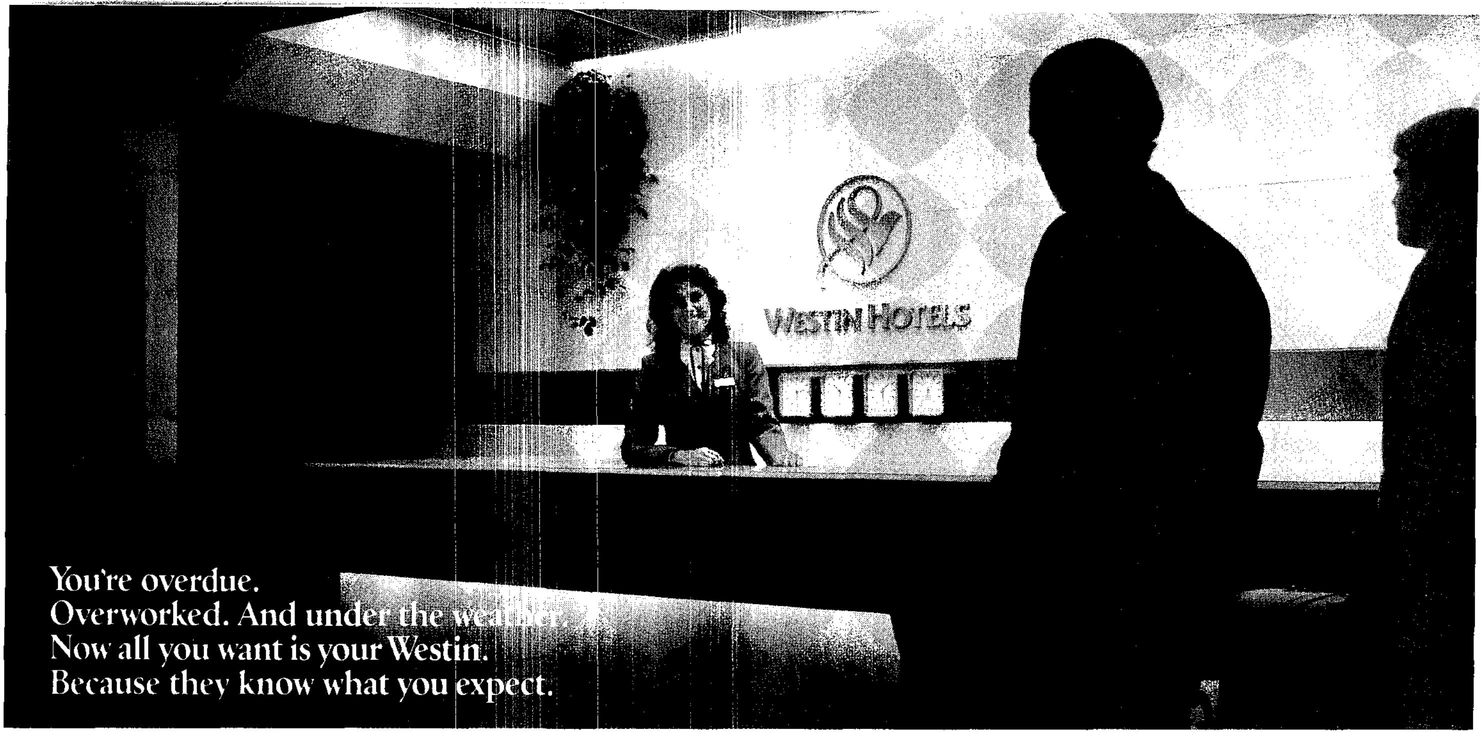
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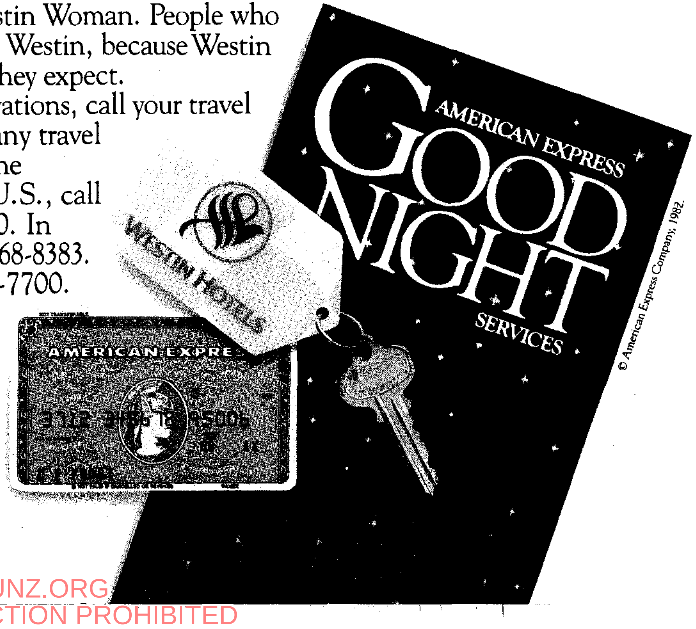
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formed for small private audiences. Though the plays were clearly apprentice works, each had signs of Fugard's humanity, humor, and language. Even as he was learning his craft as a playwright, he realized that his future in the South African theatre was limited. "There was no interest in Athol in the late fifties," his wife recalls. "For any artist, South Africa was a kind of jungle to fight your way out of. You could look for other people doing the same thing—and they weren't there. There were only Nadine Gordimer and Alan Paton"—both of whom became friends and artistic allies.

The Fugards decided to go to England to look for opportunity and to observe the English repertory system. They arrived in London in the late fall of 1959, and lived a frugal existence. Mrs. Fugard took jobs as an office temporary, working for a time as a typist at a Marks & Spencer department store, and Fugard made the rounds with his plays, including a new one, entitled "A Place for the Pigs." They were all rejected. The Royal Court Theatre, which had been the discoverer of John Osborne and years later became a producer of Fugard's, not only shunned him as a playwright but would not even hire him as a stagehand. To help support them, he worked as a domestic housecleaner. Whenever he had the money, he bought theatre tickets and saw early plays by Osborne, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, and others. It was a revolutionary moment in the life of the English theatre—the plays broke away from the artificiality of drawing-room comedy and moved to kitchen-sink realism and bed-sitter absurdity—but Fugard remained an onlooker. He and his wife were soon disillusioned with London, and this disaffection remains. Two events awakened them into action: Sheila learned that she was pregnant, and South Africa exploded with racial violence. In the city of Sharpeville, blacks had peacefully protested the carrying of passbooks, and the police had opened fire on them, mercilessly slaughtering some seventy people. South Africa was in a state of turmoil, and many frightened white citizens uprooted themselves from their homes and left the country. With characteristic stubbornness, Fugard decided to return. Recently, trying to explain his return—and his tie to his homeland—he said, "Like Tchaikovsky, I find that I cry very easily when I'm *not* on my native soil. I do very little crying back there. In Anna Akhmatova's awesome poem 'Requiem,' she says, 'Under a foreign sky or on a strange land, I was with my people and they suffered.' That articulates it for me. It is an emotional bind to my country and its people which is without logic."

IN December of 1960, the Fugards sailed from Southampton, returning to Port Elizabeth much as they had left it—with little money and with no clear plans for their future. They moved in with Fugard's mother, and he wrote while his wife awaited the birth of their child. When she was in the throes of labor, he, uncharacteristically, fainted; the child was a daughter, whom they named Lisa. Artistically, Fugard was expanding his interests. He wrote a novel, "Tsotsi," an immensely moving short tale about the humanization of a South African juvenile delinquent; and then, in a gesture reminiscent of his action at the Fiji lagoon in 1953, he discarded the manuscript. Fortunately, a copy survived, and almost two decades later it was published, to acclaim, in England and America. Fugard still does not have a high regard for the novel, but the quality of the writing is such as to make one wonder whether, if it had been published in its time, "Tsotsi" might not have encouraged him to become a novelist. The second decision was to prove more productive. While he was in London, he had begun keeping a notebook, filling it with personal impressions, scenes from his life, philosophical observations, literary quotations, memories, dreams, and bits of fiction and dialogue. For the next twenty years, his notebooks were the seedbed of most of his plays as well as a record of his self-analysis.

The first entry, made in London in 1960, reads:

> Korsten in Port Elizabeth: up the road past the big motor assembly and rubber factories, turn right down a dirt road, potholed, full of stones. Donkeys wandering loose. Chinese and Indian grocery shops. Down this road until you come to the lake—the dumping ground for waste products from the factories—a terrible smell. On the far side—like a scab on the hill rising from the water—is Korsten location: a collection of shantys, pondoks, and mud-huts. No streets, no numbers. A world where anything goes—any race, any creed. When the wind blows in the wrong direction, the inhabitants of Korsten live with the stink of the lake.
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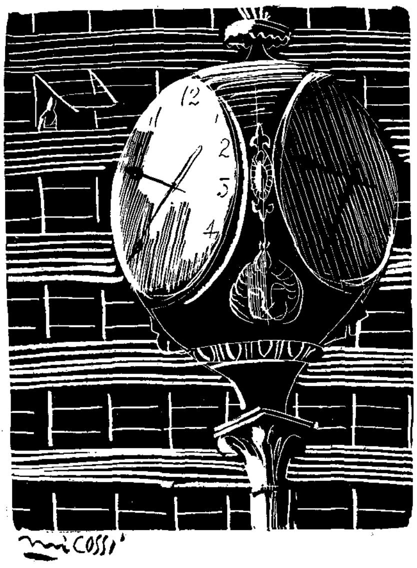
JAPAN
Kyoto
Miyako
Tokyo
Akasaka Prince
(Early 1983)
Tokyo Prince
KOREA
Pusan
The Westin
Chosun Beach
Seoul
The Westin
Chosun
MEXICO
Acapulco
Las Brisas
Cancun
Camino Real
Guadalajara
Camino Real
Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo
Camino Real
Mazatlan
Camino Real
Mexico City
Alameda
Camino Real
Galeria Plaza
Puerto Vallarta
Camino Real
Saltillo
Camino Real
NORWAY
Oslo
Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES
Manila
Philippine Plaza
SINGAPORE
Raffles City (1985)
Shangri-La
SOUTH AFRICA
Johannesburg
The Carlton

> has found out that to ignore the temptations to use his lightness is the easiest way to live. It has not made life better, but it has made it simple. He is a Coloured and that is that. He must suffer for it, but rather that than live with fear and uncertainty. He has some education, can write and read—and the latter is his escape from life. . . . He is calm, controlled, rational. . . .
>
> In contrast there is his brother, Zach. . . . a dark-skinned Coloured, almost an African. The contrast is also in the character. Zach has no education—has made no attempt to acquire any, will never have any. Morris . . . has chosen the . . . physical hardships of being a Coloured, but Zach can never be anything else . . . his one reality is the brutality of a dark skin, which allows of no subtleties. This had made him direct, straight, resentful. He has no control. In a moment he can be both happy and laugh loud, or hate completely to the point of violence.
>
> Morris, if anything, hates himself.
>
> Zach hates the world that has decided his blackness must be punished. . . . Zach is confused. At this year in his life he has seen enough to have inside him the seeds of suspicion and envy. The question—Why? It was the same mother! The same father? . . . The blood tie linking them has chained them up. They are dead or dying because of it. . . .
>
> The night comes when Zach wants a woman. The letter is written. She is a white woman, Ethel. . . . The situation—the imprisonment in a blood tie—cannot continue after the appearance of Ethel: things have been brought to the surface—Zach's hate and envy, Morris's crippling sense of responsibility. To continue would mean death—spiritual or physical. . . .

The story of Morris and Zach evolved into Fugard's breakthrough drama "The Blood Knot." At the time, he wrote, "My father was dying, my daughter unborn—and I was writing my play into the face of nothing. . . . It is a congenial environment for my writing." The inspiration for the play was his relationship with his brother, Royal. "The dominant element in my consciousness as I wrote the play was that it gave me an opportunity to deal with a very complicated emotional relationship with my brother," Fugard says. "In the crude categories of a very stupid educational system, I was regarded as bright and my brother was regarded as slow. He was three years older, but I caught up with him in school and then went on to leave him behind. I passed my exams and he failed—and that created emotional complications."

Once "The Blood Knot" was written, there was the question of where it could be performed. Certainly no commercial management would be interested in the unknown author. Fugard decided to present this play, too, for an invited audience. He cast himself as the light-skinned brother, Morris, and decided to serve as director, establishing a pattern for his subsequent plays—an act of pragmatism and cost-cutting rather than one of ego. He drafted Zakes Mokae to play Zach. They found an unused loft and turned it into a private theatre club called the Rehearsal Room. It was, Fugard wrote, "on the third floor of Dorkay House, an abandoned factory which stands between Johannesburg's busiest thoroughfare and an African men's hostel. Performances had to cope with traffic noises on one side and the drums and chanting of mine dances on the other." With a few chairs and boards as scenery, and no production budget, they prepared to put the two-character play on the stage. In October of 1961, they gave a single Sunday-night performance—an evening that changed the lives of Fugard and Mokae and altered the course of South African theatre.

The performance was attended by about a hundred and twenty people—interracial, nonpaying, and mostly journalists, critics, friends, and theatre professionals. They crowded into a hot, unventilated room that normally accommodated eighty. Staged uncut and without an intermission, the play ran four hours. The audience was enthralled, and the critics extolled the work in print. "They had never seen anything like it," Mokae recalls. "The Blood Knot" was an indigenous South African play, using local language, but it was to have international impact. It became the model for almost all of Fugard's subsequent plays: close, compacted studies of two or three people linked in a love-hate tie of blood, marriage, or friendship. There were offers to present "The Blood Knot" under commercial auspices, and the following month, with substantial cuts in the text, it opened at the Intimate Theatre, in Johannesburg. At an early performance, Fugard's mother was in the audience, beaming with pride. In the play, Morris and Zach compare their different memories of their mother, and at one point Zach says, "I remember her cutting her toenails." After the performance, Mrs. Fugard said to her son, "My feet!"—two words that brought tears to Fugard's eyes. "That was the measure of her joy. It was as if she were saying, 'My God, I've defeated death!' "



Fugard and Mokae barnstormed the play from Durban to Cape Town. *They* were the production, patching together shanty scenery for each city. The two were as close as brothers. Mokae remembers meeting Fugard's mother for the first time: "She gave me a big hug and said, 'This is my other son.' " But since this was South Africa, he and Fugard had to keep segregated company, travelling in different train cars; at stops, they would meet and surreptitiously share a bottle of whiskey. Usually, they stayed in private homes, but in Durban they were put up in a warehouse and, using odd pieces of furniture, they constructed a makeshift apartment there. They performed for white and racially mixed audiences, depending on the local situation. "The Blood Knot" swept South Africa, and, alerted, a British producer decided to put it on in London. Mokae was retained as Zach, but Fugard was replaced by Ian Bannen—it was felt that the production needed a well-known English actor—and John Berry was brought in as director. The play opened at the New Arts Theatre, in Hampstead, and Kenneth Tynan, then the drama critic for the *Observer*, wrote a devastating notice. Fugard recalls, "One of the things he said was 'What's all the fuss about? I wouldn't mind my sister marrying a black man.' Now, that's complacency." Despite a number of appreciative reviews, including one from Harold Hobson, in the *Sunday Times*, the play was not a success, and Fugard placed much of the blame on the influential Tynan. To this day, the review rankles, and mention of it is guaranteed to send Fugard into a rage. (Perhaps exercising hindsight, Tynan did not reprint the review in any of his collections.) "Tynan's legacy is a certain fatalism and growing indifference," Fugard wrote in his notebooks. "The critical asp has had its bite and

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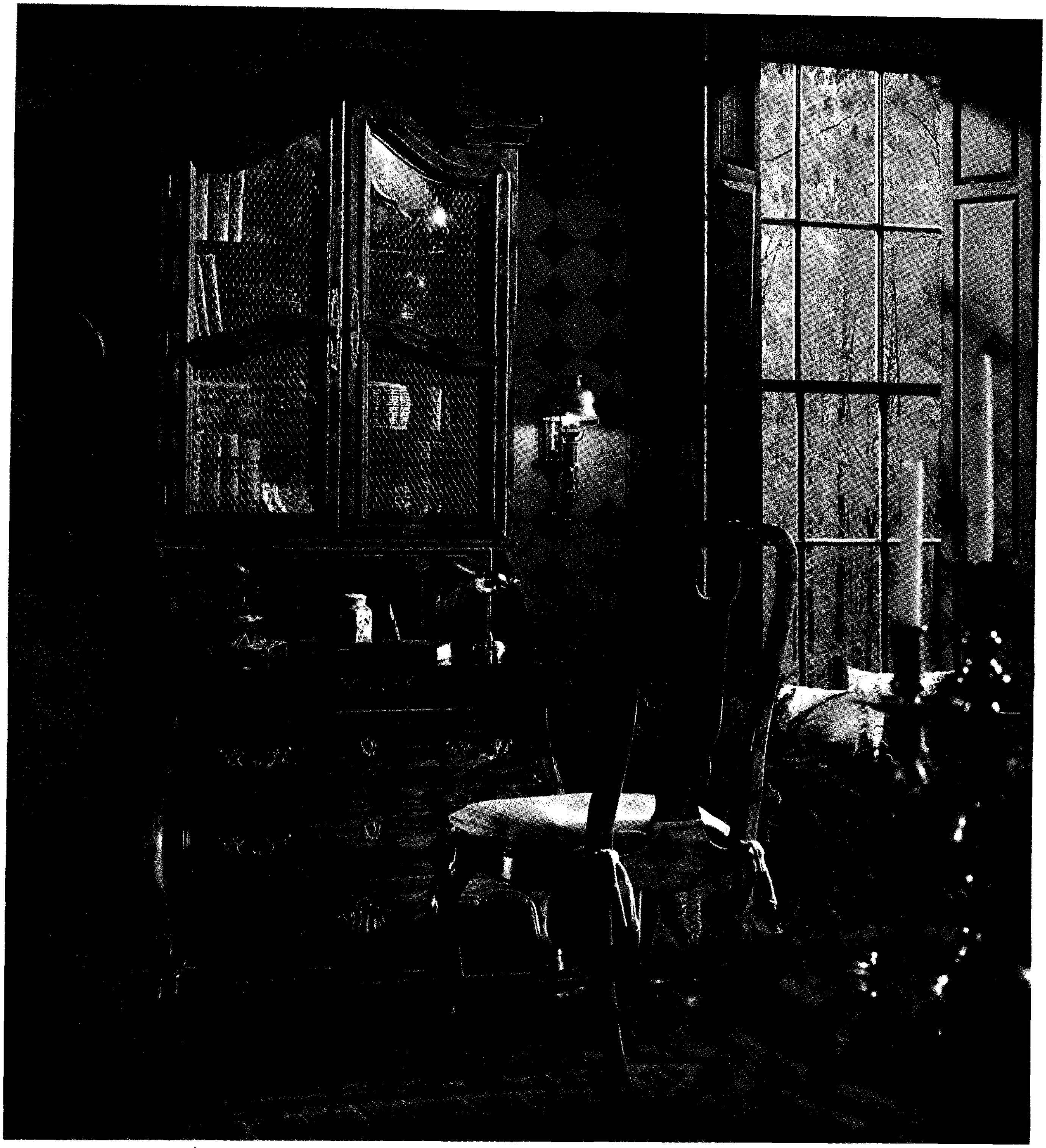

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I've bred my antibodies." In March of 1963, "The Blood Knot" closed, and, once again discouraged by England, Fugard returned to South Africa.

ONE night several months later, there was a knock on Fugard's door. Opening it, he discovered a group of black men from New Brighton, the black township of Port Elizabeth. They had heard about "The Blood Knot," about the fact that a black man and a white man had acted on the same stage, and they wanted to enlist Fugard's aid in "doing drama." Inspired by their fervor, the playwright joined them in forming the Serpent Players—the most productive of all his companies. The company included a cross-section of people from New Brighton: a bus driver, domestic servants, clerks, schoolteachers—except for Fugard, none of them theatre professionals. The first production was Machiavelli's "The Mandrake," adapted to a New Brighton setting. At first, the play was rehearsed in a two-car garage next door to the Fugard house. On the other side of the house lived a racist, who reported the license plates of visitors to the police. In response, several policemen from the Special Branch—the South African security police—broke up a rehearsal of "The Mandrake." One of them demanded a copy of the script, sat down and read it, and said, "A good play, man!" Rehearsals often lasted late, and, because of transport problems, the actors sometimes found it difficult to return to New Brighton. Fugard decided that it would be simpler to rehearse in New Brighton, but that meant he had to get a special permit for every rehearsal. Police surveillance increased with the applications for permits, and finally Fugard was forbidden to enter the black district. For a time, work continued in a border area—a colored section where both blacks and whites were allowed. As director, Fugard would supervise the rehearsals; the play would be performed in New Brighton for black audiences; and his assistant director, Mulligan Njikelane, would return with a description of the performance. The director would give instructions in absentia. After "The Mandrake," the company did a number of plays, including "The Caucasian Chalk Circle;" Büchner's "Woyzeck;" and Wole Soyinka's "The Lion and the Jewel." Once a play was put onstage, it would migrate from one black area to another. In this fashion, it could be kept alive for as long as three months. In December of 1964, there was a government crackdown on dissent. Fugard describes it as "a period of very ruthless police activity," and says, "Any individual who had shown anything resembling political consciousness by way of anything he had said, or was doing, or had been *heard* to say, was arrested, detained, and put on trial in circumstances that made legal defense virtually impossible—in kangaroo courts two hundred and fifty miles away from Port Elizabeth." To Fugard, the crackdown brought back bitter memories of his days in the passbook court. Suddenly, two Serpent actors who were performing in "Antigone" were arrested and dispatched to Robben Island, a jail for political dissidents. In prison, one of the actors performed his own version of "Antigone." Fugard considers that performance a powerful act of insurrection, and compares it with Anouilh's production of "Antigone" in Paris during the Second World War. In describing the Paris scene, he said, "The first five rows in the theatre were filled with jackbooted, uniformed German officers applauding what they thought was a Greek classic, and the rest of Paris sat behind them taking courage from a very, very clever act of storytelling. The same thing happened on Robben Island, with the warders looking at the seemingly innocent parable about Greek society, and the inmates getting the message." The Robben Island "Antigone" later became the source of "The Island," one of two plays that Fugard wrote with John Kani and Winston Ntshona. Despite further threats of arrest, the company continued to operate and to exert its influence. Explaining the ethos behind the Serpent Players, Fugard says, "I suppose that at the most profound level theatre offers people a chance to make a noise and to talk about things that are important to them. And silence is a very stultifying reality of South African life."

Fugard continued to write his own plays, beginning with "People Are Living There," a bittersweet comedy about a landlady with fading aspirations, who was a character patterned partly after his mother. His next play, "Hello and Goodbye," was about the emotionally impoverished relationship between a brother and a sister. During the sister's long absence from home, she works as a prostitute, and the brother takes care of his crippled father, just as Fugard nursed his own father in his last days. Repeating his life onstage, Fugard played the brother, Johnnie Smit, in the work's first production. Meanwhile, John Berry directed a production of "The Blood Knot" Off Broadway. Starring James Earl Jones and J. D. Cannon, it opened on March 2, 1964, and, in contrast to the London reception, it received excellent reviews and found an enthusiastic audience. The play ran for a season and established the playwright's reputation in America. For two weeks in the middle of the run, Fugard took over the role of Morris.

With his fame spreading and his political views well publicized, Fugard was increasingly regarded as a controversial figure in South Africa. In June of 1967, his passport was removed by the government, "for reasons of state safety and security." He was faced with the choice of staying in South Africa or leaving on a one-way ticket. He decided to stay, and, in retrospect, he sees that decision as an affirmative one. "It threw me back totally on my own resources," he says. "They took away my passport at the time I was acquiring a reputation outside South Africa. I'm not a very strong person—I think I'm very easily seduced—and maybe at that critical moment, if I could have, I would have taken all the opportunities that were coming my way."

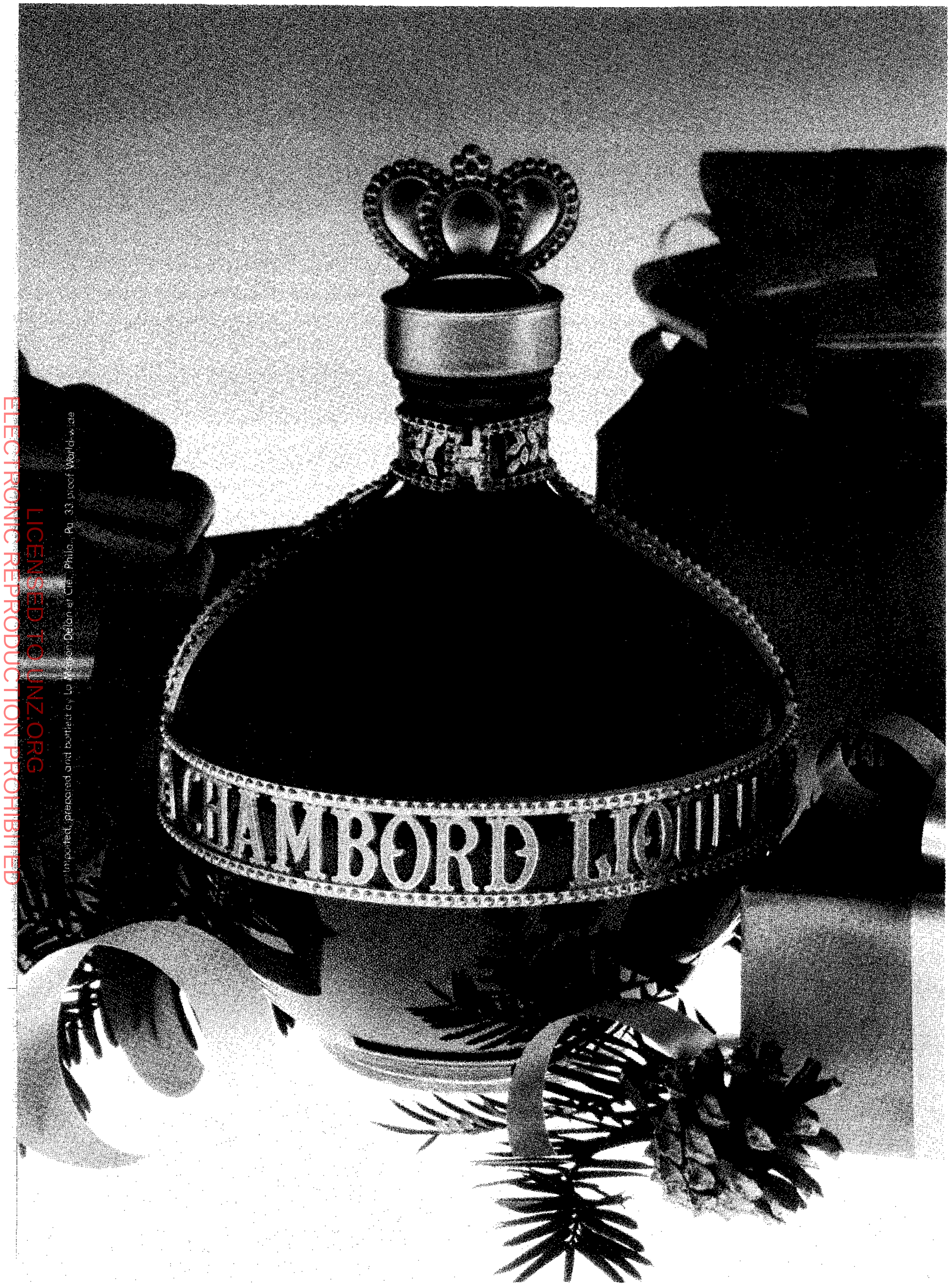
In October of 1967, sequestered in South Africa, Fugard wrote an idea for a new play in his notebooks: "Boesman = self-hatred and shame—focussed on Lena who is, after all, his life . . . tangible and immediate enough to be beaten, derided, and, worst of all, needed. . . . her discovery . . . of herself as having value. Boesman's loneliness at that moment. Boesman and Lena facing each other across the scraps and remnants of their life—'I'll carry my share.' 'This is all we are, all we've got.' ”

Discussing the source of the play, Fugard says, “Boesmans and Lenas are to be found on Port Elizabeth streets any day of the week. One particular night, I stopped my car at a traffic light and a Boesman and Lena walked past in front of me. She had everything on her head, and he had a few things on his back. They struck me as being archetypal South Africans.” Fugard was able to transform his impressions into a play when he realized that except for their color and their station Boesman and Lena could be a version of Athol and Sheila. “It's an examination of a relationship between a man and a woman in which the man is a bully and a chauvinist,” he says. “I think my wife has been on the receiving end of a lot of that sort of greed and selfishness. We've got past that. I'm a feminist now—and the play is dedicated to Sheila.” “Boesman and Lena” received its first public performance on a small stage at Rhodes University, in Grahamstown, South Africa. Playing opposite Fugard was Yvonne Bryceland (nicknamed Y), a South African actress, who was to create most of his female characters in South Africa and to become his close friend and frequent artistic associate. The following year, the play was staged by John Berry at the Circle in the Square, in New York, with James Earl Jones and Ruby Dee in the title roles. It was a notable Off Broadway success. Because Fugard had no passport, he was unable to see the play in New York, but the next year, in response to a petition signed by four thousand supporters, the government restored his passport, and he went to London for the English première, at the Royal Court. Since then, he has been free to travel to and from South Africa—a circumstance that he attributes in part to the low regard his government has for artists and for their potential political impact, unless they are writing in the Afrikaans language. As a playwright who writes in English, he is considered “a minor nuisance” to his government.

After writing “Boesman and Lena,” Fugard went through a fallow period, which he considers “the most hellish and arid I've ever experienced as a writer.” Significantly, his next move was a collaborative experiment. With the help of a grant from the South African Performing Arts Council, he prepared a modern reworking of the Orestes story, relating the Greek tragedy to a contemporary incident of violence caused by a young white South African. “In an appallingly desperate protest about the world in which he found himself, he took a suitcase full of dynamite and petrol wired to a time fuse into the Johannesburg railway station and left it beside a bench,” Fugard wrote in *Theatre Quarterly*. “It exploded, killing a young child and severely burning an old woman. He was caught, tried, and executed.” In developing the story into a theatre piece, Fugard was influenced by the work of Jerzy Grotowski, R. D. Laing, and Peter Brook. It was a conscious attempt to draw himself away from an interior vision and into a communally creative situation. He and his actors, who included Miss Bryceland, conceived the work in rehearsal, and it exists today as a letter to a friend, which includes only three hundred words of dialogue. Miss Bryceland considers Fugard's “Orestes” to be “the most important single thing in his career,” and says, “The Performing Arts Council was hoping for another 'People Are Living There'—innocuous as far as South Africa was concerned. What they got was 'Orestes,' with strong political undertones. It was Athol at his most original—an amalgam of moods, sounds, and words. The basic theme was the relationship between the destruction of Agamemnon and the destruction of self.” Miss Bryceland played both Clytemnestra and her modern equivalent. “Every performance . . . Clytemnestra destroyed one unique, irreplaceable chair called Agamemnon,” Fugard wrote in the letter. “It was an awesome and chilling spectacle. You cannot destroy without being destroyed. As she went through the experience, Y wrecked her soul. It was a devastated human being who sank down finally into the debris, the splintered and shattered wood, torn upholstery and padding, the bent bolts, of what had once been a good thing. You cannot witness destruction without being damaged. The boy and girl, who have seen everything, move quietly to the remnant of an identity, the older woman, collapsed among the remnants of a chair called Agamemnon. . . . They are terrified. Their metaphor of innocence has met a metaphor of evil. Nothing will ever be the same again.”

Three of the last four plays before “Orestes”—“The Blood Knot,” “Hello and Goodbye,” and “Boesman and Lena”—formed a trilogy about families in Port Elizabeth. The three subsequent plays were, in varying degrees, collaborative, and the subjects were overtly political. They were all presented at The Space, an interracial Cape Town theatre created by Miss Bryceland's husband, Brian Astbury, and they were, Astbury says, “the crowning achievements” of his company. When The Space opened, in May of 1972, Fugard offered Astbury three images from life, and later Fugard developed each of them into a play. “Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act” derived from a photograph in an Afrikaans newspaper of a white librarian and a colored schoolteacher who were arrested “under suspicion of making love” and were caught in the blinding flash of a police photographer's camera. In the original production, Fugard played the colored teacher, Miss Bryceland the white librarian. The next two plays carried collaboration to an extreme that made Fugard feel uncomfortable. “Sizwe Banzi Is Dead” and “The Island” were improvised by the author together with John Kani and Winston Ntshona, and he shared authorship with them. “Sizwe” began with a photograph that Fugard saw in a back-street studio in Port Elizabeth —of a man smiling, with a pipe in one hand and a cigarette in the other. “The Island” grew out of the story of the Serpent actor who performed “Antigone” on Robben Island. Like “The Blood Knot,” “Sizwe” was first presented for a single Sunday-night performance, and it “exploded onto our stage,” Astbury wrote in a book about his theatre. “John was scheduled to do twenty minutes of newspaper improvisation before the play proper started. He went out visibly nervous. An hour and a half later, he was still there, the audience in the palm of his hand. Offstage, Winston was in a fury—Athol walking up and down in the lighting-box, twisting his beard. Finally, he sent Winston on in the middle of another of John's hilarious stories and we were into the actual play at last.”

The play caused a local sensation,



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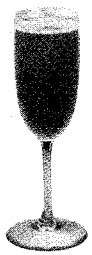

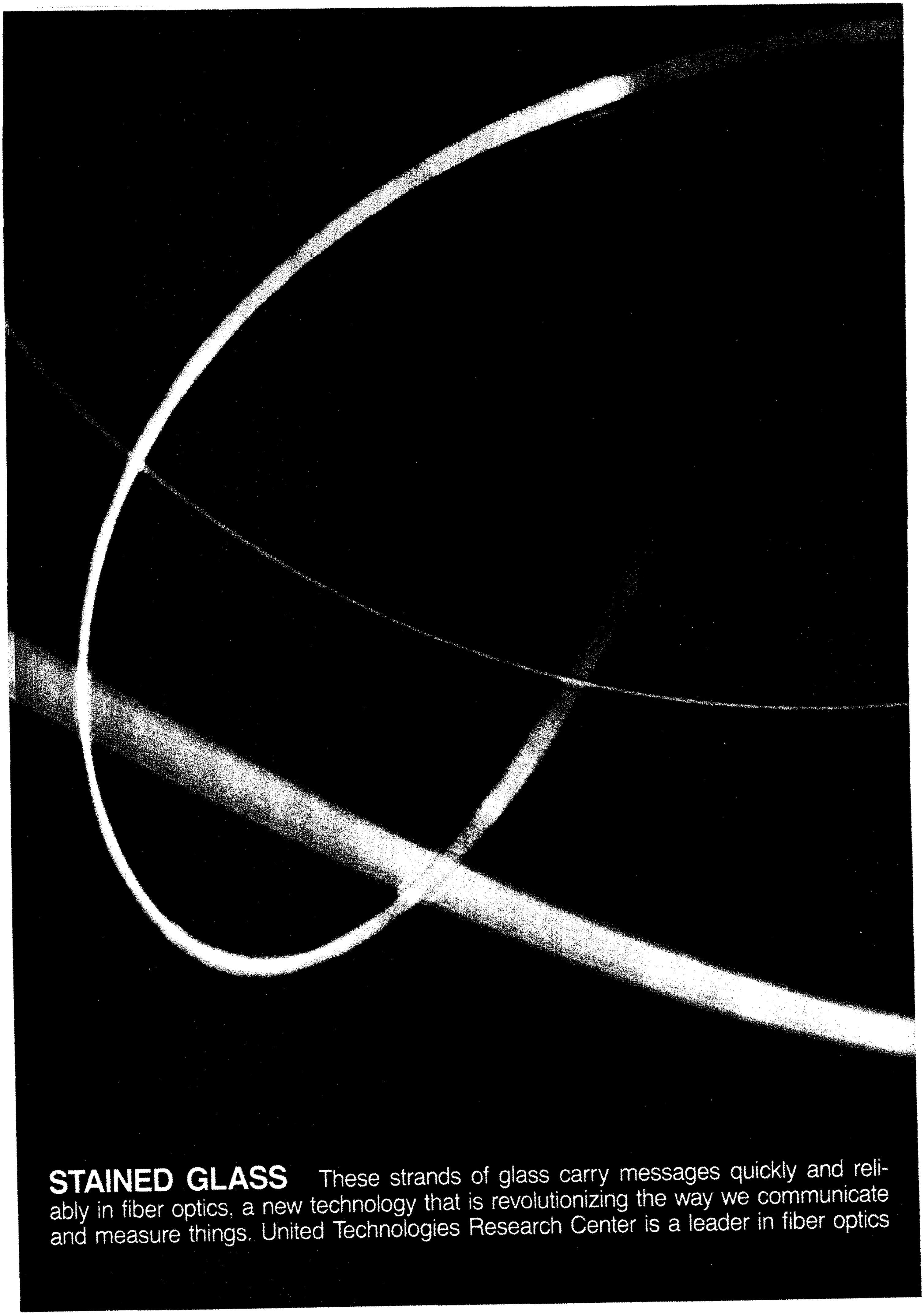

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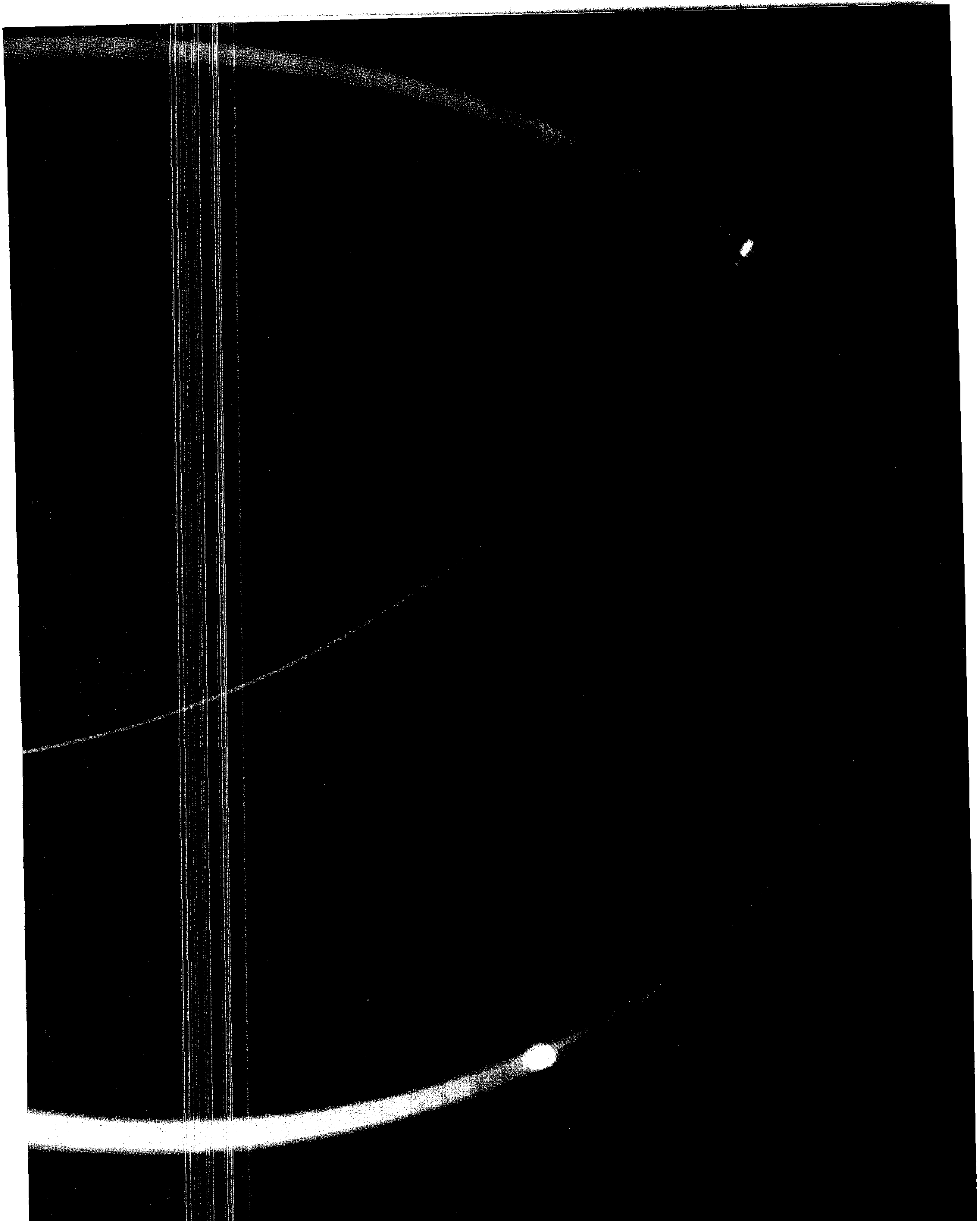

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and was brought back for several extended engagements. For a long time, "Sizwe" did not exist on paper. Fugard, Kani, and Ntshona had made up the lines and the actors had memorized them—a maneuver that was partly cautionary, to prevent any intrusion by civil authorities. When the Special Branch asked to see a script, it was told, truthfully, that none existed. Fugard compares this measure to the period in Russia when dissidents such as Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelstam learned each other's poems and passed them on orally in lieu of publication. "Sizwe" came to the attention of Oscar Lewenstein, the artistic director of the Royal Court. When he asked to see a script, the play was finally transcribed. In succession and then together, "Sizwe" and "The Island" became worldwide successes. The New York production of both plays, in 1974, was the occasion of my first meeting with Fugard. He told me that the plays were his last collaborations. "I want to live privately on paper," he said, "and to go on journeys I can make only by myself." His next play, "Dimetos," commissioned for the Edinburgh Festival, was so private as to be hermetic. A mythic, poetic work, and his only play that does not have a specific South African setting, it was inspired by a quote from Camus and was developed into a rock-hard tale about a man with "a guilty love for his niece, who hanged herself." A failure on the London stage, despite the presence in the cast of Paul Scofield, Ben Kingsley, and Miss Bryceland, "Dimetos" has still not been produced in New York, but it remains one of the author's favorite plays.

Fugard's notebooks continued to germinate his plays. An early seed—a thought or a scrap of dialogue—would lead to an abortive attempt to write a play, and then, years later, to a completed creation. As Fugard matured as a playwright, he began looking deeper into his past. "A Lesson from Aloes" derives from an incident that occurred in 1961. The Fugards were at a party at a friend's house during a period of great national unrest. One of the guests was Steve Tobias, a colored man, who by attending the party had disobeyed an order that forbade him to meet with more than one person at a time—an order, issued by the Ministry of Justice, that indicated he was considered politically undesirable. "Three people are considered a 'social gathering,' " Fugard says. Even if a man is simply sitting with his wife and children around their dining table, police "can come to the door and say 'Social gathering!' "—and can then make an arrest. By such standards, the attendance at the party not only broke but also flouted the banning order. The police raided the house and arrested Tobias, while the other guests, in Fugard's phrase, "whispered in corners about the possibility of an informer." How did the police find out about the party? To this day, no one is sure. Over the next seven years, Fugard made several attempts to write about the arrest and Tobias's exile—he left South Africa for England and never returned. Finally, in 1977, Fugard tried again, combining Tobias's story with that of a character called Piet Bezuidenhout, a white bus driver turned activist, who is suspected of being an informer, and of Piet's emotionally disturbed wife, Gladys. The result was "A Lesson from Aloes," in which Piet and his stubborn sense of morality survive the aridity of South Africa, like the aloe plants he collects. (In an early version, the central image was an ornamental pond filled with plastic animals, and the play was called "A Man Without Scenery.") A catalyst for the play was a run-in that the Fugards had with the Special Branch. At three one morning, officials knocked at their door demanding to enter. They searched the house and confiscated a number of books, including a volume of Chinese poetry and an issue of *Encounter* devoted to Russian writers. In "A Lesson from Aloes," the Special Branch confiscates Gladys's personal diaries—an event that devastates her as a kind of symbolic rape.

One of the sordid facts of South African life is the presence of the informer—"*impimpi*," in Xhosa. Many people, including friends of the Fugards, have been asked to spy for the government, and children have been enlisted to report on neighbors. As a result, relationships are filled with suspicion, and the identity of informers seldom comes to light. There is, in fact, some doubt about the veracity of the person on whom Piet is based. Speaking about his prototype, Mrs. Fugard says, "He was an earthy, heavy man. I found him a crashing bore. At parties, he would get sentimental and talk about the black child and the farmer. I would feel trapped. A couple of nights after that party at which Steve was arrested, the man showed up at our house with very inflammatory statements he wanted Athol to sign. A friend of ours thought that probably *he* was the informer." When questions of that sort are raised, Fugard says flatly, "I didn't have that doubt."

Anne Burgess

Such a threatening subject as informing can also have its dark comic side, as a favorite Fugard anecdote demonstrates. One of the Serpent Players was generally suspected of being an informer. He was also a bad actor, but he was kept on by the company so that the other members could watch him watching them. One day, about fifteen members, including the Fugards, were sitting in the Fugard living room. "Suddenly, this man, who had never indicated he had the remotest interest in photography, produced a Polaroid camera from under his coat and said, 'I want some pictures of the happy group,' " Fugard recounts. "You never saw people get out of a room so fast. They shoved in one door and kicked open another. Somebody went out a window. Sheila just *walked* out of the room. I never saw such an exodus. I was left alone smiling on the sofa." Fugard's bemused reaction to the crisis reminded me of a story he tells about the deadly mamba, one of the world's most poisonous snakes. "If a mamba bites you, you have ten minutes to live," he says. "There are two possibilities: radical amputation of a limb or sitting back and trying to laugh." Asked which course of action he would take, he says, "Because of the speed with which the poison works, I would try to laugh."

"A Lesson from Aloes" was first produced in Johannesburg. When the colored actor playing Steve Daniels (the character modelled on Steve Tobias) tightened under pressure, the author temporarily assumed the role. In various productions, it was then staged in Montreal, at the Yale Repertory Theatre, at Britain's National Theatre, and on Broadway. The London production was greeted with reserve by critics, who felt that the performances were better than the play. Having first seen "Aloes" in New Haven, acted by fine American professionals (Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones), I felt that the opposite was true. The actors in the London company were South African; they were closer to the actual experience, but they lacked the Americans' urgency and, in Fugard's word, "virtuosity." It was like watching life after one has seen art.

AFTER the London opening of "Aloes," in the summer of 1980, Fugard and I met for the first in a series of conversations about his life and work. In his notebooks, he has often recorded his dreams, including one in which he murders former Prime Minister B. J. Vorster. "I made my dream life as potent a reality as my waking life," he said one day. "I've developed a capacity for total recall of dreams." His consciousness of his dream life, he told me, had begun fifteen years earlier, when he read Jung's "Memories, Dreams, Reflections." "I think our dream life is an enormous neglected reality," he said. "Some dreams I have understood very clearly. Some I've never been able to penetrate. I used to have one astonishing dream, in different circumstances, about having the capacity for levitation. It gave me a sense of great psychic freedom and serenity after I awakened." He said that he had never been psychoanalyzed. "Once or twice, I thought I was in serious enough trouble to wonder whether I should sit down with somebody and talk it all out. Instead, I've used Zen Buddhism. Sheila has made Buddhism a real presence in our life. I wouldn't describe myself as a Buddhist, but I was given a particular mantra by a very fine teacher, and I use it. It is designed to protect the recipient from hellborn disasters."

In contrast to heaven-born disasters?

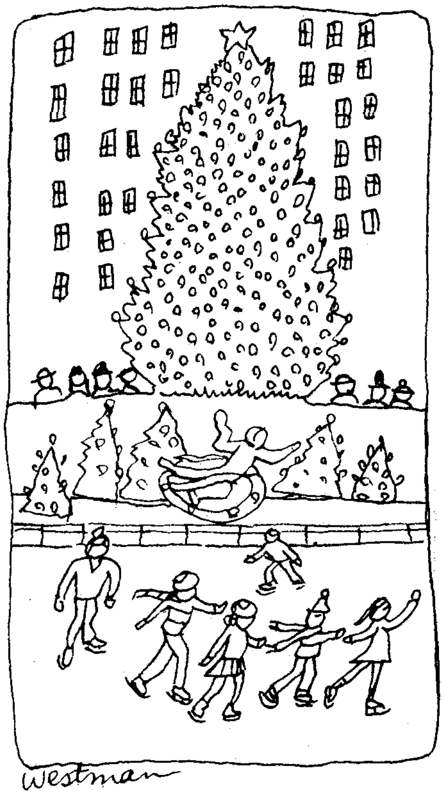
"You can get all sorts of disasters," Fugard said. "There's a whole breed of them that come directly from hell. I don't know enough about the cosmology of disasters to be able to tell you whether it's from an inner or an outer circle. There's no magic in a mantra. I use it when I have a sense of a dark side of my nature gaining a certain ascendancy and operating with a dangerous force."

I remarked that in his plays he seemed as close to a totally honest person as anyone I knew.

"The best of me is in my plays," he said. "I've never used deception. I hope I've never used a false emotion. I'm not conscious of having told a lie. That's the writer. The *man* is a slightly different story. I would like to be a better man than I am."

Is that why he writes as he does?

"I find it very, very hard to know the final generative energy that gets me into the act of writing," he said. "It's a combination of many things. One thing I'm conscious of—I feel a compulsion to be a witness, to tell the truth. God knows, writing a play about Boesman and Lena doesn't help the fact that at this moment there are two derelict people somewhere in the environs of Port Elizabeth going through some variation of that terrible fate I tried to talk about. I don't think the fact that I've written the play makes life any easier for them. But I hope that it removes some of the ignominy of oblivion. One of the essential functions of theatre in any society, from the days of Euripides to today, is its potent civilizing effect. It can heighten political consciousness. In a situation like the one in South Africa, where you have a potentially revolutionary society striving to become articulate, a play like 'Sizwe Banzi' or 'The Island' or 'Boesman and Lena' has a particular potency. Do you remember that incredible Off Broadway season with 'In White America' and LeRoi Jones's 'Dutchman'? That was a political occasion as well as a theatrical one."



Has any work of art altered the course of history?

"I think that art essentially provides second-degree experience," Fugard said. "It doesn't have the singular potency of the real event. We use it after the event to understand the event. I meet people who say, 'Reading Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country" changed me politically,' but I would say that the potential for change was there. The function of a work of art when it is seemingly traumatic is in the nature of catalytic rather than generative action. Theatre can be an agent provocateur."

As usual after an opening, Fugard seemed to unwind, and within several days he seemed desperately in need of an inoculation of South Africa. The day that he and his wife were due to depart from London, they talked about the political climate in their country. In 1948, when they were students, the Nationalists won the general election and assumed control of the government, shifting the country further away from the apparently liberal policies established earlier in the century by Prime Minister Jan Christiaan Smuts. Along with many of his countrymen, Fugard became disillusioned with Smuts, and now has ambiguous feelings toward him. Through the successive administrations of Strijdom, Verwoerd (who was assassinated), and Vorster (who was assassinated only in Fugard's dreams), South Africa became a stronghold of apartheid. When Athol and Sheila met, in 1956, there was an active liberal element in the country. Remembering those days, Mrs. Fugard said, "One talked about change. Now I'm middle-aged, I have a grownup daughter, and the Nationalists are still in power. I wonder if in my lifetime there will be any change. I have a feeling of losing a bit of staying power."

Fugard interrupted. "There was a period about three years ago when it looked as if P. W. Botha was going to be the first Afrikaner Nationalist Prime Minister to recognize the urgent realities of the situation," he said. "Certain concessions were made. I thought, My God, the Afrikaner himself is going to change. They opened theatres and certain categories of restaurants, where six years ago John Kani, Winston Ntshona, and I couldn't have had a meal together in Port Elizabeth publicly. We could do that now. These are expensive restau-

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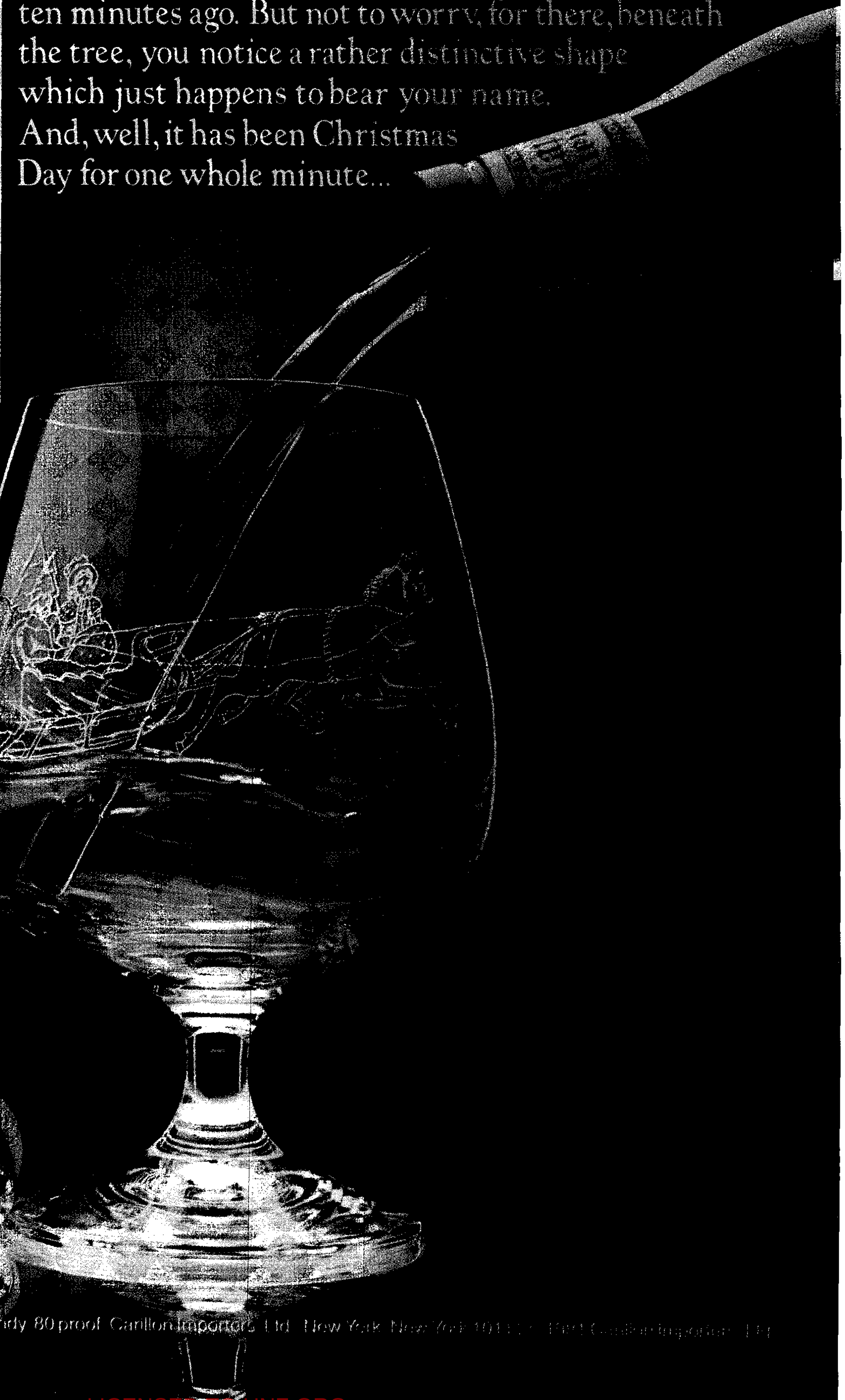

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rants in hotels with international status. A couple of commissions suggested very radical changes of the labor structure, and for one moment it looked as if something wanted to take place. But I think it's become obvious now that those were in the nature of purely cosmetic changes. The nature of the society is the same. A few concessions have been made, but until they dismantle the legislation governing the black man carrying a passbook, until they dismantle the Group Areas Act, governing the segregation of various racial categories in terms of living, until they dismantle the Mixed Marriages Act, which makes it a criminal offense to marry somebody of another skin color . . ." He left the sentence unfinished, and continued, "Paranoia is a potent factor in white South African psychology. It is a psychology of fear. And the white liberal has become a joke. Eventually, he will be caught in a cross fire between Afrikaner nationalism and black South Africa. The possibility of an evolution without pain is irrevocably lost. I think too many people died in Soweto and Sharpeville. The karma is so dark, so locked into a terrible reciprocity. I cannot see sanity prevailing in South Africa."

I asked him whether he would leave the country if he were threatened with imprisonment.

After a pause, he said, "I don't know. I can't answer that."

Without hesitation, his wife said, "I would go."

Our conversation shifted to more practical aspects of survival in South Africa. "We're totally dependent on rainwater," Fugard said. "If it doesn't rain, you can't turn on the tap. We collect water in an underground tank."

His wife interrupted, "You can *buy* water. *He* won't buy water."

"It's between God and me," Fugard responded, and, addressing the Deity, he added, "If I've got to buy water, You've let me down."

"Rather than buy water, we've got to get in a car to bathe in other people's houses," Mrs. Fugard said.

Fugard said, "You've got to realize she has a hard time."

"Just an *unusual* time," she said.

"I know how to go through a day using only as much water as you can put into a glass," he said. "Sheila is not as African-oriented as I am. You should see her brushing her teeth in the morning." Then he said, as if lecturing her, "Fill your toothbrush, turn on the tap, turn off the tap, scrub away, then turn on the tap again."

South African drought can be quickly followed by flood. "We woke one morning at five o'clock and the entire house was six inches deep in water," he said. "We just sat there and had a bottle of wine. When the first light came, we looked outside, and we were marooned in a lake—thirteen inches of rain in five hours. And when the water finally subsided there was an inch of fine silt mud."

Because life in South Africa is bound up with the climate, the topography, and the vegetation, Fugard has become an amateur climatologist, botanist, lepidopterist, ornithologist, and herpetologist, and he loves to talk about his various scientific pursuits. Like Piet in "A Lesson from Aloes," he has a collection of aloes and a passion for identifying them. "Coming back from a drive, I stopped at a roadside store that sold indigenous plants," he continued. "I saw an aloe I hadn't seen before, and I thought, You're coming back with me. I've got a marvellous library of books about the flora and fauna of South Africa. I spent a couple of days trying to find this aloe in my books, and I couldn't. I decided to wait patiently until it flowered, because then identification is simple. Every morning, I would go outside and have a look, and one day the spike started to come out, but I had to wait for it to burst into bloom. The tension at that point! One day, I realized that the flower had opened. As I moved toward the aloe, one of my favorite Muscovy ducks—a bird that Lisa nicknamed Galapagos, the bird God forgot—started moving toward the aloe at the same time. And I knew what was going to happen. I started running. Before I got there, Galapagos had eaten the flower!"

DOLLS
Julie Reece Deaver

When a person or a country blooms, that's when the true identity shows?

"I think it is to be carried as far as that," Fugard responded. "The essential element in 'A Lesson from Aloes' is that for Piet, in the middle of a drought that had defeated him, something else had managed to flower. It's a small soul that resents a flower."

Or, I suggested, a Muscovy duck.

Fugard nodded agreement, and continued, "Aloes are capable of a high degree of hybridization, which makes identification a nightmare. I want to name the name. It's a false attempt at an act of possession."

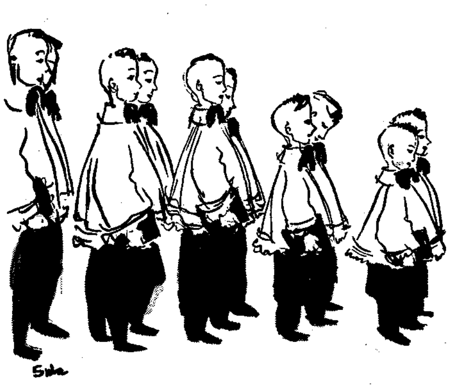
IN the fall of 1980, Fugard was in New York to begin rehearsals for the Broadway production of "Aloes," and he was filled with enthusiasm, seeming to have been intoxicated by the fresh air of his native land. He spoke about a day that he had spent with Barney Simon, a director who was one of his first champions in South Africa. Simon had just completed a difficult theatrical season in Cape Town and had been eager to talk about it, just as Fugard had been eager to discuss nature. Fugard told me, "The image of the two of us, me and this very rabbinical, bearded man, moving through the course of the day from the shade of one tree to the shade of another tree, with a pair of binoculars, looking at birds . . . I described the nests, flying habits, food, drew his attention to different ways that they bathed. At the same time, Barney was trying to understand why his 'Oedipus' didn't work. There was a marvellous moment. Two large wild birds living on our land have become relatively tame, but if you come near their nest they have this incredibly aggressive display. They spread out their wings—about five feet—and make a strange hissing noise, like snakes. Barney watched them do it six or seven times, and said, 'My God, that made me feel so ashamed of myself. If only I had the courage to *spend* words against predators.' " Fugard remembered another recent lesson learned from nature. "A year ago, when I was going through a considerable emotional problem, I planted a tree called a white syringa—a beautiful African shade tree," he said. "It's very delicate and feminine. Port Elizabeth is an area where there are tremendous gale-force winds, particularly at this time of year. I would sit in my room at twilight and watch the winds assault the tree. There was nothing I wanted to do more than to go outside and lift up that tree and bring it into the house, wait for the wind to stop, and then take it and put it back when the sun was shining and it was a nice, gentle day. A tree is a powerful psychic metaphor. You watch it receive its first rain, which is a moment of great joy. You watch it bend to its first wind. And suddenly it is of a size that is worthy of a passing bird looking for a perch. It's still slender, still young, and then there comes the point where the crown gets big enough for secrets and the birds start nesting in it, and that's when it goes into its maturity. When I returned home from London, I looked at that tree and realized, It's going to survive. It's going to be beautiful."

As he extended the metaphor, I smiled and thought of his lovely daughter Lisa, a hopeful actress, and of her protective father shooing away boys as if they were nesting birds. I mentioned Lisa, and he told me one of his favorite childhood stories about her. "Somebody who was visiting us said to Lisa, 'You're a Catholic. Your mother's a Buddhist. What is your father?' She thought for a moment, then said, 'Hang on. I know the word. He is an agnoceros.' " He laughed heartily at the accuracy of the malapropism.

A week later, with rehearsals for "Aloes" approaching, Fugard had fallen into despair. One afternoon, he came to my house, arriving more than an hour after the expected time. He had been drinking heavily. When I asked him what he had been doing over the past week, he said, "Dying," and that set the tone for the ensuing conversation. He had been to Yale to see a revival of "Boesman and Lena," and he was miserable about it. "I looked at the stage, and I never saw the completion of an emotional gesture," he said. Having reviewed the production, I did not agree with his negative judgment. "It was not one of those occasions when I would have liked to say to myself, 'I wish I had written the play.' I was glad I *hadn't* written that play. To watch a play that is a disguised piece of personal biography—and to watch it fall apart . . ." As he continued talking and drinking, it was clear that the production of "Boesman and Lena" was only one of many things troubling him. He was distraught about the pre-production work on "Aloes," and, on the deepest level, he was mourning for his life.

"I would like to believe that in the final analysis I could be described as an honest witness," he told me. "It would reduce me to a state of panic if anybody said to me that in living my life I had ignored something. I would be so frightened I would run screaming into the night." Fighting back tears, he asked, "Do you have Kazantzakis's 'Report to Greco'?" I took a copy down from a bookshelf, and he said, with sudden assertiveness, "I'm going to lay a trip on you." Turning to the prologue, he began to read in a voice that was cracking with emotion: "I collect my tools: sight, smell, touch, taste, hearing, intellect. Night has fallen, the day's work is done. I return like a mole to my home, the ground. Not because I am tired and cannot work. I am not tired. But the sun has set. The sun has set, the hills are dim. The mountain ranges of my mind still retain . . ." He stopped, took a breath, then said, "O.K. I'll finish it. I'll finish it. Jesus, to be in pain!" And with a moan he continued reading: "I cast a final glance around me. To whom should I say farewell? To what should I say farewell? Mountains, the sea, the grape-laden trellis over my balcony? Virtue, sin? Refreshing water? . . . Futile, futile! All these will descend with me to the grave." He stopped again, then spoke not for Kazantzakis but for himself: "If you could give me one contribution to the living of my life, I'd take it and be grateful. . . . The epiphanies are always beautiful." Trying to control himself, he went on, "When those cadences sound—we know how to crawl from that moment. My country as I experience it, as I think a lot of people experience it, is a situation with final moments. Christ, I'm *hurting*." He pronounced the word "hoorting" —it sounded like a wail. Returning to Kazantzakis, he said, "He just died of *life*. That's the disease. I don't know how to deal with that."

Fugard then asked me what he should do, and it was my turn to feel helpless. I suggested that he pick up his tools and write—that his art was his salvation. He requoted the passage from "Greco," and his reading became a dirge: "I collect my tools: sight, smell, touch, taste, hearing, intellect. . . . But the sun has set. . . . " He said, "I can't go further than that," and then read, "Extending my hand, I grasp earth's latch to open the door and leave, but I hesitate on the luminous threshold just a . . ." His voice faded, tears welled, and the words "little while longer" went unsaid. "You could keep company with me tonight," he said to me, "and I promise you I'd lead you simply, cleanly. I'll teach you how to die."



I broke in to ask, "Do you feel this way often?"

"I felt this way for *ten years*," he answered. "To live a life! To discover what defeats!"

But isn't art a consolation?

"So you forgive me for any gross misdemeanor on that side," he said. "I am finally going to crawl through my life apologizing. Please forgive me. I've been crude. Oh, Christ, do you know the pain that continues to exist, the pain of exposure? In a week, I'll have to live through that in terms of the play I've written. To be a novelist and to write a story that needs no completion in terms of performance! . . . The failure of courage. This is where you survive with decency or die with dignity. I can't stand cowardice." He added a snakelike sibilance to the end of the last word. Then he breathed deeply, and a suspiring sound emerged—"Suss, suss" —like an exhalation from the heart. "Do you know how mysterious it is to turn information into performance?" As if measuring his words in miles, he went on, "You know how far away from home I am? I cannot conceive of a life away from my country. And so I go back." Then he said, "I'm leaving soon. You won't be burdened with me for the rest of your night."

I said I was not burdened.

"Then you are an idiot," he said.

No, I said. A friend.

"Then you *are* an idiot," Fugard said. "I think anybody who spends time with me is an idiot. Why, why, why? Sheila will try to shelter me, to protect me. She will be frightened, of course. I'm frightened." Suddenly, he was silent for a few seconds. "God, I can hear chords—thunderous chords —from Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde.' Listen to the cadence." He began to sing with the Mahler in his mind. "It's a final sound. 'The Sorrow

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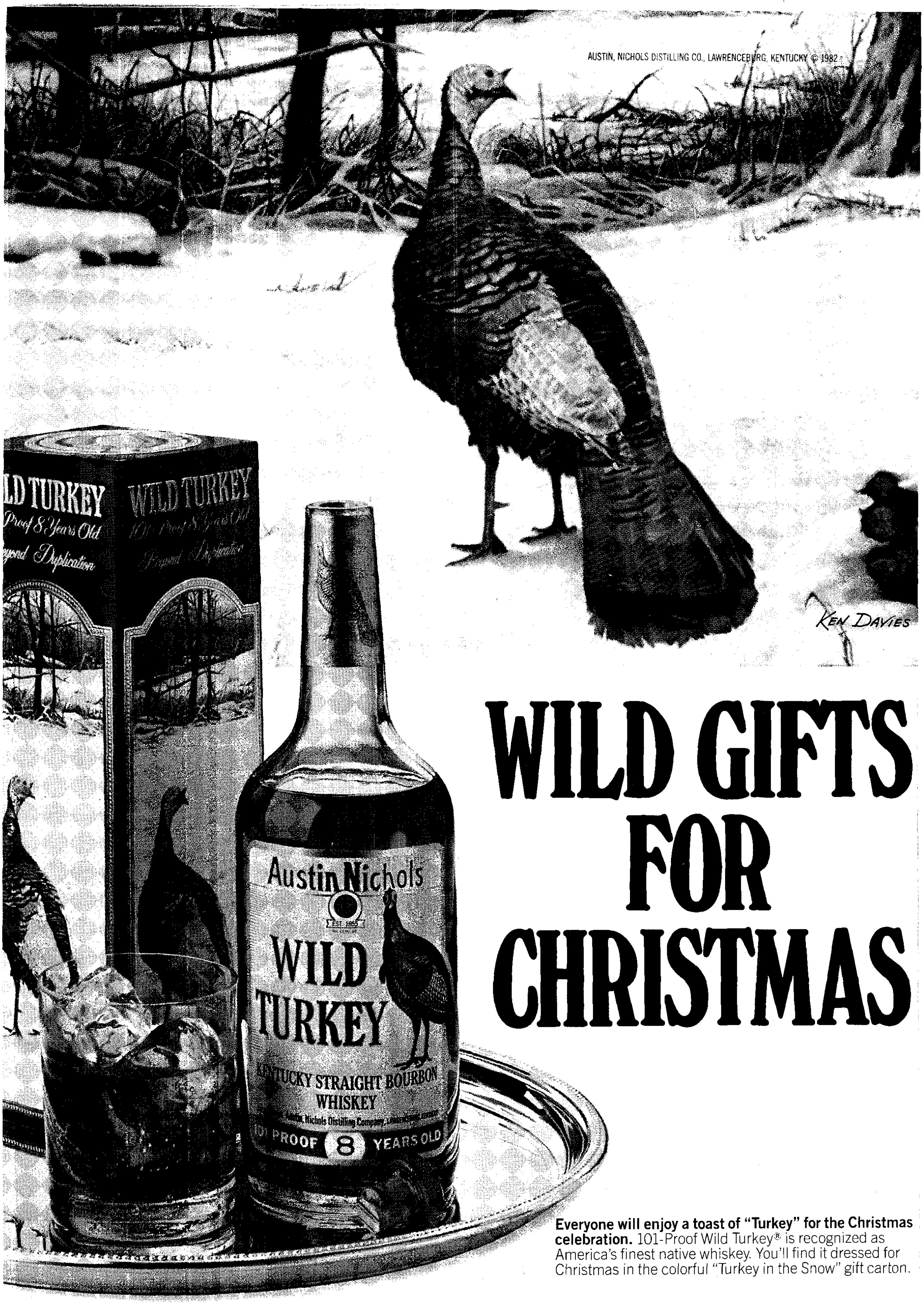
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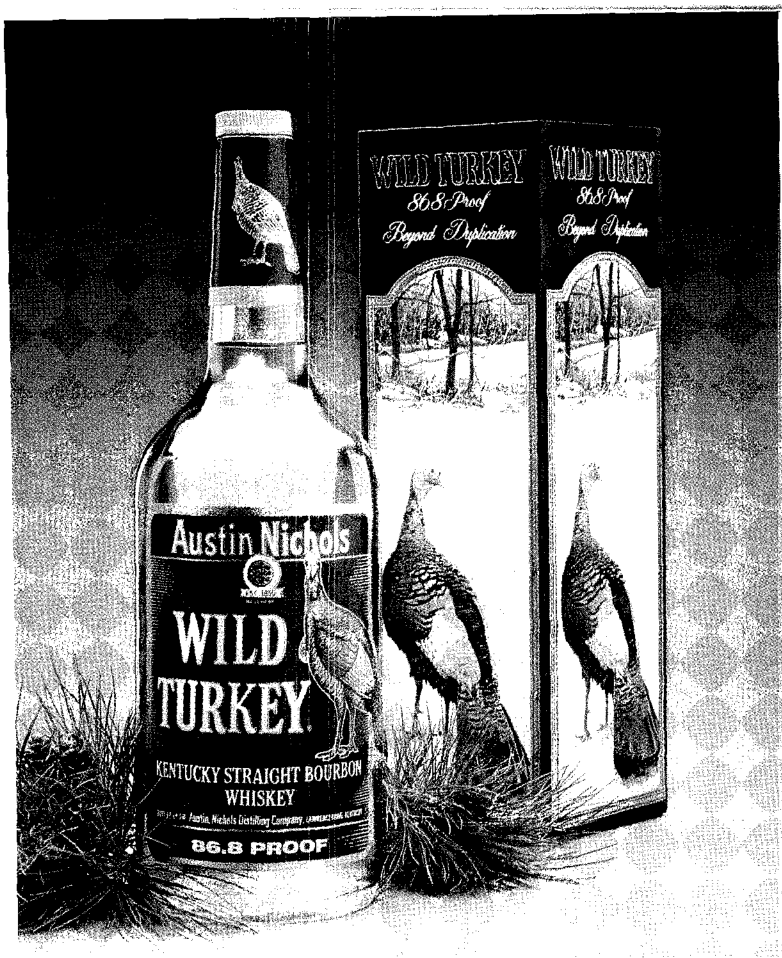
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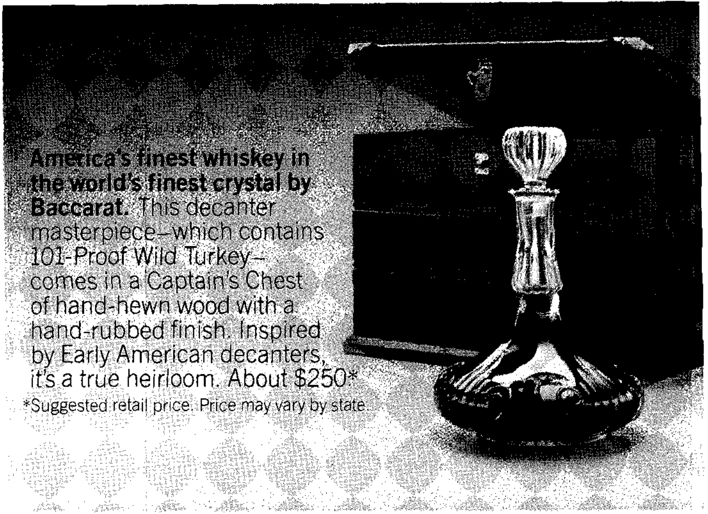

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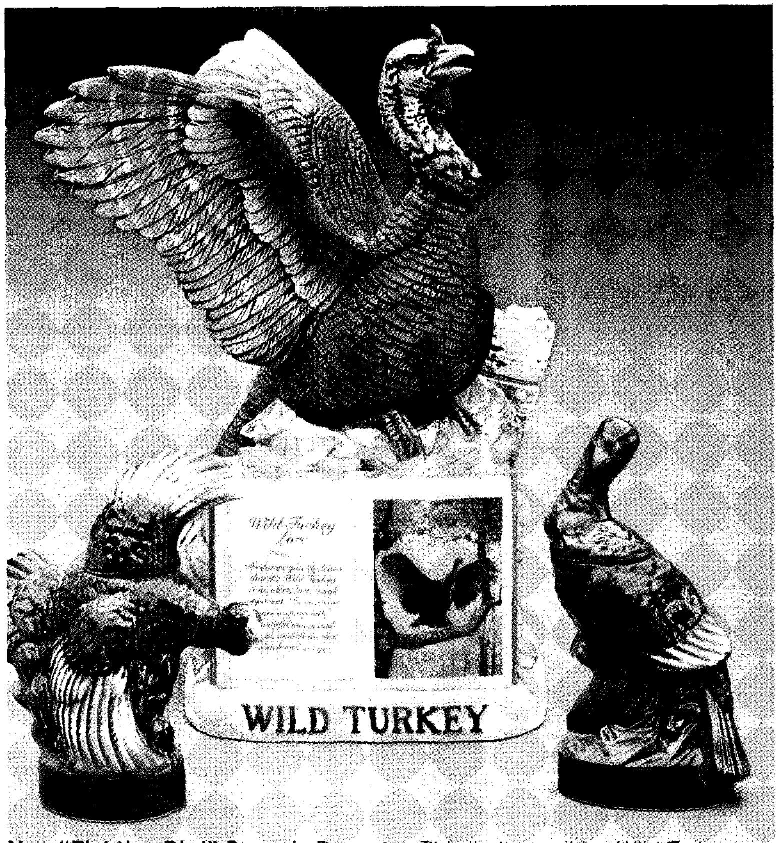
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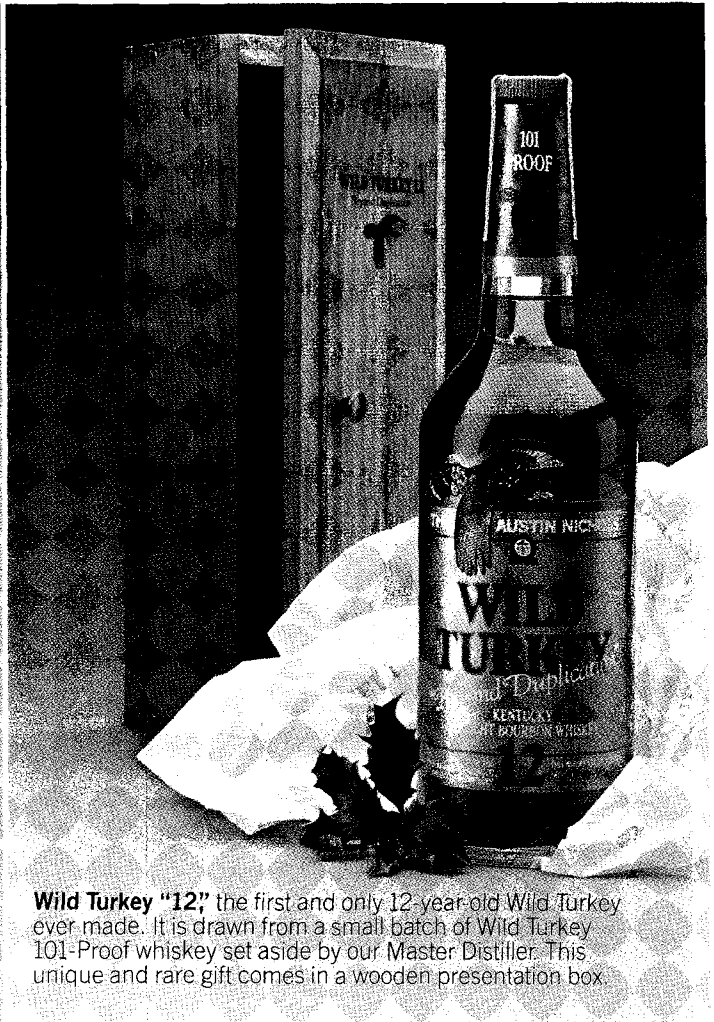
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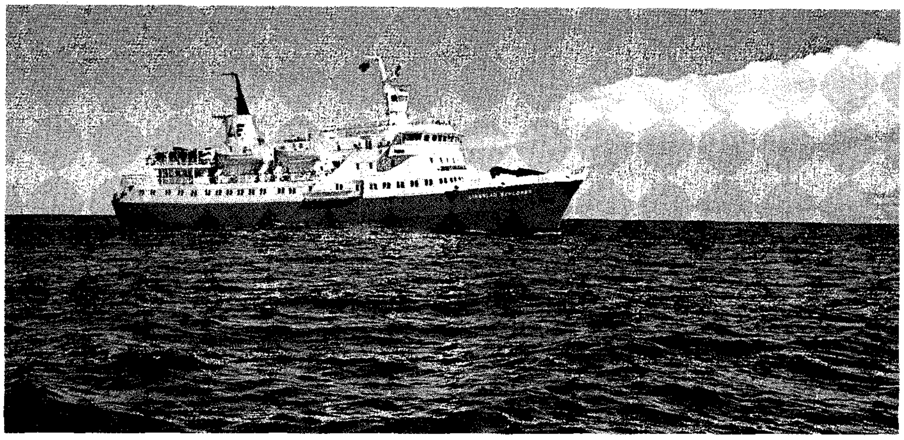

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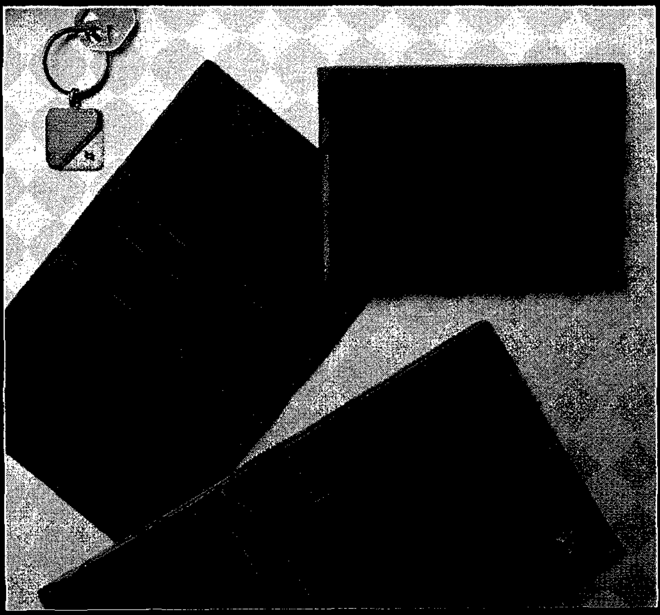

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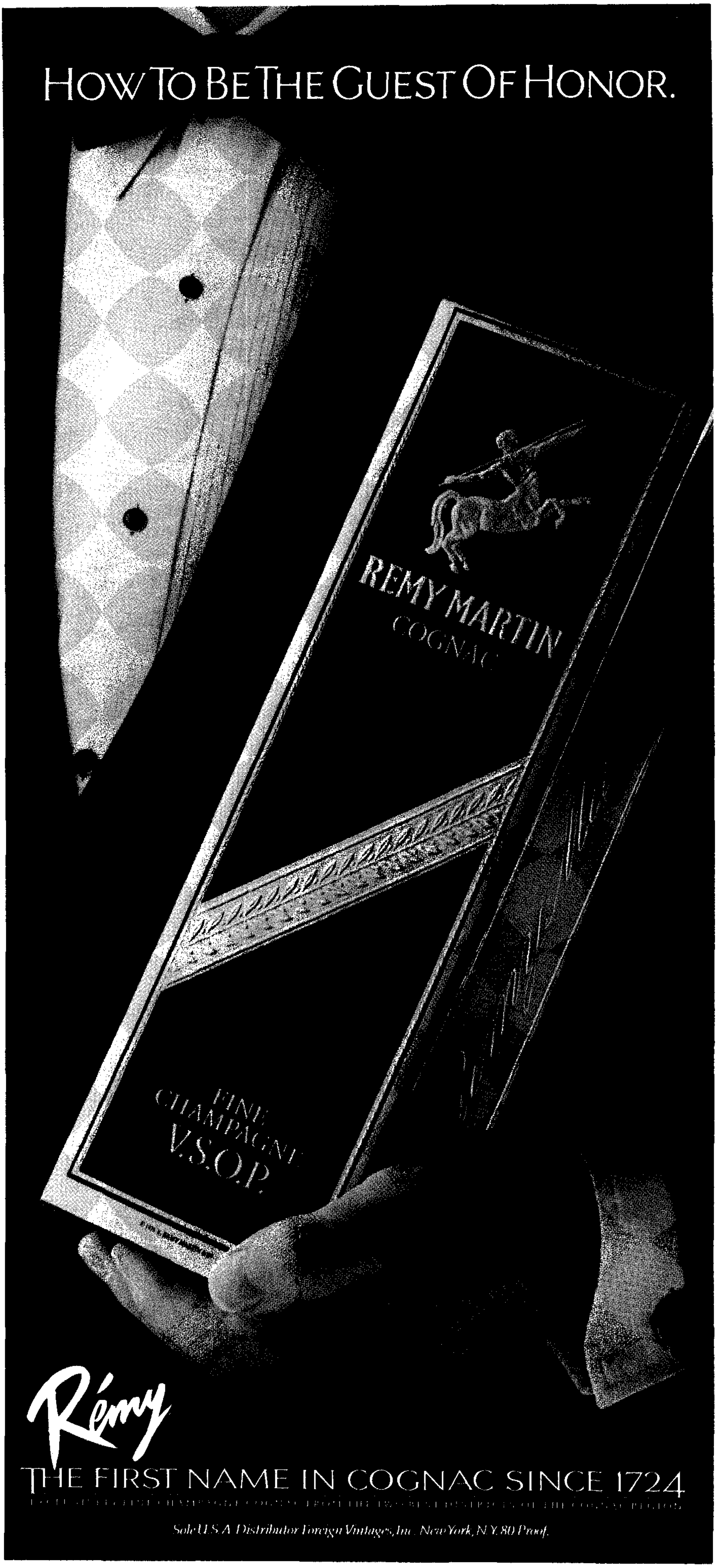
of the Earth.' It is a mature artist's recognition of the need to say goodbye." He paraphrased "Greco": "I lay down my tools. Sight, sense, hearing, intellect. . . . I'm ready to die. I don't want to be an artist. I want to live a life." He sat gloomily—a mourner at his own funeral. Then he picked up his kit bag, drained a last glass of bourbon, and offered a final apology for his behavior. "I'm going to apologize myself out of this world," he said, and he announced that he was going to lurch—pronounced "loorch"—into the night. I helped him walk to the corner and hailed a taxicab for him.

Several days later, Fugard and I met again, and he was a man transformed. Rehearsals were going well, and his spirits were high. At my request, he described his method of directing. "Every actor has to be dealt with in terms of a different vocabulary or chemistry," he said. "There are some actors who need to get their heads sorted out before they can get their emotions sorted out. Others need to get their emotions sorted out before they can get their heads sorted out. Some actors do not want to hear words from the director; they like sign language. I discover an approach in the course of rehearsal. I always try to drink with the actors, and, in fact, some of the best directing I do takes place outside the theatre." (James Earl Jones has commented on his direction: "In some of the long speeches, Athol says, 'Although I wrote them, they bore me when I hear them.' That's his way of saying, as a director, 'We've got to dig into those speeches and reëxperience them onstage for the audience.' ") With actors of long association, such as Yvonne Bryceland and Zakes Mokae, Fugard can use a kind of shorthand. "We've taken the sting out of silence," he says. As essential advice to actors, he rephrases Artaud: "Tie yourself to the stake, light up the faggots, and wave to the audience through the flames."

On the opening night of "Aloes," Fugard went backstage to speak briefly with his actors. He gave gifts of whiskey to the stage manager and other backstage personnel. Then he left the theatre and, during the performance, sat in a seedy bar on Ninth Avenue, drinking Negronis with a young Yale School of Drama student. I joined him at the intermission. On the table was his watch—a large-faced Zobo, bought for ten dollars in a New York drugstore—and, to a blaring background of television and pinball machines, he clocked the performance minute by minute. We talked about a number of things, including accidents that happen onstage. Fugard remembered a performance that he and Yvonne Bryceland gave in "Boesman and Lena" in South Africa, in a hall with a steeply raked stage. "In the opening moments, I put a bottle down and saw it rolling, rolling, rolling, right into the lap of someone in the front row," he said. "Y used an Afrikaans expletive just as the Catholic archbishop of Durban arrived late. Standing in the back, he shouted out 'Speak up!' and that coincided perfectly with Y's line." He looked at his Zobo. "I think at this moment Jimmy is putting on his hat and saying, 'I don't want to leave this country.' " In a while, he added, "We are very near the end of the evening." As the curtain fell several blocks away, he switched his drink to whiskey. Twenty minutes later, the light-board man and the propman entered the bar, and Fugard hurried over to greet them and to buy them a round of drinks. After they left, his energy seemed to ebb. Reluctantly, he decided to go to the opening-night party, in a hotel two blocks away. It was snowing softly outside, and the sidewalk was white and slippery. He seemed unable to walk by himself, and, linking arms, we walked down the street. Entering the party, he momentarily brightened, and was swept away by well-wishers.

Through a dismaying combination of circumstances, and despite excellent reviews, "Aloes" never did well at the box office. Suffering his usual postpartum letdown, Fugard returned to South Africa. After several threatened closings, the play gave its ninety-sixth and final Broadway performance. The theatre was packed with standees, and at the end of the play the actors (including Zakes Mokae, who had replaced James Earl Jones in the final weeks) received a standing ovation. On June 10th, the New York Drama Critics Circle met and chose "Aloes" as the best play of the season. I considered calling Fugard in Port Elizabeth to tell him the news, but the next morning, to my surprise, he called me. He had just returned to New York, and had picked up the morning newspapers and read my article, in the *Times*, about his award. It was his forty-ninth birthday, and he was carrying with him a draft of his new play, " 'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys." He was staying with a friend, and suggested that I come right over. I



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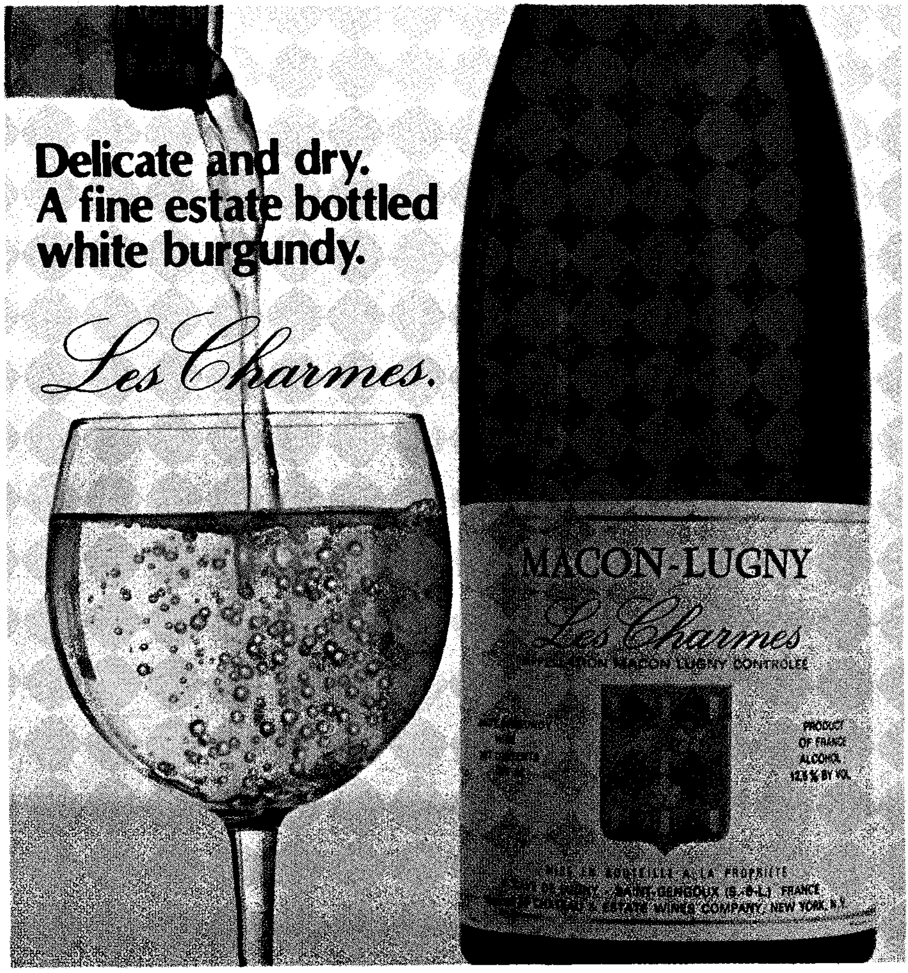
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found him in a jubilant mood. Uncorking a bottle of South African wine, like Piet in "Aloes," he toasted our "conviviality." I, in turn, saluted his birthday and the award, and he proceeded to offer a short dissertation on the advent of wine in South Africa, in the late seventeenth century.

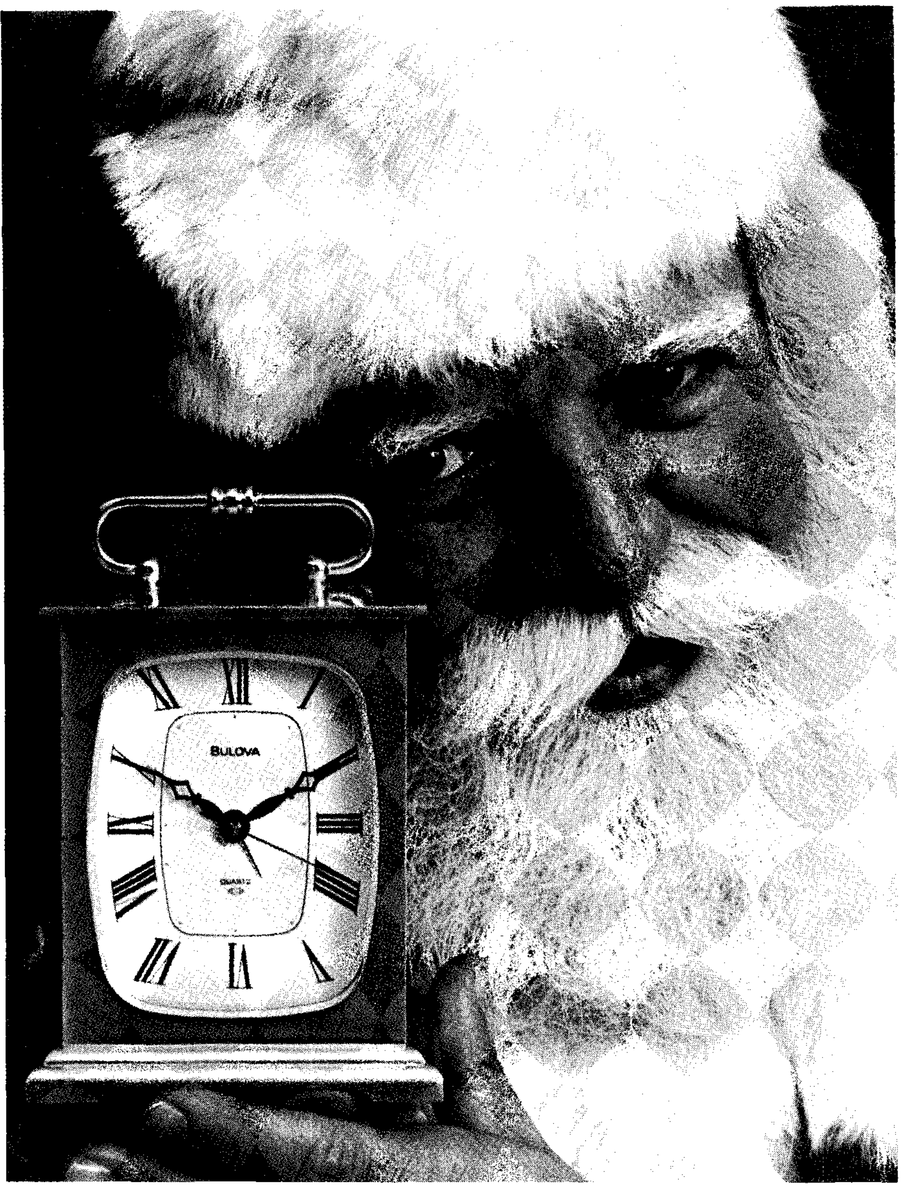
After that, Fugard brought me up to date on the events in his life. Soon after arriving in South Africa, he and his wife had left for India, where he acted in the movie "Gandhi," under the direction of Richard Attenborough. Fugard played Jan Christiaan Smuts, someone to whom he bears a slight physical resemblance. He had had an unhappy time four years earlier acting in Peter Brook's film "Meetings with Remarkable Men," but he found "Gandhi," in contrast, a pleasurable experience. However, he was nearly overcome by India itself. "When you go to your hotel, it looks as if seven million people had chosen to be on the same street," he said. "Sheila was even more defeated. Finally, circumstances allowed her to get to the country, where, as she sat under the baobab, enlightenment should have come. When I was filming, she went up the Himalayas. You could set up an obstacle course and put Sheila at one end and a lama at the other, and she'd clear it." For Fugard, India became a "molecule-shattering-and-reassembling experience" that allowed him to return to South Africa with a clear head and a desire to write his new play.

BACK home, Fugard had made his obligatory meditational call on his trees. Like James Earl Jones shaking hands with aloe plants in "A Lesson from Aloes," he had said hello to his trees, giving particular attention to his white syringa, and then pitched into his writing regimen, which he now described. "I have a little carriage clock, a beautiful handmade machine that you wind up," he told me. "It's in a little glass case. It's an old clock, made in London by Charles Frodsham, and Charles dictates the drinking hours to me. By noon, I've finished my morning session and Sheila's finished her morning session, and we sit in the shade of one of our trees, drink a little bit of white wine, and watch the birds. That's all the drinking I do until Charles Frodsham says it's six o'clock and I can have my one whiskey and a couple of carafes of red wine and supper. When I'm working, I don't smoke a single cigarette. I just stay with my pipes. I do a lot of physical exercise. There's always a fishing trip once a week, and I knock off forty or fifty kilometres on my bicycle three times a week. I just get fit and healthy. I eat—and I eat." He repeated the word, as if to convince me that he actually finished a meal.

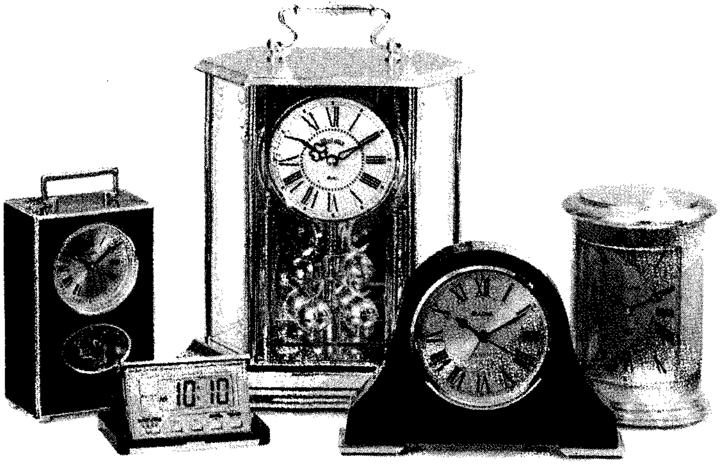
"Sheila and I have a retreat," he went on. "Not that Port Elizabeth needs much retreating from, but we do have a few friends there, and even that gets to be a bit too much. We've got a house in the mountains, about four and a half hours' drive from Port Elizabeth. It's where you find Dimetos in the first act. There's nothing there—just rock, and silence. We bought it for the equivalent of about five hundred pounds. Three bedrooms, dining room, outside plumbing, but over the years we've shifted stuff from Port Elizabeth. We went up there about two months ago. This little bit of coincidence happened as I was writing 'Master Harold': I suddenly realized that the chair I was sitting on had been in my mother's tearoom on the afternoon I was writing about. That same chair!" Later, he found in a box a rubber stamp reading "St. George's Park Tearoom," with which his mother had marked the bills of customers. That stamp was later used onstage in "Master Harold."

In 1961, Fugard had written a poem about Sam Semela that ended with the lines "Come sit before me and like someone with Jesus I will wipe my spit out of your eyes." Over the years, he had tried several times to turn his memory of Sam into a play, but every attempt had failed. He traced the impetus to write the play at last—to keep his overdue "appointment" with Sam—to a conversation he and I had had in London the previous summer. I had posed a rather formal question: "Coming from your background, a situation that could have produced a conventional, prejudiced white South African, how is it that you went in the opposite direction and became a man of conscience about the injustice of apartheid?"

Fugard had been unable to answer the question at the time, but he thought about it and told me later, "I had never forgotten an incredibly important relationship in my childhood, and certain events coming out of that relationship. I was evasive with you, but if I could spill it out I wouldn't write it. I had stored it up." On his return to South Africa from London, he made a list of "ten really important



One great face deserves another.



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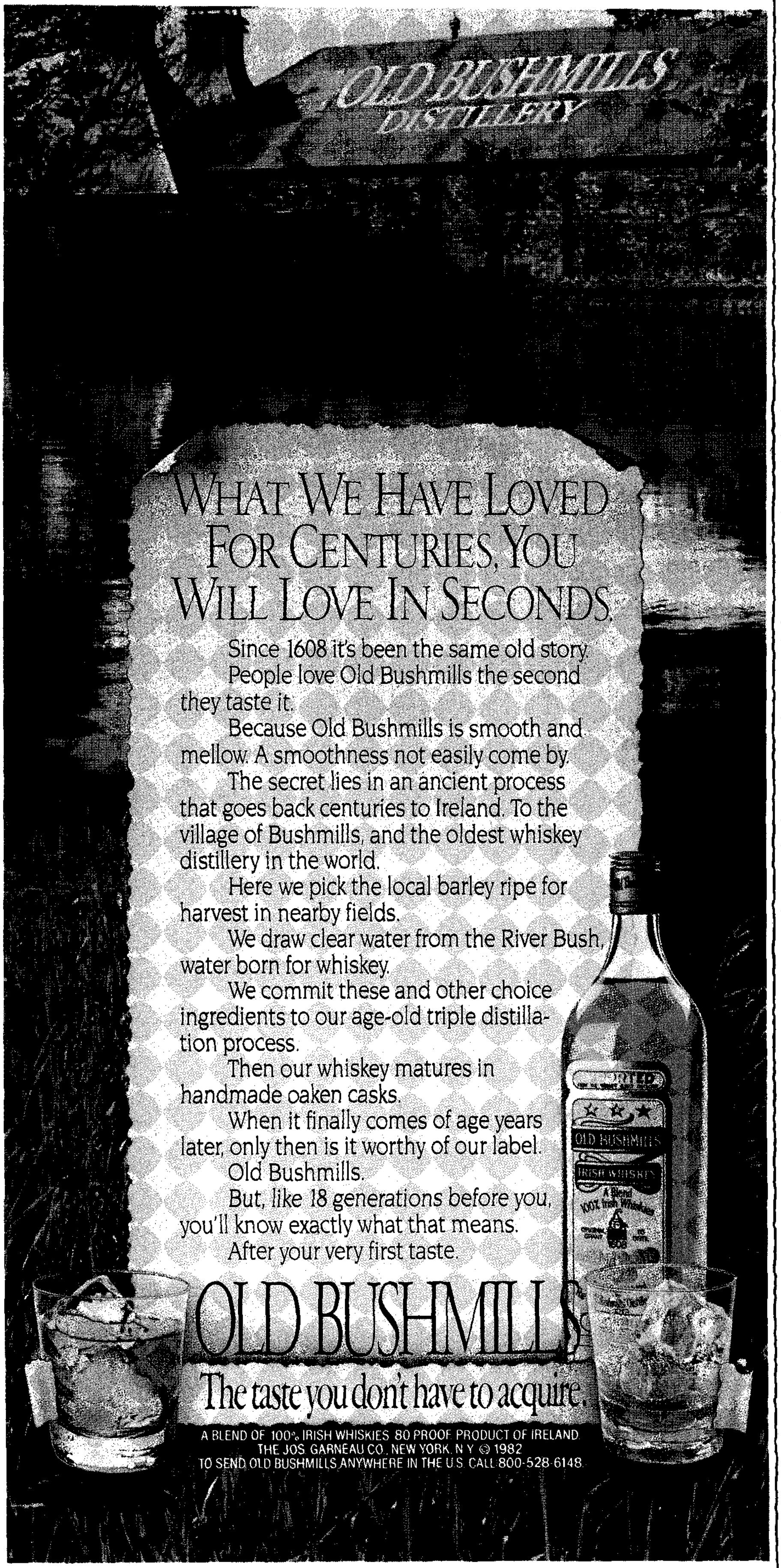
images with which I've not yet kept an appointment," each of them a possible subject for a play.

"It was quite incredible the way one really began to command my attention," he said now. "I'd never been able to find its internal dynamic before. For an image to go on to be a genesis of a play, there's got to be a built-in tension. I was sitting at my table one day, and I just reassembled a couple of elements and I brought in another element, and suddenly I had this tension." That element was the character of Hally—Fugard as a young boy—and the pivotal event was his spitting at Sam. "In 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' Wilde says that each man kills the thing he loves—some do it with a word, some do it with a sword. And there's one little boy who did it with spit." This was a boy, he said, "who was dangerously without instruction in terms of manhood." As he wrote—for the first time, directly from his own experience—"the ugliness was sort of generative in terms of the piece," he said. "I found myself wincing at the sheer crudity and *vulgarity* of it. My sense of personal shame! I thought, When it comes to the final moment, you will not find it necessary to be as pointedly *ugly* as that. You will find some dramatic metaphor that will allow you to say the same thing without having to go into the bloody obvious. Normally, I work at a snail's pace, with a paragraph or a page of dialogue. Four weeks ago, I just had an incredible morning at the table—a great flow of thoughts in an area of great emotional complexity. I had all the notes for it, but I was daunted by the thought of finding the coherence. It just fell together. I found myself putting it down in shorthand, establishing total coherence, and there was a lot of invention as well. I suddenly arrived at a moment, and the work I had done created a validity for it that made me totally unashamed. Just brackets and very ugly stage direction—'Spits in Sam's face.' To finally put it down! It comes, as it should have always come, as an incredibly painful blow." He caught his breath and sighed, as if fighting back a sob. "To have lived in that sort of relationship with Sam . . . in our house . . . on gray afternoons in Port Elizabeth . . . the way we used to stretch our souls and dream. To watch an unsophisticated person dream is very joyous. It defines what dreaming's about. You know what a child's dream does to you? You smile, man!"



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After a stay of about two months to work on a cable-television version of "Sizwe Banzi," Fugard again returned home. In January, after making several revisions, Fugard was back in America to prepare the production of "Master Harold" at Yale. He joined me for lunch at a restaurant in my neighborhood, and he was in an expansive mood. A young waiter who was new to the restaurant came over to take our order, stared at Fugard, and then said, hesitantly, "Athol?"

Fugard, looking up, studied the waiter, tried to place his face. "Are you an actor?" he asked.

"No," said the young man. "Nicholas Pike."

Fugard dropped his knife in surprise. Pike was a friend from Cape Town, a flutist and composer who had come to this country to study and work. The two shook hands vigorously, like old war comrades, and began reminiscing about the Space in Cape Town and about shared friends, including Yvonne Bryceland.

As we settled down to our lunch, I asked Fugard about his method of writing.

"The whole business of writing has become so precise, so accurate," he said. Like a painter or—the comparison he prefers—a carpenter, he chooses his instruments with care: a specific quality of paper, the special blend of ink, and a single pen to suit his purpose. "I always knew that writing was eventually going to end up a little bit of a Zen experience for me," he went on. "I don't think so much about content anymore as about the sheer *sensual* pleasure of watching words go down on paper." As he said that, I suddenly had a vision of that stoker from Fugard's merchant-sailing days, sitting and looking at him in awe as he wrote. Fugard took a fountain pen out of his pocket and offered it for inspection. "I went into a shop in Amsterdam, a very fine little shop that sells fountain pens," he said. "The old man behind the counter asked if I wanted a Parker *ball-point*." Fugard said the words "Parker *ball-point*" with a sneer. "Then he began to discover I have a love of pens. He said, 'Do you have Parkers and Sheaffers?' and I said, 'Yes, and I also have Mont Blancs.' He said, 'Maybe I'll show you something.' And he still hesitated. Then he went into the back room and came out with this one. He said that he had been waiting fifteen years to sell it. Pens like this are not made anymore. It's an Eversharp, and Eversharp closed up about ten years ago. It's *mint* condition; he had just refused to sell it. What a pen! An incredible pen!" Fugard said he had not used the Eversharp to write a play. He had been breaking it in by using it to correct the manuscript of "Master Harold." He told me, "One pen writes a play, and I think it's slightly adulterous if you take a pen and write another play with it. After it writes a play, it's retired from writing plays. A little delicate, modest, totally unassuming Parker, so simple it looks like nothing, wrote 'Master Harold.' "

"*You* wrote it," I said. "The pen didn't write it."

"Well, a Zen artist would disagree," he said. "After an incredible sweep of calligraphy, he would point at the rice paper and brush and say, '*They* wrote it.' At this moment, I've seven 'Rolls-Royces' parked on my desk at home. I deliberately choose to travel with this one"—and he took out another pen. "This is a Mont Blanc. It's an astonishing pen. Another Mont Blanc wrote 'Aloes.' This one finished 'Master Harold.' " He said that he was equally particular about his ink. He mixes his own and uses a different blend for each pen and each play. "A bottle sort of covers the writing of a play. I play around with eyedroppers and mix it up." He said that "Aloes" had been written with black ink.

And "Master Harold"?

"As a very fine poet in New York said when she saw the color, 'it looks like dried blood.' " The choice of pen and ink was an exact summary of "Master Harold"—deceptively simple but written in blood. Fugard took his Mont Blanc and held it with his thumb on the top. "I suddenly realized: a pen is my syringe and ink is my heroin—and a blank page is my fix every day. I was sitting with an actress in the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam, trying to explain this, and I was going like this." He put the pen to his upper arm as if to inject himself. "And people stared. Heroin has become a big problem in Amsterdam."

Fugard has often identified himself with Krapp in "Krapp's Last Tape"—a character who looks back ruefully on his early life. He has played the role in South Africa and considers it his finest performance. I asked him to compare himself with Krapp. After a pause, he said, "Krapp is not wise. He is full of defeating regret at what lies behind him—what he had that he doesn't have anymore. I'm already starting to play back the tapes."

Krapp is a romantic. Was he, too?

"Oh, yes," Fugard said. "It's never flawed my writing. It's flawed my life."

Perhaps it should be the reverse: if he wrote romantic poetry—

He interrupted to say, "I'd live a decent life?"

Fugard remembered a meeting with Krapp's creator, Samuel Beckett, in London. "I was in rehearsal with a play at the Royal Court, and I was a bit apprehensive about how it was going to be received," he said. "I went to the pub next door and sat at a table. I was drinking, and I regretted my decision in going to that pub. There was a danger of bumping into people I knew from the theatre. I was burying myself in my glass, and a man said, 'Is this chair occupied?' I said, 'No,' and he sat down. He drank in silence, and I drank in silence. A third person joined us—two strangers, I thought, talking to each other. The third person, a woman, asked the man, 'What can you tell me about theatre in Paris at the moment?' He said, 'There hasn't been much that has excited me, but there is a very, very interesting play with a long title about statements and immoral acts.' I realized that the woman was a very good friend of mine—Jocelyn Herbert, the designer. She recognized me and introduced me to Samuel Beckett. I was at a loss for words. I had never made a point of trying to meet a writer whom I admire. But I had one very *real* debt to him. I said, 'I want to thank you for my pipe.' It was a Kapp & Peterson. He had a line about it in 'Waiting for Godot.' He couldn't remember having written the line. And then he said, 'That's been cut from every production I've ever done.' "

Fugard has a ritualistic mental exercise of thinking of ten beautiful things. He explained, "When I reach the end of a day that has seemed pointless and stupid, I then work through it again, minute by minute, to find out whether even in peripheral vision I saw things that celebrated life."

I said that I couldn't think of ten beautiful things about any single day, and he said, "You're wrong. You haven't tried. How many beautiful things have you seen while we've been talking?"

Thinking back through our meal, I mentioned the waiter from Cape Town who recognized him as an old friend.

"That's one," Fugard agreed. "I've got *four*." Indicating a nearby table, he said, "Two people thought they were in disagreement about something. One had a fist and was doing this." He made a fist and waved it in the air. "The other person put out an open hand and did that"—he opened his own fist—"and the fist relaxed. My third: A woman accidentally dropped a napkin on the floor and somebody at the next table picked it up, and it was soon obvious that she was nervous about encountering a stranger. All he did was to hold up the napkin, look at her, and smile, and it was obviously a moment when she passed from suspicion to a point of trust. My fourth is the plant behind you."

I whirled around, and asked, "Has it been growing since we've been here?"

"It's alive!" he said.

Did he find himself storing up these images?

He nodded. "Do you remember the bar where we met on the opening night of 'Aloes'? Last night, I had half an hour before meeting Lisa for dinner, so I went there for a drink, hoping I might meet the stagehands. A man came in, obviously a regular, and he had his little daughter with him. She was really very beautiful—those little eyes taking in this world of loud and lurching adults, all of whom were fawning, saying how beautiful she was. I couldn't help saying to the man next to me, 'God, that's a beautiful little girl.' His reply was 'All little girls are beautiful until they start to speak.' I think that's the most classic male-chauvinist statement I've ever heard."

We next talked about Fugard's characters. He maintains that he does not write about heroes or villains. "Who's a villain?" he asked. "Morris? Zach? Boesman? Lena? Sizwe Banzi? If I chose to deal with a villain, I'd have to use an emotion I couldn't handle." The one exception, he said, was the policeman in "Statements," who is "villainous but bland." He continued, "I can remember a very interesting and slightly bewildering chat I had with Nadine Gordimer about 'A Lesson from Aloes.' She saw it at the time when her novel 'Burger's Daughter' was about to appear. She said, 'What sort of hero is Piet Bezuidenhout? Wait until my novel comes out and you'll see what a hero really is.' I wasn't writing about a *hero*. I was writing about a *victim*. I've never written about a hero. I don't understand heroism. Piet is a very simple man, saying, 'I've lived through one drought. I'll try to survive this one as well.' Sometimes the drought can be so long that there's no waiting left. But when Gladys says, 'I've got to go back'—to the hospital—there's a realization of what lies ahead. In 'Hello and Goodbye,' Johnnie is going to live with ghosts, all that rubbish of their life on the floor, but Hester stands there with a suitcase and sees herself. Milly, at the end of 'People Are Living There,' laughs. For some reason that I don't understand, I lodge the affirmative note, the ostensible acts of courage, with the women. I have a deep-rooted sense of male ineffectuality."

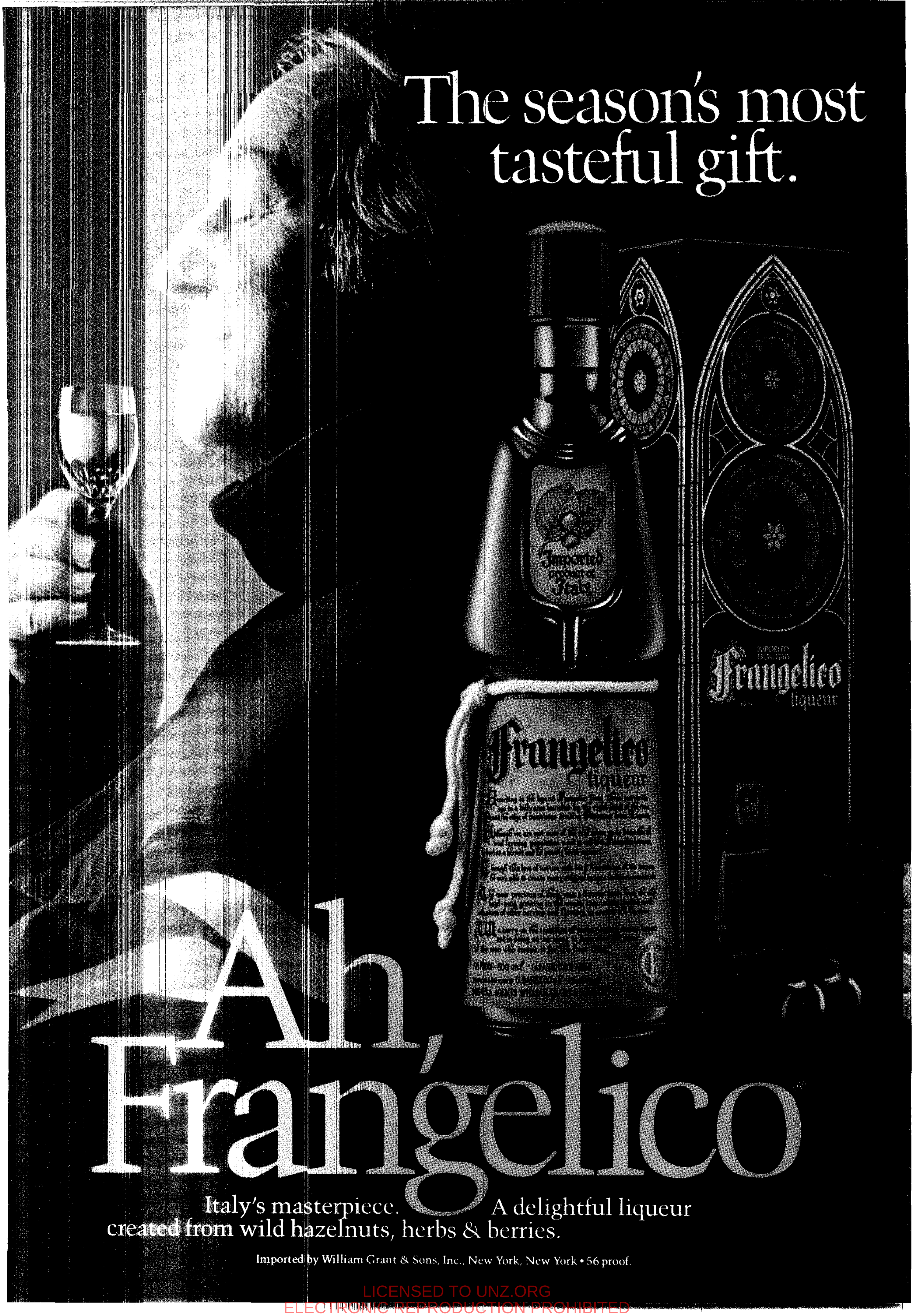
I asked him to elaborate on his statement, made in the notebooks, that "theatre uses more of the actual substance of life than any other art."

"You use the flesh and blood of the actor," Fugard explained. "It's a living moment in theatre when truth in writing coincides with truth in performance. The astonishing power that has! It's pure Zen. What remains of a performance after you've seen it? You can't play it back. You can go back and *see* it again, but it's not going to be the same. It's there for one moment. That's what gives it a greater potency than film. A writer told me he had read 'The Blood Knot' and had problems with it. He felt a certain crudity, a baseness, invested in the character of Zach. He said all the lyricism goes with the white brother. At that moment, all I could think of saying was 'If that's what you receive, that's what you receive.' I thought about it afterward. What I could have said is that you on the receiving end of theatre bring as much to it and add as potent a chemistry as I do as writer, director, and actor. I go halfway, you come halfway. The chemistry that *we* bring decides what the moment is about. It's not the same with a movie. You could run it to an empty house. I watched a television program done by Yehudi Menuhin. You know the way you teach dance: the master stands there and says, 'Lift a leg.' This program dealt with a very old Balinese dancer very near to death, and she was dealing with a young girl who was going to go on to be a temple dancer. The way she was teaching was not to say, 'Lift this' or 'Lift that.' She was behind her—an arm here and an arm there—passing on her spirit. I don't know that I might not direct 'Master Harold' that way."

R. MacMillan

As I had expected, Fugard cast his old friend Zakes Mokae in the pivotal role of Sam. I asked him how he had come around to that choice, and he said he had given Mokae a script. "It turned him on in terms of memories he has of South Africa," he told me. "He began to understand one connection after another. I just saw him light up like a bloody jukebox. I knew he was going to walk into that rehearsal room with such a load of celebration on his back. He remembered twenty-five or thirty years ago a black man who came from Malawi—which meant that he was illegally in South Africa—and whose whole life was ballroom dancing. He couldn't use his real name, so he went around Johannesburg wearing patent-leather shoes and using the name Dan Yankee. I realized that with Zakes I would have so little to explain." In addition, Fugard saw a strong physical resemblance between the actor and the real Sam. When I asked him what Sam looked like, he replied "Zakes." He had turned down several American actors for the role because, as he put it, they had no "crust." He defined having crust as "being marked by life."

Turning to the play, Fugard said, "One thing I didn't realize was the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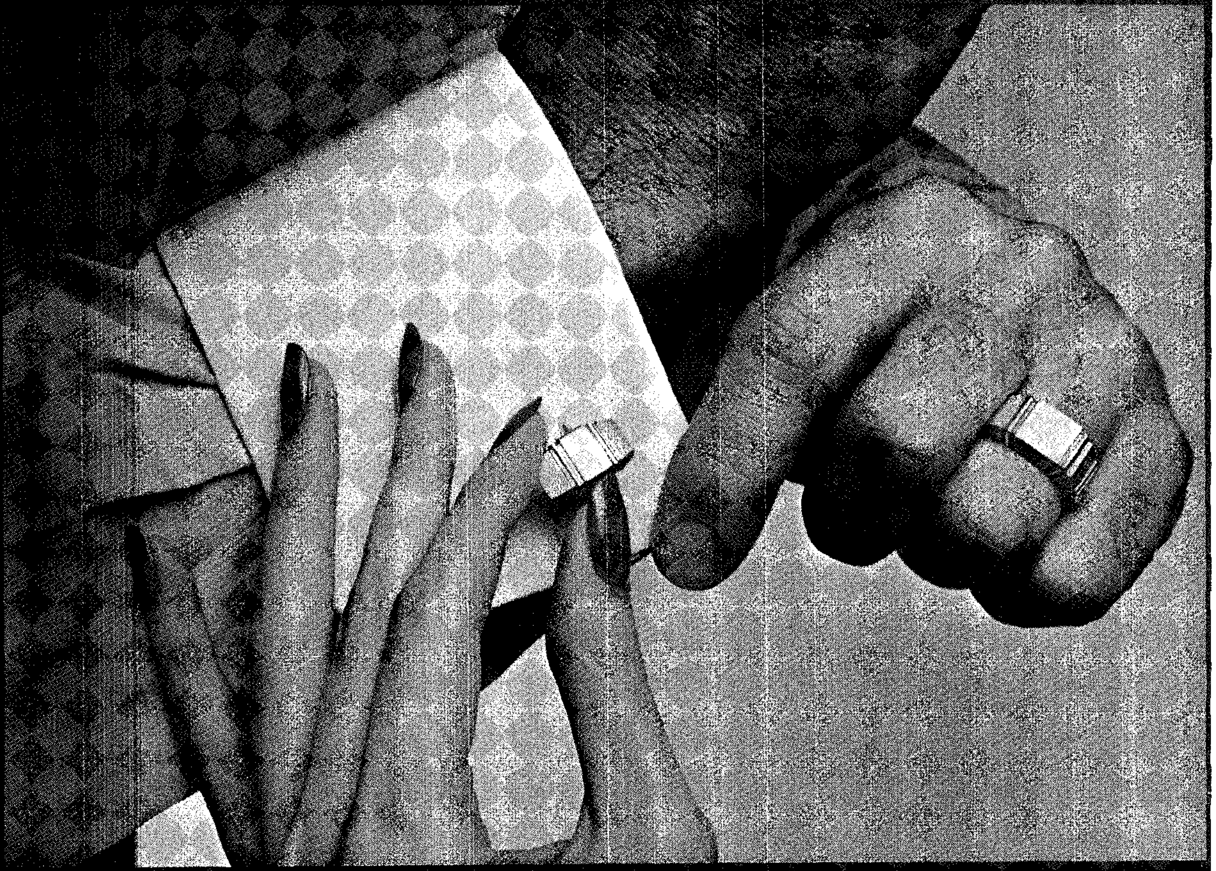

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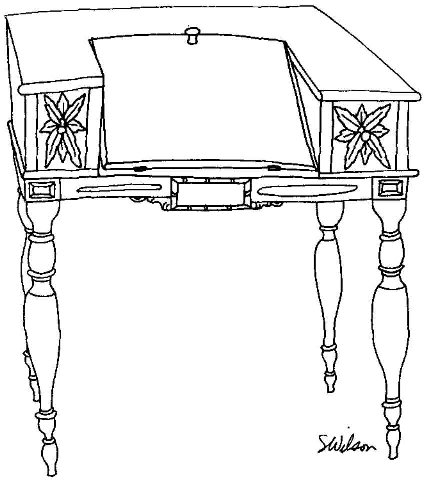
full extent to which I had been autobiographical—the extent to which I had given a portrait of a young man who was going to be a writer. It's the portrait of the artist as a young fool. I had an interesting experience with an actor reading for the role of Sam. I called him back to look at him a second time. He had mulled the play over. He said, ‘I've got a problem. This man's role *changes:* he's a servant, he's intimate, he's almost the father. What the hell is he?’ I said, ‘You've got to understand that those roles are imposed by Hally. Hally has a white skin, he's in South Africa in 1950, and he's confused. Coming out of his confusion, he says, “You're a servant now. Just get on with your bloody job!” Fifteen minutes later, Sam can say what ballroom dancing means, and Hally stands there in innocent and adoring reverence and says, “Jesus, Sam, you've got a vision.” Twenty minutes later, he spits at Sam.’ The actor said, ‘You're talking about the survival kit every black man needs.’ ”

“MASTER HAROLD” opened at Yale on March 12, 1982, and was a tremendous success. With one change in the cast—Lonny Price replacing Željko Ivanek as Hally—the play tuned up for Broadway. With his “secret” about to be revealed to a wide public, Fugard spoke in the spring about the uses of his life in his art. “I've never violated the essence of the person on whom a character is based,” he said. “I've never, to use Hally's phrase, taken any poetic license in that direction. If you write something in which the source of your crafted character can possibly be identified, you become a witness, and then you're under oath to tell the truth. That's relatively easy for me, because I only write, finally, about what I love and what I hate. I love Willie and Sam. I feel sorry for that little white boy in short trousers following his drunk father on a black man's back, carrying his crutches. ‘Master Harold’ reflects a measure of grief at the way certain things happen in certain circumstances. I gave a note to Željko and then to Lonny: ‘What the audience must do is grieve but *forgive.*’ And I told the actors, ‘If you deal me into *your* pain, I'll grieve very deeply at what you do.’ ”

“Master Harold” ends with Hally distraught and Sam trying to summon him back to the possibilities of life. Sam suggests that one day they may fly another kite together. In real life, Sam and Hally were friends again the next day, and they remained close through his adolescence. At some point, Mrs. Fugard reluctantly fired Sam. As she later told her son, who recorded the fact in his notebooks, she had given him the sack because he had become careless and was late for work and “didn't seem to care no more.” For a while, Sam taught ballroom dancing in New Brighton, and then he was forced into more menial work. The Fugards lost touch with him, and Athol went on to begin his career as a playwright. After an interval of about fifteen years, Sam visited Mrs. Fugard, who by then was widowed, and who was still running the St. George's Park Tearoom, and he and Athol met again. Another eighteen years went by, and the playwright was in New Haven rehearsing “A Lesson from Aloes.” Word came from South Africa that his mother had died, followed by a single letter of condolence from his home country. “I remember her as a remarkable woman,” Sam Semela wrote. “It must be a great loss to you. Just know that a friend from your youth is thinking of you.”

When Fugard was in Port Elizabeth writing “Master Harold,” he renewed his friendship with Sam—a famous playwright approaching fifty and a retired black waiter and ballroom dancer in his seventies—but did not tell Sam he was writing a play about him. After finishing the first draft, he wrote at the top of the first page, “For Sam,” and later, after several revisions, he added, “and H.D.F.”—for Sam Semela and Harold David Fugard, his two fathers. Shortly before “Master Harold” opened on Broadway, he wrote Sam a letter, and, for the first time since it happened, he spoke to him about the spitting incident. “Sam, I've taken liberties while making our private story a public event,” the letter said. “I still remember the kite, and the kite is celebrated. There are painful things in the play for me, like the night the two of us went to fetch my dad. I have been ruthless about myself in depicting the moment when I spat in your face.” He added that he would telephone him on the opening night. As usual, Fugard did not watch the play on opening night but retreated to a bar, drinking and marking time on his watch. When the performance ended, he telephoned Sam. It was early morning in New Brighton, South Africa. The old man came on the line, and Fugard told him that the play had just opened on Broadway. Sam listened, and then, with a characteristic note of concerned caution in his voice, afraid of misunderstanding an unknown world, he asked, “Hally, is that good or is that bad?” Smiling at the memory of Sam's response, Fugard commented, “That's exactly what my mom would have said.”



“Master Harold” was acclaimed by the critics, won a Tony Award for Zakes Mokae, and went on to become Fugard's longest-running Broadway play. In November of 1982, in a reversal of the usual procedure, James Earl Jones replaced Mokae. Fugard, who had been in South Africa working on two new plays—one based on events in Nietzsche's life and another about a South African sculptress—returned to America to direct Jones in the role of Sam. While he was here, he made preparations for the American touring version of “Master Harold” and flew to Los Angeles to discuss the movie version, to be produced by Mel Brooks and Jonathan Sanger. Plans were also under way for the South African production; it was supposed to open in Johannesburg in March, starring John Kani, and was scheduled to move to London in August. With all the theatrical activity—and with the movie “Gandhi” opening and bringing him favorable notices as an actor—it was a heady time for Fugard. But his confidence was shaken by news from South Africa. On December 3rd, his wife called him from Port Elizabeth to report that the government had banned the script of “Master Harold.” The play had not yet been published in his home country, and this was regarded as a move to forestall the local production. It was the first time that one of his works had been subjected to a banning order, and, ironically, the order had been placed on his most personal and least overtly political play. Within a week, the banning was suspended, pending the filing of an appeal.

In his notebooks, Fugard recounts a dream:

> For the second time, a dream of remarkable detail and precision involving a clock. . . . but "clock" almost belittles the scope of what was really involved. Time as such was only the centre-piece of a very complex structure—the writer's dream of a perfect piece of furniture: it had drawers, folding tables—everything. The significant element in this dream is that the "clock" didn't involve simply the assembly of a set of pieces, the kit was of unbelievable complexity: screws by the hundred, nuts, bolts, shelving, pendulums. One dominant thought or realisation: "It is going to take years."
>
> Now that I think back on it, another thought: my "making" of the clock was a second-best; it would only be a mechanical model of the organic reality . . . a reality not "made" in the sense that mine would be. "Real time" as opposed to "made time." And:
>
> My assembly of the clock, the time I needed to do it, was threatened by an environment of social unrest. I might be forced to pack it all away before I'd even properly started.

The account concludes, "All through the dream there were objects of great beauty—mostly of glass—beauty and hope were in fact the dominant modes of the experience."

—Mel Gussow

•

> Napoleon Plouffe is a walking sports encyclopedia and Guillaume's manager and trainer. Mama Plouffe is the moral backbone of the family, a stout lady with unshakeable beliefs in what is wrong.—*Vancouver Province.*

That's what it takes.

•

> Mrs. Pruess, for example, loves curries and Indian foods. "I once served Indian game hens dressed in a sari. I love the experience of dining. It can be so fun," she pointed out.—*Montclair (N.J.) Times.*

We serve capons dressed in leotards. That's *real* fun.

•

SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*Tony Huegel in the Ukiah (Calif.) Daily Journal*]

With the barrels of the community still warm from its political wars, it was promising to see and hear them talking it out, a powwow of pro-recall generals and no-recall chiefs, bleeding hearts and pachyderms, governors and the governed, youthful male ponytails and the grey of experience all seated side by side, in Ukiah, huddled around the question: How do we lay down our differences and march toward the star of mutual prosperity?

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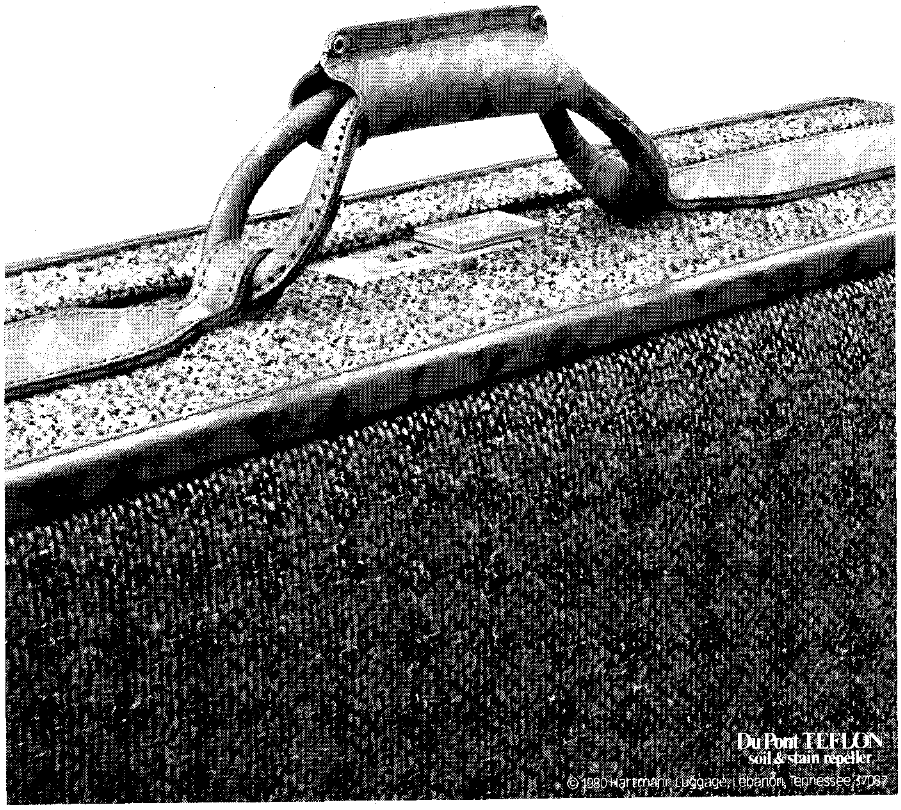

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For an '83 Pontiac catalog, write to Pontiac Advertising, One Pontiac Plaza, Pontiac, Mich. 48053

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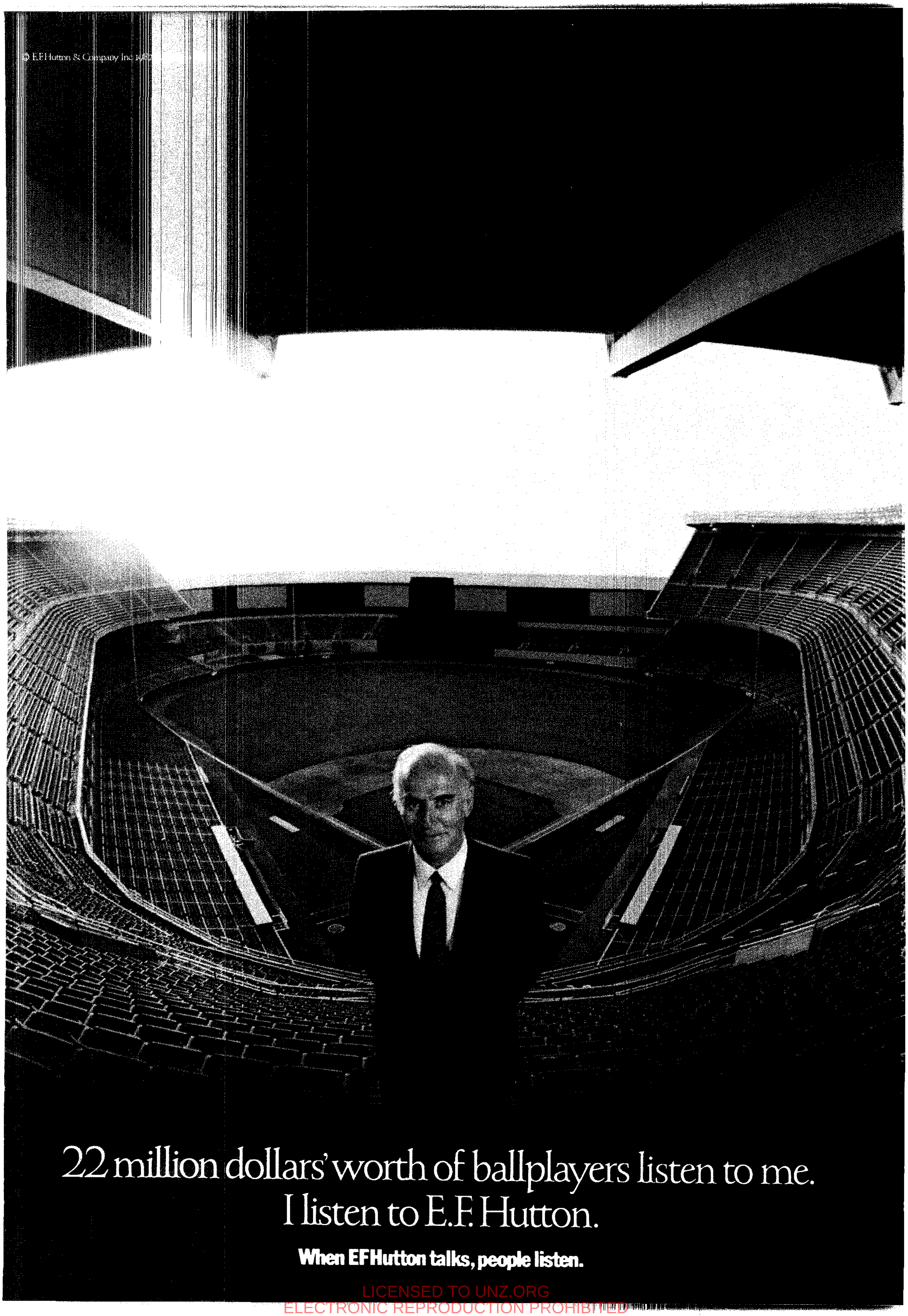
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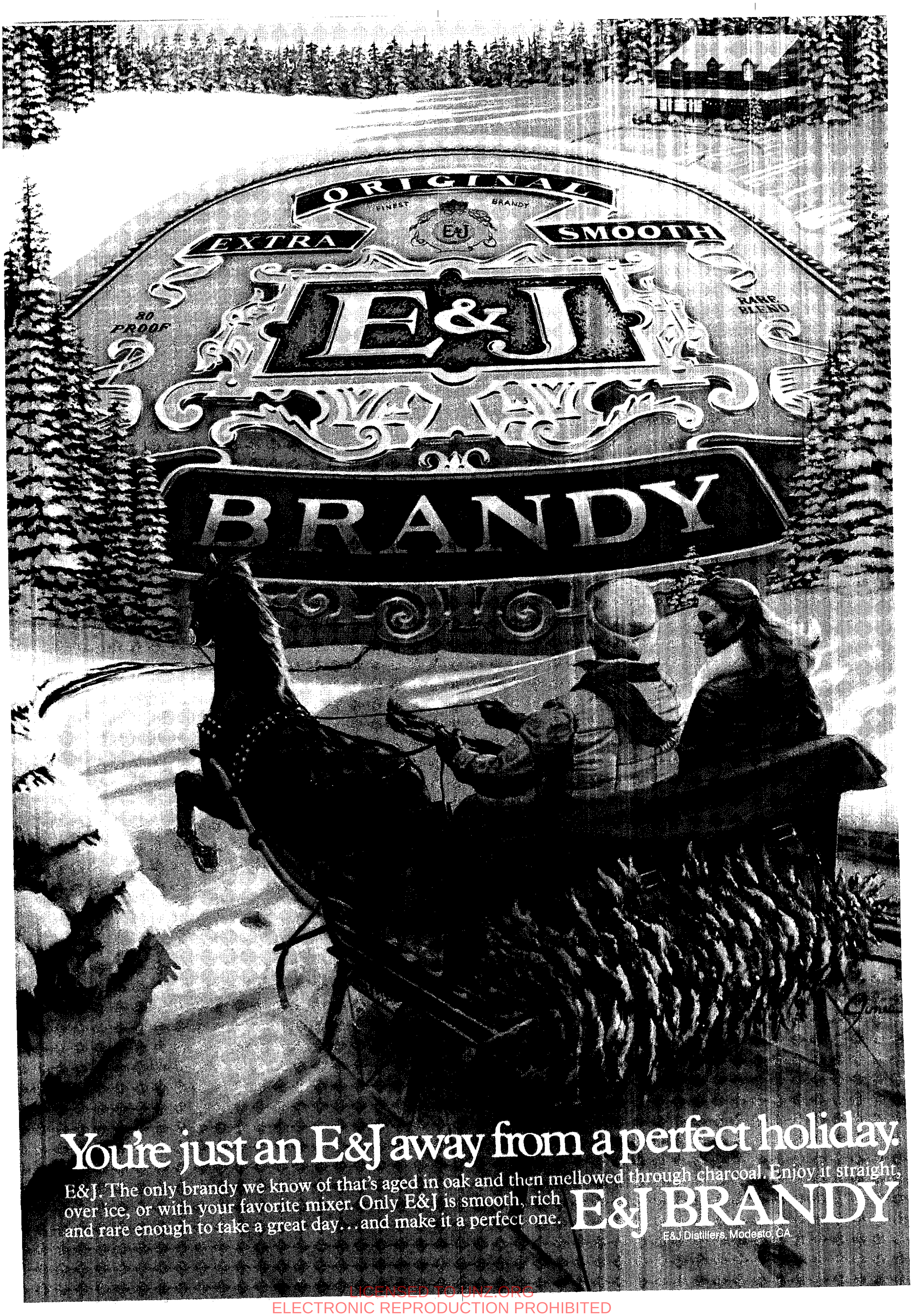
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E&J Distillers, Modesto, CA.

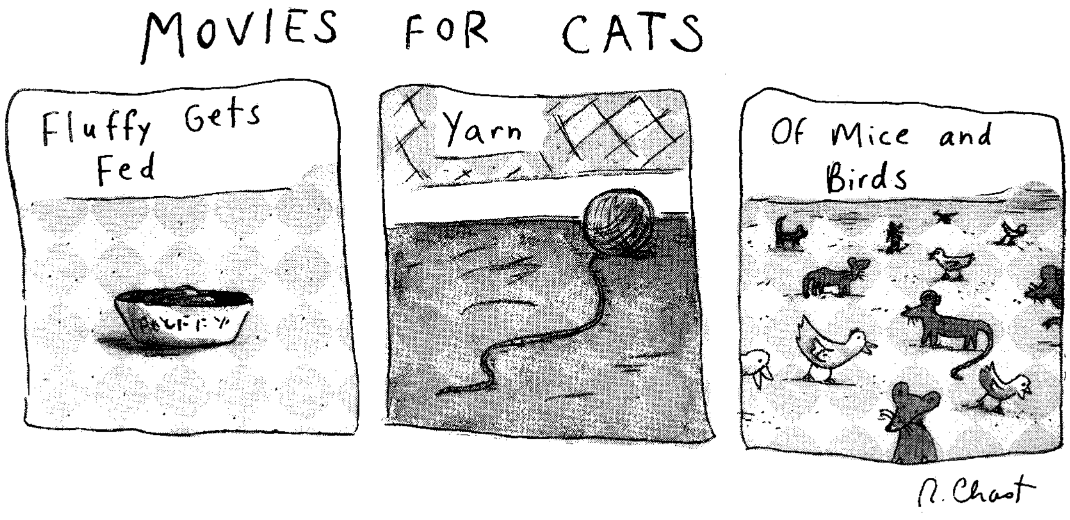
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and it lasts nearly six weeks—from the Friday after Thanksgiving until Twelfth Night. During this period, a great many people of all ages have to be fed, and because of the season each one expects the quality of the eats to be above and beyond the cook's call of duty. This does not necessarily mean fancier food or more food—often, quite the opposite is indicated—but hamburger, French fries, and spinach do not really fill the bill. Ideally, three kinds of food are involved: traditional (roast beef, turkey, fruitcake); exotic (caviar, smoked salmon, truffles); and bland (mashed potatoes, bread, eggs). Some supplies on hand are needed, as well as ideas and sources for things that can be bought to add to what you have done yourself. You can always buy a complete dinner, but that's not the idea at this time of year, and if it's a Christmas dinner it's downright depressing. A few surprises are mandatory—not necessarily caviar in the pasta, or fresh truffles in the scrambled eggs, but perhaps a couple of chanterelles in the rice, or quail instead of chicken, or one superlative chocolate truffle per person instead of dessert. And, of course, inexpensive emergency food is absolutely essential for any cook who hopes to get through the holidays without feeling martyred.

To start with the great day itself (or Christmas Eve, increasingly popular in many families as the time when Christmas is celebrated), the more home-cooked the meal appears to be, the happier everyone will be. To give the cook a break, the feast could start with smoked fish, or oysters, or shrimp. We mention shrimp because it's the only fish that children like (although with cooked shrimp at $20 a pound, this may not be desirable). In the megabucks league, there is caviar, or fresh foie gras—choices governed largely by economics. We continue to think that Petrossian, at Bloomingdale's, has the best caviar. A pound of Ossetra (it's not as small as Beluga but has more flavor) is $274. Fourteen ounces of Beluga is $170 at Zabar's. A whole, fresh foie gras, in a terrine the shape of a goose, is $150 at Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th). A smaller terrine, with a goose painted on it, filled with seven ounces of fresh foie gras is $75 at E.A.T., 867 Madison Avenue (72nd). The best buy of this year's Christmas season is to be found at Zabar's: a side of pre-sliced Scotch smoked salmon for $16. Each side weighs something over a pound, and it comes in a vacuum pouch that can be stored in the icebox for fourteen days. The salmon is sliced thin, by hand, with paper between the slices. There is finer Scotch smoked salmon around; for example, that at William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), for $50 a pound, is silkier, pinker, more exquisitely sliced, and interleaved with better paper. But there's very little Scotch smoked salmon—or, indeed, any cold-smoked salmon—to be had that's as well sliced as Zabar's. We've decided that delicate gradations in the quality of the salmon are less important than the slicing. A raggedy slab of the finest smoked fish neither looks nor tastes as good as a perfectly sliced inferior one, and not many places do it well. The Zabar Special should be removed from the vacuum pack and allowed to air in the refrigerator for a couple of hours, loosely covered with waxed paper, so the edges don't curl—not because of any odor but because the taste improves with airing. These are not big, beautiful slices, but they make fine little sandwiches. Brother Eli Zabar, who runs E.A.T., will make delicious little smoked-salmon sandwiches for you, on paper-thin bread, surrounded by paper-thin lemon slices, with black Moroccan olives piled in the center of the dish, the whole sprinkled with fresh dill, for $18 a dozen—a stunning example of the difference in approach between the two Zabar establishments. Petrossian is now carrying smoked cod's roe; $16.50 for a half pound. Mixed with lemon juice and served on protein toast, it is a treat. Petrossian's smoked brook trout would be better as a first course (with some creamed horseradish sauce) than as a canapé. The trout are moist, and in perfect condition, as everything here is, and they cost $11.50 a pound. Two brook trout—four servings—weigh about a pound.

For the main course, there is always roast beef or turkey, but there are also wild turkey, quail, duck, pheasant, squab, partridge, and grouse. (No swans.) Fresh, not very wild game is now on hand, or can be ordered, at many butchers, from Lobel's, 1096 Madison Avenue (82nd), to the Food Emporiums (née Shopwell). Most of these birds have been raised on game farms where they have been allowed to range, the result being a more varied diet and therefore better flavor than that of birds raised in a pen, and a texture less tough and stringy than that of truly wild birds. (Even if Daddy's gone a-hunting, the chances are that the birds have been released, or put out, from a game farm.) It's a good idea to find out where the game has come from: the nearer, the fresher. It's also a good idea to baste the birds frequently, and not to cook them very long: they're not like fat little capons, and can dry out quickly. We tried a wild turkey for Thanksgiving. Wild



turkey is what the Pilgrims ate, and it is indigenous to the Americas. By the middle of the nineteenth century, it was becoming extinct, to be replaced on the dinner table by the large, fat bird we know today. A twelve-pound wild turkey feeds ten people, twelve in a pinch (although pinching is not for festive occasions), and is a dramatic improvement on Butterball. It has flavor and character, but not so much that the children's faces will fall. One of these birds costs anywhere from $5 to $7 a pound, and it's well worth it if some of the company don't like the conventional bird ("Boring!") and others won't eat anything too far out ("Yuck!"). We have also tried quail, from Canada, which were delicious, though picky, eating. They are better eaten with the fingers than with knife and fork. Quail are around $2.50 apiece, and the hostess should allow two per person, lest she be considered a piker. Some wild mushrooms would go well with any of these birds. Chanterelles and shiitakes, among others, will be available through February, and although they are terribly expensive by the pound ($20 and $12, respectively), not many are needed to upgrade a meal. They contribute a wonderful flavor to a stuffing or a gravy, for example.

Given a little notice, many stores will do up a roast goose for your Christmas dinner. Zabar's is stuffing its goose with fruit, and charging $6 a pound. Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, will roast a goose, unstuffed, to serve four or eight people, for $7 a pound. There is a choice of at least four stuffings, including oyster, for an additional $7.75 to $15 per pound. Good Enough to Eat, 424 Amsterdam Avenue (80th), stuffs a goose for eight with prunes and apples, decorates it with kale, cranberries, and nuts, and charges $75, delivered. Then, of course, there's roast suckling pig, although a great many children, and quite a few grownups as well, have been known to break down at the sight of one. Zabar's pigs weigh approximately twenty pounds and cost approximately $88, with apple. Dean & DeLuca's theme this year is The Pig, in all its guises, including a galantine of roast suckling pig, stuffed with ham and chestnuts, for $18.50 a pound.

THE abundance of Christmas desserts this year is staggering as well as fattening. New York Ice is now making ice cream, along with its granités, in the back of a store called Creamed Again, 113 Seventh Avenue South (Christopher Street). Its ice cream is every bit as good as its ices: both taste and texture are better than what one can produce at home. Among the most memorable of the fifteen flavors we tasted were the strawberry and the espresso, each with a good, strong flavor; the pistachio, with discernible pistachio chips; the crême caramel, with bits of praline; and the Mexican vanilla. The price is $10 for two quarts. This place is also going in for rather fancier desserts: a rose mold of any sorbet, serving six, costs $10 for both the ice and the mold (which you get to keep). An ice-cream Dacquoise made of espresso ice cream, meringue, and chocolate-hazelnut sorbet, which will easily feed twelve, is $21, to order. The sorbets and the rose mold can be bought at Zabar's, the Pasta & Cheese stores (31 East 72nd Street, and six other locations), Dean & DeLuca, Balducci's, and Self Chef, 1224 Lexington Avenue (83rd); so far, the ice cream and the Dacquoise are obtainable only at the factory. (They deliver, but there is a $3 charge for orders under $25.) Pierrot, 108 Montague Street, in Brooklyn Heights, is run by Kerrie and Oscar Buitrago, who trained under LeNôtre, the pastry master. It opened last May, and turns out some of the best sorbets and ice creams we have ever eaten, and also the best croissant this side of the Atlantic. The sorbets are packed with fruits, have just the right amount of sugar, and are slightly creamy in texture. Of the eight we sampled, all were good—even the Green Apple, made with Granny Smiths—although the strawberry and the cassis were hands-down favorites. The vanilla and chocolate ice creams were superb in both texture and flavor. Pierrot also has chestnut and pumpkin, for those with less square tastes. The sorbets cost from $3.50 to $6 a pint, depending on the fruit; the ice cream is $5.50 a pint. The Buitragos create (and that's the word) *pièces montées* combining molded sorbets and ice cream, with a lot of pastry-tube work and meringue appliqué. One of the prettiest we saw, and certainly the most elaborate, was a melon shape in a basket of spun sugar, with sugar-glass leaves, and a sugar-glass flower on top. The prices ranged from $10 to $20. Perhaps the nicest of all Christmas desserts would be the nougatine basket filled with a variety of sorbets, individually molded in fruit-shaped molds. (All the elaborate desserts here must be ordered two days in advance.) As an accompaniment to the sorbets and ice creams, Mrs. Buitrago makes lovely-looking and -tasting pastries, piped with butter cream, which cost from $1.50 to $2.75 each. Her little almond cakes, chewy, with just enough almond, are $9 a pound. Her tarts—apple, pumpkin, pecan, mirabelle, and Linzer, among other fillings—are from $2 to $10, according to size. The fruitcake, dark or light, moist, packed with fruit, and light on the rum, is $10 for one pound eleven ounces (a small brick). Pierrot will make anything in the ice-cream or pastry line to special order. As soon as the packaging has been worked out, Dean & DeLuca plans to carry the sorbets and ice creams. Meanwhile, this is a wonderful store, well worth a trip on the subway.

The Bûche de Noël has come into the ascendancy in the past year. Besides Bonté and Colette, a number of other stores are making *bûches,* with and without meringue mushrooms. Pierrot is doing two kinds. The traditional one comes in four sizes, with a choice of coffee or chocolate butter cream; from $12 to $36 (for one serving twelve). The other model is made entirely of ice creams and sorbets; $3 a portion. There is no question which would appeal more to children. Sarabeth's Kitchen, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (80th), is doing a *bûche* made of flourless yellow cake, with chocolate-mousse instead of butter-cream filling—again, more appealing to children, as well as to some adults; $30 for one serving twelve. Dean & DeLuca's is unadorned, is heavily laced with cognac, and has a nutty, dark-chocolate icing. One will feed sixteen; $26.

E.A.T. makes a four-inch *barquette* of thin, light pastry filled with wild strawberries on a bed of strawberry jam. This neither looks nor tastes like doll-house food (tarts sometimes do); it costs $7.50. E.A.T.'s plum tart—one delectable mouthful—is $2. To finish off a meal, if not the guests, Rosemary Miller's (197 East 76th Street) has jars of raspberries in vodka, in which the raspberries have been

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One ounce in Baccarat crystal . . . Limited quantity available steeping for months. A canner's twelve-ounce jar, tied with a red plaid ribbon, costs $22. The raspberries are strong and refreshing; just one of them would cut through a rich meal.

We don't intend to go into chocolate candy in depth, but there are two astonishingly good truffles: one—dark, rich, creamy—is fifty cents at E.A.T.; the other—dark, rich, creamy, noticeably flavored with Grand Marnier, and rolled in unsweetened cocoa—is fifty-five cents at Rosemary Miller's.

FOR a Christmas buffet, some excellent pâtés are to be had as well as some other treats. (An excellent pâté, to our way of thinking, has flavor and texture, is not dry, and could never be confused with meat loaf.) Dean & DeLuca has a terrine of pork and greens (spinach and/or kale), for $10 a pound. To eat with this, or anything else, it has some exceptionally good, crusty little rolls, for twenty-five cents each. Four dozen of these in the freezer would be handy. (Four dozen of these in a cornucopia made of rye and light and dark pumpernickel bread, two and a half feet long, would be quite a sight on a buffet table; $45, to order, at Orwasher's Bakery, 308 East 78th Street.) Dean & DeLuca also sells a two-and-a-half-foot loaf of braided bread, with a choice of three stuffings: vegetable, a mixture of meat and vegetable, or ham and cheese. It's a basic French-bread dough, loosely woven, so that the stuffing peeks out. Heated up, and sliced as needed, it is an ideal dish for a buffet: it's simple, satisfying, and different. A loaf weighs about five pounds and feeds twenty; from $7 to $8 a pound. Another delicious concoction here is the caponata, an antipasto made of celery, onions, capers, eggplant, and green and black olives, with a touch of tomato, all in the right proportion; $7.50 a pound. As for Dean & DeLuca's pâtisserie, stand back. The store has returned to its old system of farming things out (instead of trying to do everything in its own kitchen), and has tracked down some Wonderful Little Women who can turn out perfect simple cookies or blockbusters. Gingersnaps are $14 a pound, and there are over a hundred in a pound. Nut crescents, plump macaroons, and hazelnut cookies, among others, are fifty cents apiece. All of them are small (easier to eat) and delicious. The sensational dessert here is La Gitane, a chocolate-mousse cake covered with hollow chocolate cigarettes, arranged every which way; $18. La Noix consists of layers of walnut meringue, with a light-chocolate butter-cream filling and chocolate icing; $11.25 a pound. A Hungarian chocolate cake with chocolate filling, in the shape of a Christmas tree, is $10.50 a pound. A little—quite a little—less rich is the applesauce, made from good apples and not tricked up. It's a first-rate nursery applesauce, and although in gourmet circles it would accompany the pork, it is a refreshing dessert, perhaps with one of those gingersnaps; $4 a pint.

Pasta & Cheese is now making soups, which are dated for consumption and are not frozen, and all of them taste homemade. The kind varies with the season; the winter soups are black bean, split pea, lentil, and mushroom. The mushroom not only is extraordinarily good but is so thickly packed with mushrooms that it has to be thinned with cream (or milk, or stock, or even water), and therefore a one-pint carton will serve three people; $2.75. The three other soups are $2.25 a pint. Pasta & Cheese has an imported Black Forest ham that has been raw-cured and tastes better than any prosciutto one has been able to buy in recent years; $9 a pound. The branch at Madison and 72nd Street and the one at Third and 66th are carrying superior pastries from Lanciani, the superior pastry, bread, and chocolate-truffle makers, at 275 West 4th Street. Lanciani is big on decorating with curls made of white or dark chocolate.

Eli Zabar, of E.A.T., makes an elegant galantine of chicken, stuffed with chicken, wild mushrooms, and herbs, but not too herby. It is sold whole in a crock for $60, or by the slice for $20 a pound. It is so good that it doesn't need any further attention. His new idea is to "dry roast" certain meats: veal, chicken, and shell of beef. The meat is first seared in a very hot pan, then tightly covered and baked with fresh herbs and whole cloves of garlic. It holds the flavor of the seasonings and stays moist inside, though it is charred outside, as are the scads of garlic cloves. The chickens are from a free-range farm in New Jersey, and are rather French in appearance—scrawny compared with our fat ones. The dry-roasted veal and chicken are $20 a pound; the shell of beef $30. If you buy a whole roast, caramelized applesauce or chutney is thrown in. There is a wonderful concentrated whitefish salad here for $16 a pint; a pint of tomato salad with roasted garlic bits and prosciutto in a vinaigrette dressing is $15; a pint of roasted golden peppers, with garlic, is $20. Any of these would improve a buffet spread. E.A.T. looks just as good as the day it opened. The pleasure that Eli Zabar gets from food is infectious. Some dishes miss, most don't, but it's fun to go into E.A.T. just to see what he's up to.

THE DDL (for Dino De Laurentiis) Foodshow has set up shop at 444 Columbus Avenue (81st), in what was once the Palm Court of the Endicott Hotel. As just about everyone must know by now (this production did not exactly sneak into town), it is no shoestring operation. The staging is masterly: lots of polished oak and brass, dark-blue and terra-cotta tiles on the floor, archways made of old bricks, a glass-roofed atrium, theatrical lighting. The staff wear *toques rouges* and red bow ties, and there are pretty straw baskets in which to collect one's purchases. It's a department store, but, except for the good food smells, it's more like a movie set. Both the décor and the food are opulent—there are tons of food, and it looks terrific. Forget "unique gourmet delicacies;" it's not that kind of place. It's food to pick up for supper on the way home from work, or food for a large New Year's Eve spread. It is essentially Italian, although there are French cheeses and pâtés, Scotch smoked salmon, Russian caviar, Swiss chocolate, and other non-Italian items. In spite of the expensive décor, the prices are reasonable. We were not able to sample everything we wanted to, because many of the dishes were having their pictures taken and couldn't be disturbed, but we can recommend, with enthusiasm, the following: the pâté de campagne ($13 a pound), the rabbit pâté ($10), and the rillettes ($9), all with a good texture and flavor; the tomato-and-mushroom pizza, which not only looks beautiful but has a good crust and taste ($5.50 a pound); a *torta*, filled with *radicchio*, salami, and eggs ($7.10 a pound); a *frutti di mare* salad, which is stretched with peas and rice, but also has plenty of perfectly cooked baby octopus,

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IVE OFFIC[illegible] **BASEL** [illegible]

Free [illegible] listed hotels. For all information please [illegible] to the manag[illegible] squid, shrimp, and mussels, in a light oil-and-lemon dressing ($10 a pound). The Russian salad, with decoratively stuffed eggs, would be fine if the mayo had some flavor; $5.75 a pound. However, it is unfair to carp about this place until it's had time to settle down. Already, 32,107 customers have apparently complained in person to the management about the complicated system of payment—an aspect of the Old World that the New World can do without. The Foodshow may have to trim its sails a bit, and carry only twenty-five kinds of bread instead of forty, but it is already becoming a place to mill, and we predict gridlock on Saturday afternoons.

Star Spangled Foods, 1239 Third Avenue (72nd), differs from all the other food shops in that everything in this cheerful store is American—relishes, jams, jellies, condiments, sauces, vinegars, oils, potato chips, candy, hams, cheeses, and takeout foods. Two relishes, one called Hellfire and Damnation, the other (milder) Fire and Brimstone, are hot and not too sweet; $5.75 each. Bubbie's Pure Kosher Dill Pickles (no preservatives) are excellent; $5.75 a quart. Lieutenant Maury Rich and Piquant Currant Jelly is $4.85 for ten ounces. It is the best currant jelly we have tasted, and is extremely good with game. (See wild turkey, above.) The Amber brand of Smithfield ham, cooked, boned, and not dry, is very good, and costs $11.50 a pound; uncooked, it is $5.50 a pound. The takeout counter, however, is what's hard to pass by. The attraction is good plain food with no shenanigans, like the kind served in American households when people had live-in cooks named Annie or Bertha. A wonderful fish chowder with plenty of fish is $4.25 a half pint. The smoked-salmon mousse is light, fluffy, rich, and good; $12.50 a pound. Chicken fricassee with Green Giant baby peas, in a lovely sauce, is $6.50 a pound, and just what one wants to eat after a long, hard day; a kind of fresh, crunchy coleslaw, made of very thinly sliced cabbage, cucumbers, carrots, and peppers, with a light dressing, is $4 a pound; cold roast lamb with a delicate garlic flavor is $10.75 a pound, and lamb stew, with plenty of meat and no potatoes, is $8.50; baby eggplant that has been marinated and then roasted is $5.50 a pound. The poundcake is $20, or $1.75 a slice, and the ginger cake (with bits of crystallized ginger, and dusted with powdered sugar) is $18 for a nine-inch square. Not all these items are on hand all the time, but there are enough good things every day to piece together a meal. It's old-fashioned, satisfying food.

Then, there are the takeout stores that carry the usual. The food is better than passable, but one store is pretty much like another, with a few exceptions. La Fromagerie, 1374 Madison Avenue (96th), is one of the exceptions. It has particularly fine *feuilletés* (easier to eat than pronounce). The pastry is light, and the fillings are substantial. We especially liked the cheese, always on hand, for $3, and the fish, to order, for $6. La Fromagerie's petits pains make a good, and atypical, fast-food lunch, for the students at the Lycée Français as well as the workers at Mt. Sinai Hôpital. The choices are ham, ham and Brie, Black Forest ham, and chèvre; from $2.25 to $4. As a holiday treat, really only for grownups, this store will produce a beautiful vol-au-vent of lobster, with three sauces; $12.95. Les Trois Petits Cochons, 17 East 13th Street, has an array of pâtés, from $7.50 to $14 a pound, and of salads, from $4 to $11 a pound. Its pâté *forestier* (with wild mushrooms, that is) is excellent; $9.50 a pound. The most interesting of the salads is one made of braised endive, ham, and Gruyère with a creamy French dressing; $6 a pound. The perfectly made *céleri rémoulade* is $6 a pound. Rosemary Miller's carries salmon mousse from Charlotte's, 146 Chambers Street, that is as good a salmon mousse as we've ever had. It's always available, and can be ordered in a four-pound fish mold; $13 a pound. Rosemary Miller's also has a small whole-wheat baguette that is outstanding, for fifty-five cents. A superb chocolate cake made with macadamia nuts is sold by weight and by slice, and costs $10 a pound. (A cake nine inches in diameter weighs a little over a pound.) This place has a mincemeat pie that is the only good pie we've been able to find. It has meat in it as well as fruits, and the crust is excellent; $14. Mangia, 54 West 56th Street, an attractive takeout place with appetizing food, has a lemon-chicken salad, with celery, tarragon, and homemade mayonnaise, that is vastly superior to any of the other chicken salads with mayo tasted by us. The chicken might be cut up in smaller pieces for a buffet table, but that is our only quibble; $13 a pound. Omri, 235 East 69th, has a perfectly delicious spinach pie (low-calorie, because there isn't any crust), which is better than the ubiquitous and overworked quiche; $10. (One could put together a relatively inexpensive meal with Zabar's Scotch smoked salmon, Omri's spinach pie, salad, a fruit sorbet, and cookies.)

THERE is some excellent frozen food around for emergency rations when the cook has another job besides cooking. Self Chef, which is run by Philippe Berard, and Ruslan, 1067 Madison Avenue (81st), run by Tania Hutchason, don't go in particularly for Christmas treats. We mention them because both proprietors have both a knowledge of food and an expertise lamentably missing in most takeout-food stores in New York. Efficiency is not their strong suit, but an Old World knowledge of food is, so what you lose on the swings you gain on the roundabouts, and the loss, in this case, is less crucial than the gain. Philippe Berard, for example, is working on what he privately classifies as vegetable sorbets but is calling *veloutés glacées*, because, says he, "who would buy something called a vegetable sorbet?" He got started on this project because he was reminded by the French admonition "*Toto, mange ta soupe!*" of how much children dislike soups and like ices. The sorbets are for summer, to be served either as a sorbet or as a cold soup; in winter, they can be served as a hot soup. He's got as far as a curried zucchini and a broccoli, both excellent; $3 a pint. Ruslan has some—almost the only—frozen main dishes worth eating. There are always the pelmeni (the Russian version of dim sum, or tortellini), which no well or badly run home should be without, because everyone—man, woman, and child—wolfs them down; $2.85 a dozen. The boeuf Stroganoff is $5.75 for two medium portions, and is perfection. Pheasant Ruslan is in a cream sauce (frozen food does not heat up well in the oven unless it has a sauce) and is good enough to serve when company is coming, because the sauce is subtle and the pheasant isn't dried out; $13 for a large portion that would serve two. Crêpes made of chicken and mushrooms or spinach and mushrooms are $4 apiece, and superb. Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), has a frozen pork goulash made of fresh pork tenderloin, onions, sour

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO STOP DRUNK DRIVING.

TOUGH LAWS MAY HELP, BUT WE ALSO NEED TO CHANGE OUR ATTITUDES.

Do you know anyone who's in favor of drunk driving? Not likely. And yet many people have driven when under the influence of alcohol, or will do it at least once.

Take a look at some chilling statistics. One out of every two of us will be involved in an alcohol-related accident sometime during our lives. Last year alone, more than 25,000 people died in such accidents; an additional 1.5 million were injured. A disproportionate number of those killed were under 25 years old.

The cost of drunk-driving accidents amounts to over $24 billion every year in property damage, loss of wages, medical and legal fees. Not to mention the emotional pain to the victims' families and friends.

What is being done about it? Over the years, many different approaches have been tried: mandatory jail sentences, stiff fines, license suspensions, alcohol-rehabilitation programs, and higher drinking-age laws.

No single countermeasure seems to do the job by itself. Tough laws, unless they are supported by equally tough enforcement and the certainty of punishment, don't seem to work over the long run. Even with all three, probably the most effective single thing we could do is to examine our own attitudes about drinking and driving.

How much do you really know about the effects of alcohol? The facts may surprise you. For example, a lot of people believe that beer and wine are less intoxicating than other drinks. In fact, a can of beer, a glass of wine, or a 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all about equally intoxicating.

A lot of factors determine how quickly you'll get drunk. Your body weight, how much you've had to eat, and the number of drinks you have over a specified time all make a difference. That's why it's so hard to know when you've had too much.

A common legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent blood-alcohol level. For a 160 lb. person, it takes about four or five drinks in the first two hours on an empty stomach to reach the legal limit, compared with three or four drinks in the first two hours for someone who weighs 120 lbs. Of course, your judgment and reaction time will be impaired well before you reach the legal limit.

At General Motors, we're very concerned about the effects of drinking on driving. Over a decade ago, we developed a device that tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before starting the car. The Department of Transportation is now field-testing that device.

We also strongly favor all efforts that focus attention on the problem such as the Presidential Commission on Drunk Driving. Make sure your friends and family know the facts about mixing alcohol and driving. Drunk driving will only stop when we all decide it isn't socially acceptable. Be self-confident enough to admit when you've had too much to drink to drive safely.

Meanwhile, seat belts are still your best protection against drunk drivers. They can't prevent an accident, but they will help save your life during a serious crash—whatever the cause.

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cream, paprika, and juniper berries, with dumplings, which is very good; $15 will get you two generous portions.

SOME useful small presents for the kitchen: A pound of loose, vintage mincemeat, in case someone feels like making a mince pie. Petrossian sells twelve and a half ounces of rendered goose fat for $3.50. (Rendered goose fat imparts a good flavor to whatever you cook in it, and it doesn't burn.) Zabar's has barrels of virgin, cold-press olive oil from California, which is bottled in the store; $6. It's quite strong, and a pleasant change from whatever all-purpose olive oil one uses. Pasta & Cheese and E.A.T. both have packets of fresh herbs, from a hothouse in the Bronx; for $2.60 to $3.95 apiece. Tarragon, chives, rosemary, thyme, and maybe chervil are available. Pasta & Cheese is also performing a great service to humanity by selling dried herbs by the pinch. This should cut down on some of those little jars on the pantry shelf, although the pinches (one ounce) do not come cheap: thirty to forty-five cents, and $2.50 for the tarragon.

Blue-veined cheeses, which have not always been to everyone's taste, are apparently taking hold in this country. True lovers of blue cheese are partial to Roquefort, the real stuff, which by law has to be made in the Roquefort caves. It is sharp, salty, and strong, and is between $7 and $8 a pound at Fairway, 2127 Broadway (74th), and Macy's. Fourme d'Ambert, a natural blue cheese, is smooth and rich, and is also considered superior by blue-cheese fanciers; $4.50 a pound at Fairway. Zabar's sells an excellent Stilton, with none of that bitter taste, for $5 a pound; a five-pound wheel is $25. Considerably milder are two Gorgonzolas at Dean & DeLuca: *dolce*, creamy and bland, with the mold injected, and *piccante*, stronger, aged naturally and slowly. These are $6.75 and $7.50, respectively. The Brie of the eighties is Saga blue, a Danish blue-veined, soft ripened cheese now appearing on every cheese platter. It is creamy, and has flavor without being too strong for the faint of heart. It can be bought at just about any cheese counter for around $6.50 a pound. We would like to mention two non-blue cheeses of exceptional beauty: a ten-ounce Pont l'Évêque, in perfect condition, for $3.95 at Macy's, and an extraordinarily fine Vacherin, with all the subtleties pertaining to that cheese intact, for $12 a pound at E.A.T.

FOOD presents abound, particularly gift baskets and boxes. These strike us as unsatisfactory, because there is always a dog in them—the lime-pineapple marmalade with ginger, in the jam collection, or an exotic mustard that ends up sitting opened in the icebox door for three years. The baskets and crates themselves are good-looking, and one can always choose the contents oneself, but basically they smack of corporation gifts ("Send #3 to the following people"). At Dean & DeLuca and Pasta & Cheese, the most popular contents are Italian foodstuffs—olive oil, pasta, parmigiano-reggiano, and other treats. E.A.T. is making up fresh-fruit baskets and cookie baskets, also chocolate-candy baskets for children, which will please their dentists, if not their mothers. Sarabeth's Kitchen has a breakfast basket, consisting of an eight-ounce jar of orange-apricot jam, a half pound of ground coffee, and twelve servings of breakfast pastries (scones, muffins, croissants, and Christmas coffee cake); $30. A more satisfactory splashy present might be a platter of smoked salmon from eight different countries; $60 for two pounds at Balducci's (to order). There are also some small surefire gifts (besides Zabar's smoked salmon), such as a couple of those Galia melons from Israel that are now in the markets. One melon costs around $3 at Fairway, and the taste is a cross between a cantaloupe and a honeydew, but sweeter and better. A tiny pork shank rolled in bread crumbs, from Les Trois Petits Cochons, weighs three-quarters of a pound and costs $3.50. Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, has a one-pound, six-ounce tin of sugared walnuts for $23. Bloomingdale's carries a large assortment of fancy coffee sugar in its coffee department. There's Demerara (pale brown), pastel crystals (called "society grit" in Australia, we're told), white squares, and brown squares, among others; from $4.75 to $6.50 a pound. As far as we know, Maison Glass is the only store that has brown rock-crystal coffee sugar, so popular in England. One fourteen-ounce plastic tub is $5, and the only drawback to serving this sugar is that guests often eat it as candy. Petrossian has jars of truffles in their own juice: a one-truffle jar is $13; a two- or three-truffle jar is $26; a four- or five-truffle jar is $52. Or you can buy a fresh white truffle at Zabar's for around $25. There are almost as many kinds of jam as there are of chocolates, and, not to put too dull a point on it, just how much can be done to improve strawberry jam? All that's required is lots of good strawberries and not too much sugar. Biassac makes an excellent one, a good value at $4 for thirteen ounces, which is available at La Fromagerie, among other places. Bloomingdale's has five small jars of Hotel Jams, meaning one each of the most popular jams at the George V, the Crillon, the Meurice, the Eden Roc, and the Prince de Galles. They come in a wooden box, and there's not a dud in the lot; $10. E.A.T.'s thick Three-Fruit Jam (raspberry, strawberry, and *fraise des bois*) can be bought in bulk, for $20 a pound.

There are fortunately some first-class Christmas cookies to be bought by those of us with good intentions but weak characters. The prettiest are at Rosemary Miller's: two thin layers shaped like a Christmas tree, with a tree-shaped window cut in the top layer, filled in with raspberry jam, and the whole lightly dusted with powdered sugar. They taste as good as they look; seventy-five cents apiece. Pierrot makes two kinds: one that can be hung on the Christmas tree, and one that can't. Both are edible, although the tree ornaments are not quite as edible as the others, because they have to be stronger (more flour). The tree ornaments are iced, for greater visibility. The cookies come in various Christmassy shapes, such as stars, snowmen, trees, and stockings; $10 a pound. Sarabeth's has gingersnaps in the shape of geese, for $15 a pound, and will do "portrait" gingerbread figures, four and a half inches high, that can be hung on the tree. The portraits are impressionistic rather than photographic. They are meant only to suggest the person—hair color, mustache, overalls, glasses—so don't ask for a Roman nose or a double chin; $5.50. Three neighborhood kids, known as the Pyrenees brothers and their friend Wonder Woman, come in after school to help with all this. Not quite Santa's Helpers, but close enough. Merry Christmas!

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, DECEMBER 8

AT six o'clock on a Friday night last month, the bus from Charles de Gaulle Airport dropped my friend Roman Laba at the Porte Maillot depot, along with two suitcases, an alpine backpack, and a khaki canvas bag that he had packed that afternoon in Warsaw, under the supervision of six armed Polish secret policemen, and that, to his distress, held mainly dirty laundry and a German atlas of explorations of the New World. Roman Laba is an American. He is thirty-eight years old, and he is working on his doctorate in political science at the University of Wisconsin. People in Paris who knew him before he went to Poland tend to think of him more as a mountain climber than as a student, because he was considered then to be an exceptional climber. By the time he was arrested last month, after almost two and a half years in Poland, for "activities noxious to the interests of the Polish state," and thrown out of the country, he was also considered to be an exceptional Solidarity scholar—the union's first, and probably its only, American archivist. Roman started collecting, documenting, and transcribing the history of Communist Poland's free trade union as research for a dissertation that is listed with his sponsors—the International Research & Exchanges Board, the William and Mildred Zelosky Trust, and the board that administers Fulbright Scholarships—under a title he remembers as "Social and Political Consciousness of Polish Workers." After Solidarity was suspended, a year ago, he kept on collecting, documenting, and transcribing. The police said he was an American spy. He says he was a "saver"—"saving pieces of memory" for his work, for his friends, and for the country that had exasperated and seduced him. A friend who saw Roman in Poland told me that he reminded her of someone, a character in a story, and only later realized that it was Mirek, Milan Kundera's Czech, saving letters, keeping diaries, taking notes, telling everybody who wondered why he did so that "the struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting."

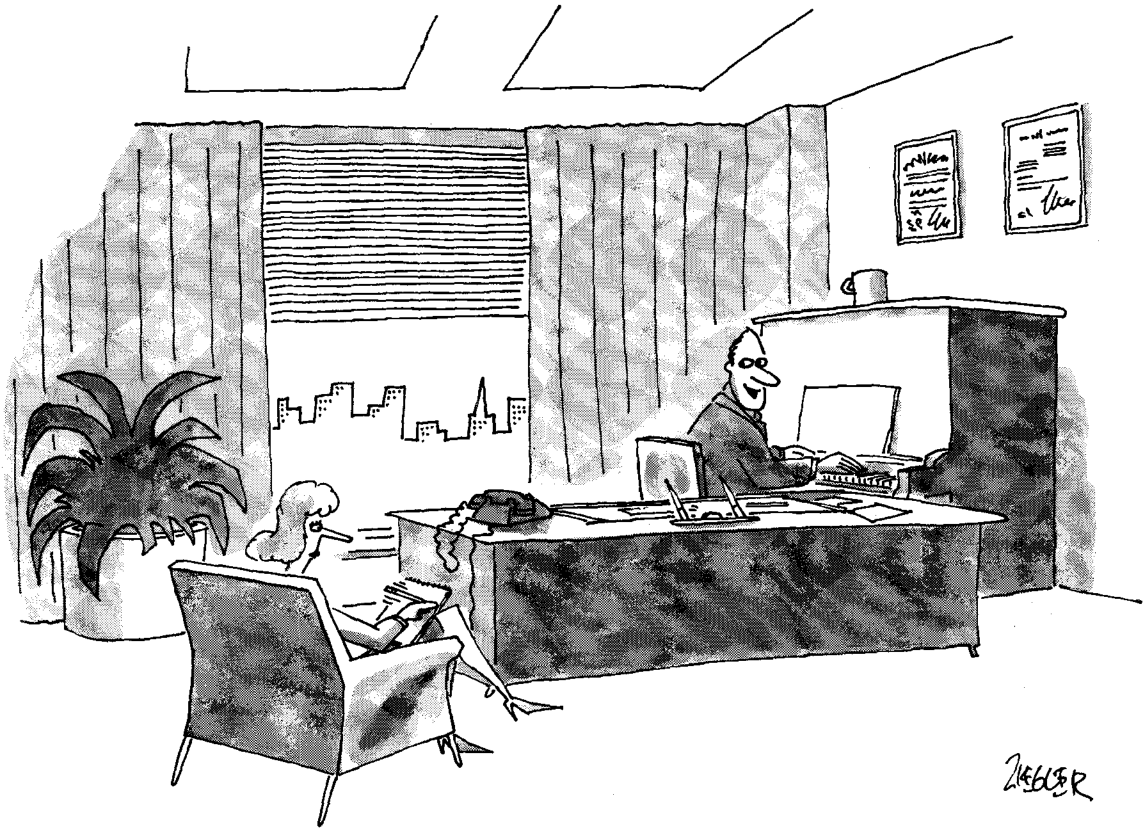
Roman began the day of his expulsion in a cell in the basement of an eighteenth-century palace that Poles still call Palac Mostowskich, despite (or possibly because of) the fact that it is now the Warsaw police headquarters—a combination interrogation center and jail, where people arrested in the capital wait for sentencing. He shared some wormy bread and chicory coffee with six cellmates. They talked about Leonid Brezhnev's death that week—a guard had told them—and what they saw as Lech Walesa's capitulation to the government. They compared the problem of stolen cars in Poland and America and the relative cruelty of Augusto Pinochet and Wojciech Jaruzelski. Some of them took their twenty minutes' "optional exercise" in the palace courtyard. Seven hours later, Roman was at the Porte Maillot with his sacks and suitcases, an envelope full of worthless zlotys, and fourteen dollars and eight cents in hard currency—his change, according to the policemen who had bought him a one-way ticket out of Poland with the three hundred marks, the hundred francs, and the forty-five dollars they took from his apartment. He also had a couple of tickets for the Paris Métro. The policemen had examined them carefully, as if the little yellow slips with shiny brown bands down the middle and strange numbers on the back would yield up Polish state secrets or Soviet missile counts if the proper light were lit or the proper solution applied.

Roman wanted to keep those Métro tickets for a while, as a souvenir of the Polish secret police, so he hailed a taxi, and arrived at the big double doors that open onto the cobblestone courtyard of my building just after Mme. Gonçalves, the concierge, had pulled them open with the help of all the tenants she could muster. The courtyard doors are broken; that is, the buzzer that is supposed to click them open at the touch of a fingertip is broken. It has been broken for a month, and for a month Mme. Gonçalves has been pulling at the doors whenever she hears a tenant stranded on the sidewalk, pounding. For a while, Mme. Gonçalves went to the post office every morning and called the agency that is paid to manage the buildings on our block, and presumably to see to their broken doors, but then Véronique Lavali, a Niçoise student who rents a *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor and is a Trotskyite at the moment, and, in fact, wears a "Trotskyites for Solidarity" button, told her that walking to post offices and calling real-estate agencies is not part of a concierge's "job description." So Mme. Gonçalves stopped calling. It was clear to her anyway that real-estate agents do not spend tenants' money fixing doors when they can otherwise keep that money for themselves. She told the tenants that calling the agency did not fit her job description—suspecting, as she did, that the diligently solicitous bourgeoisie of our building would prefer that sort of explanation to the fact that the *gérant* was pocketing the maintenance money and did not care one way or the other if everybody was locked out of the courtyard for the next ten years.

Albert Hubbell

Later, Roman said that his concierge in Warsaw was also familiar with the concept of "job description." Roman was feeling nostalgic about his concierge, because she had stayed up all night as an official witness on his behalf when the police were ransacking his apartment and a television crew was filming evidence against him that turned out to be microfilms from the University of Warsaw's nineteenth-century archives. Roman said that after the military coup last December 13th a commissar had appeared at the concierge's rooms demanding that she scrape off the Solidarity signs—red anchors crowned with the letter "S"—that by then were painted on the elevator doors on every floor of the building. The concierge refused. She told the commissar that scraping elevator doors did not fit her job description. Evidently, it did not fit the commissar's job description, either, because he went away, and there were red anchors and red "S"s on the elevator doors for the next eight months.

IN Warsaw, Krakow, and Gdansk this year, the line between what scholars call observation and what policemen call participation depended entirely on whether scholars or policemen were drawing it. For the three hundred and ninety-eight days that Solidarity was a legal trade union, recognized by the Supreme Court of Poland, people like Roman Laba had daily contacts with activists and factory organizers and strike leaders which the state called criminal contacts once Solidarity's charter was suspended, last December. The material they had collected openly one day became contraband the next day, often illegal to solicit, always dangerous to hold. They were scholars one day and provocateurs the next. A lot of foreign academics left Poland after December 13th. Some of the ones who did were not even concerned with workers or a workers' movement. They left because they were afraid. (Roman knows a historian of nineteenth-century Poland who went to the American Embassy on December 13th and demanded an escort to the airport.) They left because the situation had a terrorizing effect on scholarship. They left because they were watched, or because their contacts were watched—because the "state of war," which is how Poles refer to their year of martial law, turned honest work into clandestine activity and made them ashamed. People like Roman, who chose to stay, entered a sort of clandestinity themselves.



"This memo, Miss Perkins, will be in the key of C."

• •

Roman arrived in Warsaw in July of 1980, with his backpack full of books and pens, his brown beard trimmed to East-bloc respectability, two extra pairs of steel-rimmed glasses for emergencies, and the kind of edgy modesty about him that good climbers often have. He had a habit of climbing walls—literally approaching a wall and bounding up it—when he was tense or preoccupied or simply feeling buoyant which astonished grownups and made children laugh. He had a copy of "Teach Yourself Polish." He had a whole family of Ukrainian cousins in the town of Przemyśl, where his grandmother was born, and he was hoping that someone would remember his father's village, which belongs to the Soviet Union now, and which, according to family legend, had a big ditch running down the main road to keep the Poles and the Ukrainians from fighting. He already had friends in the country. Some he had got to know the year before, when he was touring Poland for information for his grant proposals—Catholic progressives from the weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny;* a few Party people; and dissident intellectuals from KOR (the Committee for Social Self-Defense), like Adam Michnik and Jan-Jozef Lipski and Jacek Kuron, who are in prison now, charged with conspiracy and treason. A few were old friends, like the novelist Piotr Wojciechowski, who had met Roman here at a dinner party given by a Polish climber and had subsequently made Roman the hero of a novel called "High Rooms," which is about love and human rights and the origin of evil. Roman says that climbers are natural dissidents, like children. Looking at prison snapshots of his Solidarity friends, smuggled out of Poland last month and published here in a Solidarity magazine called *Kontakt*, he can point out five important climbers—one of them a world-class climber—among the dissidents in a single cramped cellblock.

As it happened, Roman's own first contact with dissidents came when he was climbing: he shared a base camp on Mt. Fitzroy, in Patagonia, with some Argentine climbers who later turned up in the news as Montoneros. He says that in his mind he was always a mountain climber. At ten, staring hard at a picture of a climber, he said to himself, "That's me." There was not much chance for a boy to climb in Amsterdam, New York, where Roman was raised. There was no money for climbing, to begin with. Roman's mother worked in a textile mill, and his father worked at the Mohawk Carpet factory and saved for a little grocery store, which failed when the mills in Amsterdam started closing, and there were years in the nineteen-sixties when the Labas brought home only six or seven thousand dollars. In 1964, when Roman was a sophomore at Fordham on a merit scholarship, he took a subway downtown to an outfitter called Camp & Trail and got to know the owner and asked about climbing. A man named Boyd Everett, Jr., a passionate climber who took on novices, taught Roman how to climb in the Shawangunks that spring, and three years later put him on the four-man team that scaled the south face of Mt. McKinley for the first time. Boyd

Everett died in an avalanche on Dhaulagiri in 1969. Roman got the news when he passed through Buenos Aires on his way to Bolivia, after an assault on Fitzroy that had lasted a hundred days. He spent the rest of that year in South America. He climbed. He wandered. He stayed with Indians in the shantytowns of La Paz and the villages of the Altiplano. He learned Spanish the way he learned Polish ten years later—in a gulp of curiosity. He loved the continent that Charles de Gaulle is said to have called "the land of mild generals and bloodthirsty presidents." He went back four times. He watched his best friend, John Hudson, fall four hundred feet on Mt. Huascarán, in Peru, and then he climbed all night to bury him properly, in a crevasse on the mountain, because, he says, "John Hudson was crazy about mountains." Roman himself nearly died some sixteen thousand feet up in the Andes. He lost conciousness—it was pulmonary edema, the doctors said later—and another climbing friend, John Thackray, commandeered a truck and got him to the hospital in La Paz just in time to save his life. Those old friends climbed in groups of two or three or four. They tried to avoid the fancy expeditions that cornered big mountains for big money. For a while, they called themselves the Vulgarians. Children of the fifties and sixties, they climbed by day with enormous skill, and at night they opened their backpacks to Jung and peyote. They were encountered singing naked on mountaintops and under waterfalls. They are a legend now among younger climbers. Roman says that they had "asceticism, tone, and commitment to each other"—a kind of moral solidarity that he looked for and never found again until he went to Poland.

ONE of the first factories that Roman heard about in Poland was a stocking factory in Zyrardów. The workers were women, poor women, and a lot of them wore the thick, cheap stockings their factory produced. They had foremen for their stockings. Foremen stamped their stockings when they came to work in the morning and checked their stockings when they left at night, and it was understood that any woman who arrived stamped and left unstamped had stolen a new pair of stockings that day. Sometimes the women complained about the humiliation of strange, rough men lifting up their skirts and examining their thighs, but when Solidarity organized a chapter in the factory the first demand they made was not for an end to the practice of stamping stockings but for a better-quality stamp—one that did not run in the wash. Roman says that he was stunned at the time by the low level of awareness in factories like the one in Zyrardów. In Lodz, where he spent some time, women worked what amounted to a nineteen-hour day—a day of long factory shifts, shopping lines, punishing housework, and unregenerate husbands. They were on the edge of physical and mental collapse, with no strategic reserves of time or energy, which meant no time or energy for change, or even for thinking about change. Before Solidarity, few Poles, men or women, had that kind of time or energy except the apparatchiks and the generals. There was what sociologists call a "feminization of the work force" in Poland, which means there was a work force that complained about the ink on the stamps that branded it. Thousands of Solidarity locals sprang up in Poland between August of 1980, when the Gdansk shipyards organized, and that November, when the union was formally recognized, and the first thing that each of those locals did (besides strike) was to compile its own particular list of complaints and demands. Roman started collecting those lists. He wanted to look at Solidarity in ways that the social historians and the philosophers he liked—James Scott, who wrote "The Moral Economy of the Peasant," for example—would appreciate. He was interested in people speaking—in a kind of spontaneous testimony. He thought of himself as an anthropologist of the shipyards. He liked watching his dogmas collapse. He started writing letters to his friends about how complicated Polish people were, about the "wonderful mystery" of their revolution. He wrote that he was a fish in water in Poland. Twenty lessons into "Teach Yourself Polish," Roman felt as if he understood everything. He had wanted to keep a cautious academic distance from the revolution around him, but that fall everyone in Poland was a revolutionary, and there was nowhere for a cautious academic to go—except, maybe, one of the libraries at the Academy of Sciences. Every worker Roman met was either out on strike or going out on strike. Every store he entered, every office, every factory was organizing a Solidarity chapter.

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Roman says that the workers' demands he gathered in the fall of 1980 were like the collective voice of one of V. S. Naipaul's wounded countries. They made a terrible portrait of Poland—its pain, its pride, its extravagant martyrdom. Roman went to see his friends from KOR and from *Tygodnik Powszechny*. By January, he was in Gdansk, with Lech Walesa's permission to go to work in the Solidarity archives—which is what union people then called the rooms where their manifestos and tapes and strike bulletins were stored. Walesa wrote a letter recommending Roman for an American fellowship, and Roman became an archivist of Solidarity.

CLANDESTINITY carries a kind of built-in historical consciousness. People in clandestinity—almost by definition—exist for the future. They document not so much to preserve memories as to create them. They keep records to prove that they were there. The state of war in Poland produced a lot of documents. The number of papers and newsletters and pamphlets tripled as soon as publishing most of them became illegal. Tapes and letters left Poland for Paris every day after December 13th—by way of embassies and churches and "tourists" who had arrived with newsprint and machines and other equipment hidden under gift baskets of grapefruits and bananas and returned with reports from the underground folded into the flowered Polish shawls that women in Paris took to wearing like Solidarity badges. But in 1981 Poland was caught up in a moment that people tried to believe would last forever, and, in a way, depended on foreigners like Roman Laba to describe it. Roman went everywhere. He had access to meetings of Solidarity's national commission and its fifty or so regional commissions and its thousands of locals. He recorded Walesa answering the minister of trade unions. (Walesa said the two of them were like a couple in an old marriage, and called the minister a wife who had been unfaithful too often to be for-

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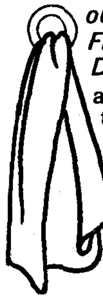

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given anymore.) He recorded shift gossip in the Gdansk shipyards. He went to eastern Poland and recorded radical priests organizing peasants. He went to factories like the stocking factory in Zyrardów and talked to women who by then were out on strike and typing manifestos. By his own estimate, he was the best-informed foreigner in Poland. In 1981, his home was one room at the back of the apartment of a nice old Jewish lady who turned out to be a retired major in the Red Army and the Polish secret police. She and Roman had a real affection for each other, although the major thought Roman was naïve about Solidarity and Roman thought she was an executioner. The major was a motherly sort of person (her own son works in a bank in Chicago), and worried about Roman's health and his diet, but Roman was circumspect around the house, assuming that in all likelihood she would inform on him if he was not. The problem, he says, was that every available room in Warsaw that year seemed to belong to a nice old lady making do on a secret-police pension. He kept whatever papers and tapes he could at friends' houses. He had stacks of research to get out of Poland. He was anxious about it, knowing that there was trouble coming, and finally, in November, he left to see his old teachers in Wisconsin and his grant administrators in Washington and in New York to ask for advice and help. It was January—five weeks after the coup—before he could get a visa to go back to Poland. And by then most of his material was gone—notes and Solidarity documents and workers' polls from the shipyards, and even curiosities like police cartoons of Walesa dressed up in local folk costumes and Roman's own book of autographs from the first Solidarity congress. His landlady, in a panic, had burned his favorite photograph of Walesa—in a T-shirt with "*Homme de Fer*" printed across the chest.

ONE of the first things the Polish police did about Roman Laba in January of 1982 was to circulate his name. The people he knew from KOR were all in prison, and Lech Walesa was interned, but a lot of Roman's old Solidarity friends had gone underground before the police could find them—Bogdan Lis and Bogdan Borusewicz and Aleksander Hall were running the Solidarity underground in Gdansk, and Zbigniew Bujak was running the Warsaw underground and Wladyslaw Hardek the Krakow underground—and they were on "Wanted" posters in every commissariat in Poland. Sometimes Roman was on a poster with them, listed as a contact, along with mothers, wives, and brothers, although Roman did not know where they were at the time or how to find them, and certainly didn't want to try, inasmuch as eight plainclothesmen had started following him around. One day, he heard he had a poster of his own. Four or five friends in the underground sent messages that he was "marked"—that a kind of curriculum vitae of Roman Laba was making the rounds of local police stations. He moved after that. He talked to lawyers. He wanted to keep on with his Solidarity archives. He knew who had the tapes he needed, and the people who had them knew about him. They decided that Roman was their best chance to save those tapes—which meant their best chance to get them out of Poland. Roman's lawyers reassured him. They said that from the point of view of a local commissar he might be out of line in compiling his archives, but that from the point of view of the law on the books in Poland he was well within his rights as an official exchange scholar at the Institute of Philosophy and Sociology of the Polish Academy of Sciences, with a government-approved project to study social and political consciousness among Polish workers during the year that ten million of those workers belonged to a legal trade union called Solidarity. They decided on what he was going to say if the police grabbed him: "I have respected the constitution and the laws. I have not exceeded my status as a scholar in Poland. I will not answer any questions."

People in Gdansk began transferring nearly a thousand hours of Solidarity tapes onto new, long-playing tapes that Roman had managed to get ahold of, at a price of thirty-five hundred zlotys apiece, which amounts to about ten dollars and is ten days' salary for most Polish workers. Roman and his transcribers had a password: call it Waldek. Whenever a batch of tapes was ready, someone with a khaki canvas bag (like the bag Roman brought to Paris) was supposed to knock on Roman's door and say, "I'm from Waldek." The password worked—despite the eight plainclothesmen who tried to follow him around, despite the fact that in May his new apartment, in the center of town, was broken into and he had to move again. His third

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apartment was a tiny place near the train station. It belonged to a philosopher who had got a job teaching in Indianapolis, and it was so packed with the philosopher's books and papers that Roman could never really find a place to put his own. Still, in June the American cultural-affairs officer who was responsible for Fulbright Scholars in Poland called Roman to the Embassy to say that, according to Embassy information, Roman was in serious danger. He and the legal counsel wanted to know if Roman had thought of leaving. Roman said no.

ON Tuesday, November 9th, Roman came home from dinner at a friend's to wait for a shipment of new tapes. He had got word that twenty or thirty tapes were on the way in from Gdansk, but he was not happy about the shipment. Solidarity had called an eight-hour general strike for the next day—it was the union's second anniversary—and there were policemen everywhere, and people were being rounded up by the thousand. It was not the moment for a courier with a heavy canvas bag to come calling. Roman knew there was something wrong as soon as the courier walked in. He was a stranger, middle-aged, in a dark suit—nothing at all like the young worker in jeans and leather jacket who should have made the delivery. He had just put down the bag when the police broke in. They arrested Roman Laba as an American spy.

Roman spent the next four hours making tea for his concierge and cleaning up after the policemen, who were searching his apartment (and stealing his cache of Maxwell House coffee), and after the television cameramen, who had come in later and were taking pictures and tripping over everything. Cleaning up gave him something to do. He would have climbed the wall except for the books. When the policemen questioned him, he said, "I have respected the constitution and the laws. I have not exceeded my status as a scholar in Poland. I will not answer any questions." Saying that was a kind of yoga, Roman says. It produced serenity.

The first two secret policemen in the door were the policemen in charge of Roman. One of them reminded him of Walter Matthau, so Roman calls him Walter. The other (to Roman's distress) was a Ukrainian. He was sloppy and overweight and looked to Roman to be something of a sadist. Roman calls him Jerzy, inasmuch as Jerzy Kravchenko was the name on the card he had flashed when he and the other policemen arrived. At three in the morning, Walter and Jerzy said it was time to go. Roman washed and shaved and put on a woollen undershirt and then a woollen shirt and then a sweater and a down jacket and a thick blue cap. He thanked the concierge. Walter handcuffed him. At four in the morning, still dogged by the sleepy cameramen, whose job it was to record the downfall of an enemy agent, Roman arrived at Palac Mostowskich. He was stripped, searched, allowed to dress again. Finally, at five-thirty, he was assigned to Cell 19 in the palace basement. It was dark in the cell, but he could just make out six bodies that stirred and then sat up on a mattress platform that ran the length of the room. A voice in the darkness said, "*Solidarnosciowy?*" ("Are you of Solidarity?") To his own surprise, Roman answered, "Yes, I am."

Political prisoners have a cachet in Polish jails. The common criminals admire them. They straighten up their cells whenever a man or a woman from Solidarity arrives. They change the water in the wash bucket and scrub the table, as if they were entertaining at home. They feel that Solidarity has given breaking the law a good name. There were two Solidarity prisoners in Cell 19 at Palac Mostowskich—a tool-and-die maker who had been picked up on a charge of "fomenting strikes," and an electrical engineer with a wife and two children who had made radio transmitters for the underground and would in all likelihood be sent to prison for four years. The youngest inmate was a boy who had held up thirteen Libyans as a point of honor, because Libyans kept crossing over from East Germany for Polish prostitutes. The senior inmate was a pickpocket named Leon, who had been locked up, off and on, for what amounted to twenty-six of the past thirty years. Leon worried about Roman's toes. They were black and blue from playing tennis in a pair of borrowed sneakers that were too small, and Leon assumed that the police, improvising—as they often do at the Palac Mostowskich—had put them in the drawer of a desk or file cabinet and slammed it shut. He started asking Roman questions, and then all the prisoners started asking questions.

On November 10th, to the sound of exploding tear-gas cannisters in the big square just south of the palace

(Feliks Dzierzynski Square, named after the founder of the Soviet secret police), the prisoners in Cell 19 had a kind of Solidarity meeting. They told stories about the demonstrations in 1968 in Warsaw, and Roman told stories about 1968 at home. In the course of the day, Roman says, he gave little talks on the nature of state capitalism, Rosa Luxemburg, Leon Trotsky, Max Weber, and the price of handguns in America. When they heard about the guns—the Saturday-night specials—the criminals said they dreamed of coming. Leon wanted to know if Libyans flew to New York for prostitutes, and the engineer wanted to know about Israel, because "Israel is a little country surrounded by enemies, like us." Toward midnight, they heard the day's prisoners being lined up in the courtyard. They listened for the sound of beatings. In the yard the next morning, they found piles of the little ceramic radio resistors that people in Warsaw wear as Solidarity buttons now.

Roman was interrogated three times. Walter and Jerzy took him on in a room hung with Japanese posters, which the cameramen agreed made a nice background. Then two senior "security officers" (sharper speech, sharper clothes, Roman says) tried to talk to him in a room with a picture of a mountain on the wall. One of them was a climber. He told Roman he had climbed that mountain, and afterward every time he asked Roman who his contacts were—who had the tapes, who was doing the transcribing, what else they were doing—Roman would say, "I won't talk about Poland, but I'll talk about climbing." Finally, Jerzy and Walter took over again. They handcuffed Roman and tried to exhaust him. They used the tricks, they said, that *their* agents had learned while being interrogated by the Central Intelligence Agency—making Roman sit straight or stand at attention for hours, yanking him out of a chair by a handful of shirt and slamming him back down. Jerzy liked flexing his rubber nightstick, though he never used it. Walter liked calling Roman names. Finally, they produced their special evidence against him—a picture of a map with a lot of strange lines, which they said was a photograph of Polish troop movements taken with Roman's camera, and another picture with lines, which they assured him represented "the internal organization of a military factory." Roman says there were moments when he almost felt sorry for Walter and Jerzy. They were vain. They wanted to look like smooth interrogators in an American spy movie. In the end, they even asked Roman for his opinion of their performance, and that was the first question of his interrogation that he answered. He said that they were not bad, but that Walter was not all that scary, either—and then he regretted talking, because Walter looked terrible.

On November 10th, there was a long piece about Roman on the Warsaw evening news. A guard at the prison saw it and told Leon, and Leon told Roman that the government had denounced him as a spy. Roman had not seen a lawyer or anyone from the Embassy, but he knew that by law the American consul could demand a meeting seventy-two hours after his arrest, and he was determined to keep from getting too frightened in the meantime. Actually, he was terrified. He was in the interrogation room with Walter and Jerzy late on November 11th (Jerzy was saying that Roman had come to Poland to agitate for a free Ukraine, and it occurred to Roman that Jerzy would easily torture him, or even kill him, if he was told to), when a man walked in with exit forms for him to sign and said politely that Roman would be "leaving Poland" the next day. He apologized to Roman. He said he hoped that Roman had had a nice stay in Poland and that he would "not hold this against us." Roman said, "I've had the two greatest years of my life in Poland," and then the three men nodded, and one of them said, "Sure. It's a great country."

NO one knows exactly why Roman Laba was arrested. The fact that he was set up for an arrest seems clear, because his Fulbright visa had expired at the end of October and instead of sending him home then the Poles renewed the visa for six months and a week later seized him. What is not clear is why, having arrested him, they let him go so easily and so soon. Aleksander Smolar, who is the KOR representative in Paris and an economist at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales, says that Roman Laba was one of those "uncontrolled sources of information" which make regimes like the one in Warsaw anx-

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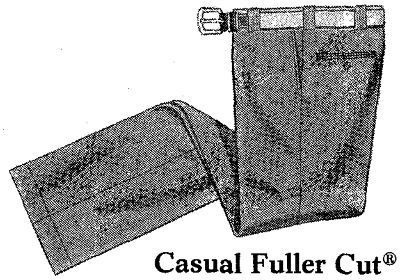

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ious—much more so than the press, whose access to people and events a regime can pretty much regulate. Roman says that, as far as he knows, his only possible contact with the C.I.A. was a few minutes he spent in the American Embassy courtyard in October with a Harvard bibliographer who knew about his tapes and wanted them for the Widener Library and told him that she had talked to "the people on top," who were offering a deal—the deal being a copy of the tapes for them, a copy of the tapes for Harvard, and for Roman safe passage of the tapes to America within the next few days. Roman has nothing against the C.I.A., as it happens, but he says that he comes from a generation that tried hard to separate intelligence work from academic work, and that he was not about to make a deal with the C.I.A., let alone with Harvard, since he wants the world's best Solidarity archives to be in the Memorial Library at the University of Wisconsin.

It is very likely that Roman was set up for a show trial. There was talk in Warsaw last month of a plan to use him as the villain of a courtroom drama whose real purpose was to identify important dissidents as a band of conspirators working for an agent of the United States. One of his transcribers was interned, and apparently is still interned, and by now Roman knows that most of his friends were questioned, too, if not held, after his arrest. On November 11th, after his last interrogation, Roman himself saw three of his oldest Warsaw friends waiting on a bench in Palac Mostowskich, just outside the room that Jerzy and Walter liked to use. Roman's friends here from the group called Solidarité Avec Solidarité say that, whatever the plans for Roman were, it is certain that he was set up specifically for the day of the anniversary strikes. Some of them say that the government wanted an American provocateur on whom to blame the bloodshed if the strikes turned into uprisings and the Army started shooting. Some of them say no—the government, getting ready to release Walesa, wanted mainly to suggest that it was clever foreigners like Roman, and not misguided Polish patriots, who had led the country away from its common sense and its own best interests. They say that Roman's usefulness to the state was exhausted with his arrest, that he was set up to intimidate Polish people close to him, to isolate and confuse them—that General Jaruzelski is more interested in frightening Poles than in frightening American graduate students like Roman Laba.

There was pressure, of course, to let Roman go. There was pressure from the American Embassy in Warsaw and pressure from Washington. There was even pressure from people in the Polish government, who considered the arrest a piece of secret-police stupidity, serving no purpose whatever. The week that Leonid Brezhnev died was not the best time for a diplomatic incident. Poland needed assurances of tranquillity. More than that, it needed assurances of Western credit. Ronald Reagan was dropping his sanctions against the Soviet pipeline; word was out in the East that there should be "gestures" in return. The official Polish-government statement on the case of Roman Laba—the release sent out by the Polish Press Agency—never used the word "spy." The statement accused Roman of contacts with Polish dissidents and with "the extreme wing of Solidarity"—which, in its way, was true.

POLAND is a heady place. It inspires sacrifice. Its greatest heroes have been martyrs. Aleksander Wat, the poet, saw these words scratched in Polish on the wall of a K.G.B. dungeon in Kiev at the beginning of the war: "When you enter here, do not despair. When you leave, do not rejoice." By the time Roman Laba left Poland, he had already sent on more than six hundred hours of Solidarity tapes. He had filled an old leather suitcase, and then a duffelbag, and finally three canvas sacks, a couple of cardboard boxes, and a shopping bag. Those tapes are safe. On his thirteenth day in Paris—one day before the deadline that he discovered in small print at the bottom of his expulsion order—Roman walked over to the Polish Embassy on the Rue Talleyrand and filed an appeal, asking permission to return. —JANE KRAMER

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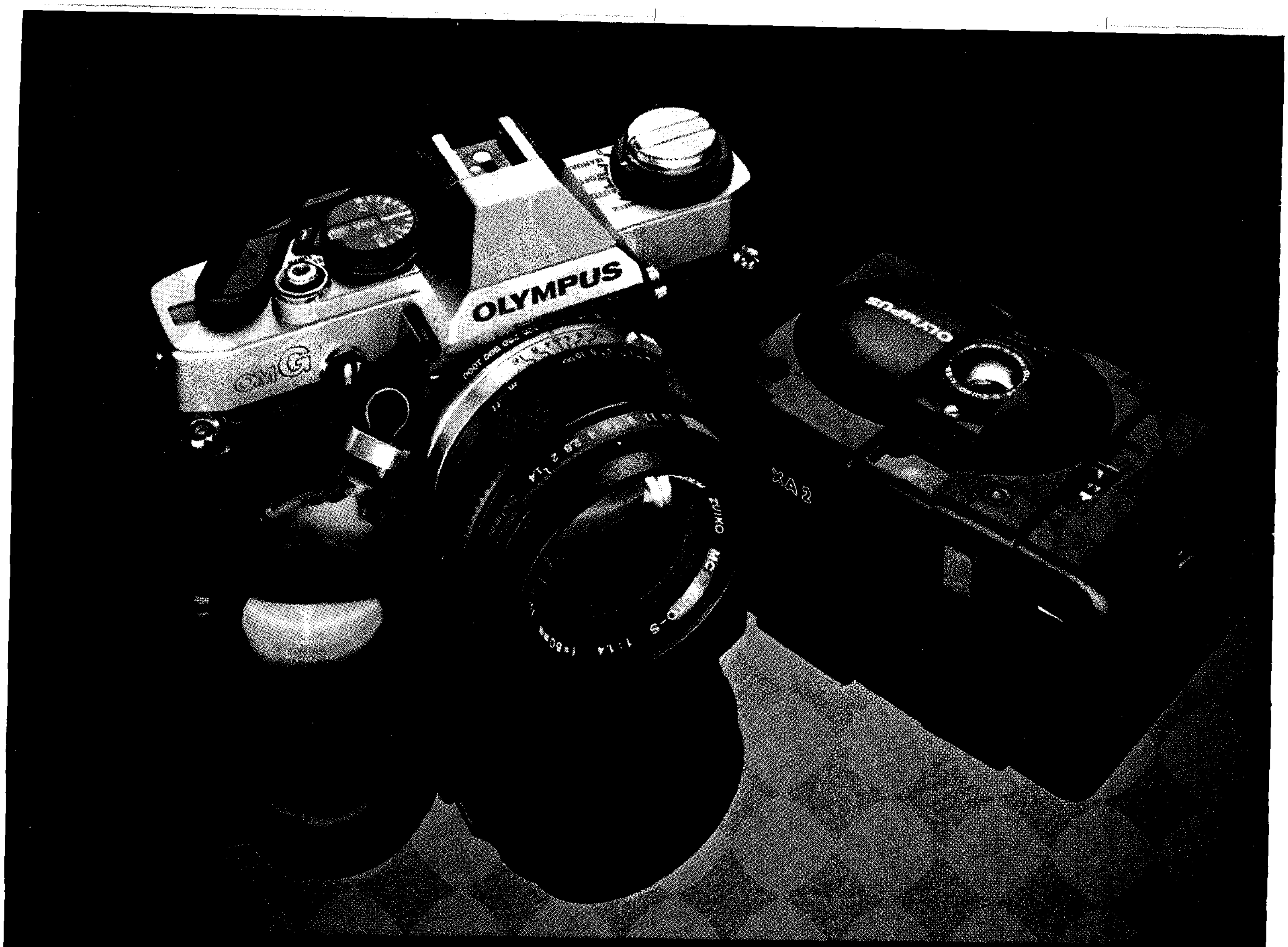

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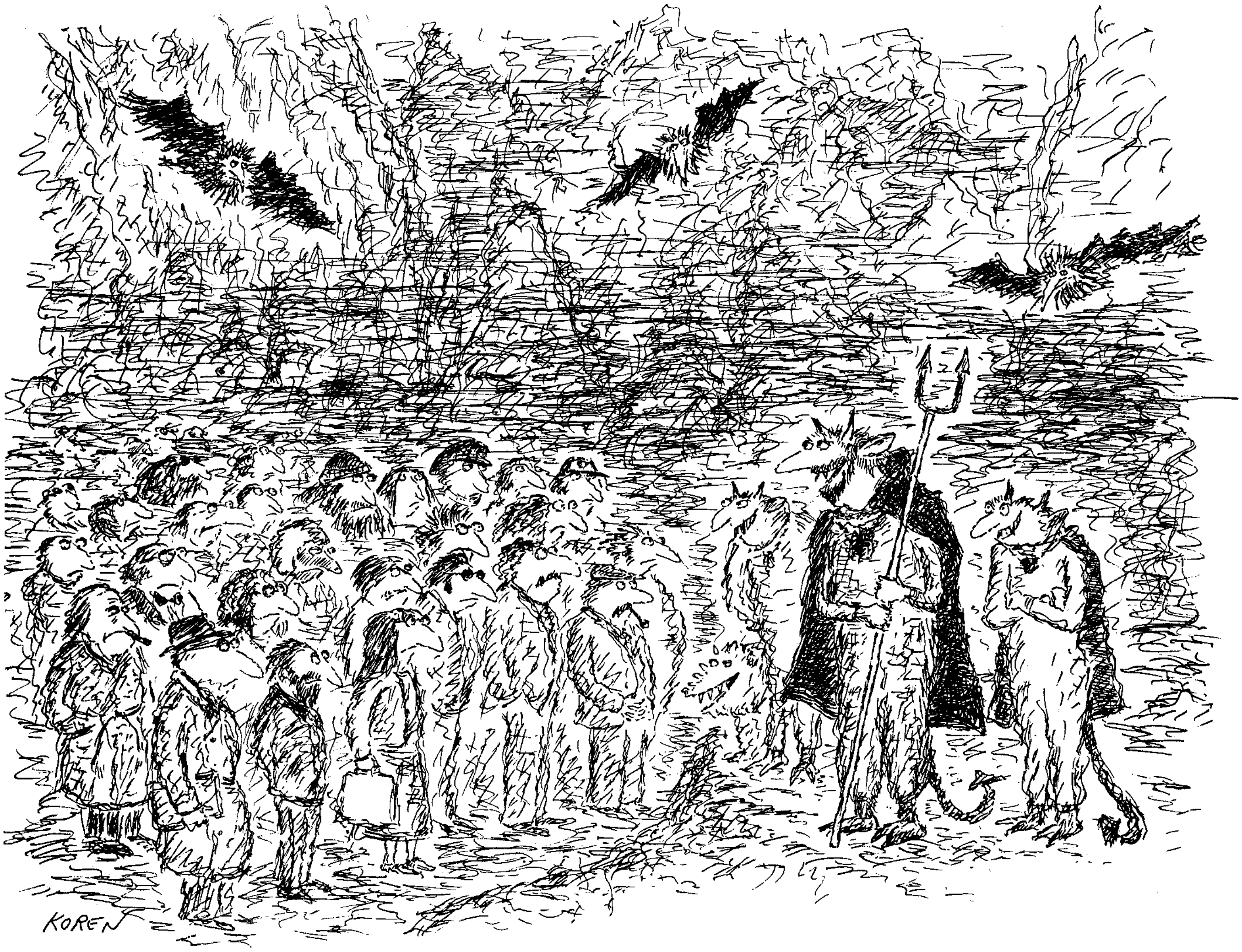
THE THEATRE

Bathhouse Blues

"STEAMING," at the Brooks Atkinson, is a moderately amusing comedy whose essen-ial earnestness of purpose the author, Nell Dunn, takes care to conceal be-ind a barrage of surefire one-liners. As a footnote to local theatrical his-ory, the fact ought to be noted that ot much else is concealed in "Steam-ng," which takes place in a public athhouse and which therefore en-ourages us to think it the most natu-al thing in the world for four of the ix women in the cast to spend much f the evening naked. (The seventh nember of the cast, a rambunctious anitor with a voice like a bull of Bashan, makes his appearance only t curtain call, fully clothed.) Miss Dunn is a well-known British writer f both fact and fiction; "Steaming," er first play, won the highly regarded usan Smith Blackburn Prize and has een enjoying a long run in London. Aside from its display of what the law grimly refers to as "full frontal nudity" (something that many fundamentalist preachers object to, though Adam and Eve in their happy early days did not), "Steaming" is a conventional little work, with its heart in the right place from start to finish; it argues that women have a hard time in the world and are often mistreated by men, and one is grateful to Miss Dunn for stating her by no means unworthy case in comic terms instead of tragic ones. For reasons not easily articulated, laughter rights more injustices than tears.

The bathhouse serves as a sort of Grand Hotel, and each of the women has a different story to tell. Violet, in charge of the baths, is of lower-middle-class Irish origin, with a sturdy husband and grown children in whom she takes pride. The others are a troubled lot—an Englishwoman of means and breeding, deserted by her husband; her friend, deserted by a lover; a Cockney tart; a sexually frustrated, seemingly dim-witted daughter; and her no less frustrated old puritan baggage of a mother. Undressing together, talking together, they unwittingly form a bond that promises to endure; when the borough council threatens to close down the bathhouse rather than make certain necessary repairs they find a cause worthy of them. What befalls them in the course of defending this cause constitutes the plot of the play and leads to its rousing, aquatic climax.

Judith Ivey is superb as the tart (she also has the funniest lines, as tarts invariably do); supporting her are Pauline Flanagan, Linda Thorson, Polly Rowles, Lisa Jane Persky, and Margaret Whitton. The set, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, is a masterly pastiche of turn-of-the-century public architecture that would be every bit as much at home on the lower East Side of Manhattan as in London. The delightful costumes—and there *are*

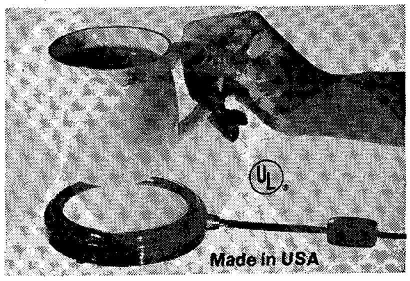


"You'll find there's no right or wrong here. Just what works for you."

costumes as well as a constant shucking off of costumes—are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, the lighting is by Pat Collins, and the direction is by Roger Smith.

"84 Charing Cross Road," at the Nederlander, pretends to be a play, but it is no such thing. What we are being offered instead is a staged reading of a series of letters written back and forth across the Atlantic by an aspiring playwright in New York City named Helene Hanff and a London bookseller named Frank Doel, supplemented by a few letters from his fellow-employees. The letters are taken from real life, as the saying goes, and cover a period of twenty years, beginning in 1949. They were published some years ago in book form and have received their ramshackle dramatization at the hands of James Roose-Evans, who has also served as director. Since many people are said to have enjoyed the book, since the dramatization has been a big hit in London, and since this is the worst possible time of year to be playing the role of a Scrooge, I will utter my "Bah! Humbug!" in a whisper that approaches the inaudible. It is obvious that Miss Hanff, who is still with us, and Mr. Doel, whose death brought the correspondence to a close, enjoyed a pleasant epistolary relationship, but the fact is that they never met; the plot that Mr. Roose-Evans has patted together consists of calling attention to their prolonged apartness, and it is not enough.

Oliver Smith has designed an agreeable set, enhanced by Marc B. Weiss's lighting and by Pearl Somner's costumes. Miss Hanff's apartment occupies a small portion of one side of the stage, and the Charing Cross Road bookshop occupies the rest. A bookshop, and especially an old London bookshop that is at once fusty and sunny, must come close to being an ideal design project; be that as it may, Mr. Smith can always be counted on to manifest charm as well as cleverness, and his handiwork, like that of David Mitchell in "Foxfire," evokes an emotion more poignant than any evoked by the text. Something like the same welcome results are achieved by Joseph Maher in the role of the bookseller; one of our most gifted and resourceful actors, he finds no difficulty in pouring more life into Doel than Doel, as written, possesses. I wish that Ellen Burstyn had been equally resourceful in the role of Miss Hanff;



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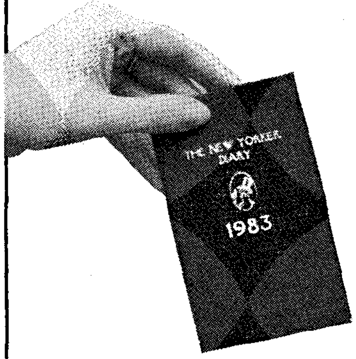

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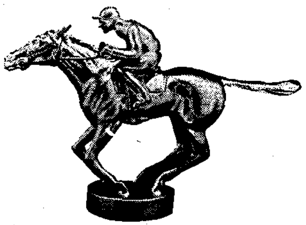

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her performance has an American flatness of delivery that, lacking the native breeziness that usually accompanies this flatness, grates on our ears. Though she is constantly sending off to London for books of impeccable pedigree, how little altered she appears to be by the reading of them!

A RADICALLY inappropriate arrival on Broadway last week was a show entitled "Herman van Veen: All of Him," which gave up the ghost after six performances at the Ambassador. Mr. van Veen is said to be highly popular in his natal Netherlands and, indeed, throughout the rest of Europe as well. He is a crooner-clown-acrobat-pantomimist, and he struck me as being about equally maladroit in all four aspects of his professional persona. Thirty-seven years old, with a bald dome and a fringe of unusually long blond hair, he wears, much of the time, a hangdog expression. He may have assumed a more cheerful countenance after the single intermission, but I wasn't there to take it in. I had come to fear that the title of the show would mean what it said.

—BRENDAN GILL

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union*]

It was an $800 Samurai Surprise, the dinner won by high bidders, Kathy and Larry Barnette. At the annual auction held at Episcopal High School in December, the Barnettes bought a dinner party which was given last weekend by the Wade Hamptons, Hod Hogsheads, Mike Zambettis, John Hineses, Ethan Todds and Bernie Brennans. These creative couples went Oriental but with a surprise in mid-meal.

Authentically clad and made up Oriental style, the hosts took all the furniture out of the Hogsheads' Southside living room and replaced it with low tables with goldfish in bowls for centerpieces, and a rickshaw. They served an exotic drink, sort of blue with a parasol garnish, and followed that with tempura and a broth.

The scene then changed to the Hamptons' house, next door. As the diners wound around the yard and onto the Hamptons' patio, a war erupted in the pool. Pearl Harbor, no less, all created by the children of the hosts. There were firecrackers and rockets and the fleet of improvised ships sank to the bottom of the pool. During the battle the Oriental servants slipped off their satin robes and gowns, uncovering their strictly American jeans and T-shirts with "made in Japan" printed on the backs.

In the Hamptons' dining room, the honorable guests were then served a gourmet dinner, in style, beginning with rack of lamb and winding up with three desserts and liqueurs.

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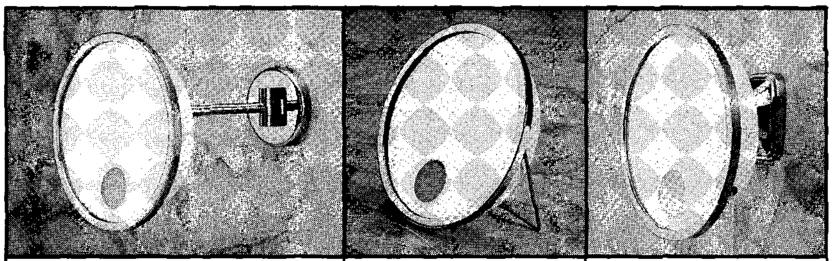

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DANCING

Ballerina

THE most reasonable alternative to "The Nutcracker" at this time of year is Prokofiev's three-act ballet "Cinderella," yet it is not often produced, probably because, unlike "The Nutcracker," it cannot be done on the cheap. A small-budget company can put on Tchaikovsky's ballet with a cast of children, assigning the divertissement roles to older students and corps members, and reserving Sugar Plum and her Cavalier for two guest stars who only have to come on once and do a pas de deux. But in "Cinderella" all the roles were meant to be taken by professionals, and the two principals dance continuously. The choreography has to be made from scratch; there are no well-known models to draw from. (Frederick Ashton's production for the Royal Ballet has not been seen in this country since 1967.) And the music has its curious side.

Although Prokofiev's score is popular—after his "Romeo and Juliet," it is the most popular full-length ballet score written in this century—it is stylistically elusive, an unpredictable blend of romance and satire. Prokofiev is never satirical at the expense of romance, though; you can get away with underplaying—and even undercasting—the ugly stepsisters and the scenes at court, but the love story must be given full value. When Ashton produced "Cinderella" in 1948, he top-cast himself and Robert Helpmann as the sisters and carried the ballet to success. Ashton and Helpmann were squarely in the English "dame" tradition, and their slapstick helped put the whole production in perspective as a loving tribute to England's Christmas pantomimes. But for foreign audiences the Royal "Cinderella" hasn't worn well. Because Ashton and Helpmann no longer dance the sisters, the comedy scenes are diminished in force (though not in length), and this shows up the two main characters, who were too straight and too sweet to begin with. In the Kirov "Cinderella" that was seen here in the early sixties, the ugly sisters weren't played by men and weren't very funny, but there was a gallery of cartoon characters—tutors, pages, lackeys, and so forth—who created a hubbub against which the spacious emotion of the love duets achieved a transcendent meaning. Cinderella and her prince were not just precipitated into each other's arms—they were galvanized by love and desire, like Romeo and Juliet.

In no production can I recall Cinderella herself participating in the fun. But she has to be more than a homebody with inexplicable dreams of grandeur; she has to be the kind of girl you can pull for when she goes to the ball. She must *deserve* her glory. Most Cinderellas I've seen have struck me as inhumanly perfect, and have covered themselves with vainglory. It's only that little human lapse of forgetting to leave before twelve that makes them sympathetic. Last month, I saw a new version of "Cinderella," by a new company, the Chicago City Ballet, with Suzanne Farrell in the title role. Farrell gets to the humanity of Cinderella in a way no other dancer could. She lets you see that her dreams of grandeur are not about romance and riches but about her own gifts; she's a Cinderella who becomes a ballerina. The choreography, by Paul Mejia (who is Farrell's husband), abets her in the process, so much so that the production seems impossible to stage without her. So far—this was the second annual presentation of the ballet at the Auditorium Theatre—the company hasn't tried to stage it without her, or without Adam Lüders as the prince. For the young members of the Chicago City Ballet, Mejia provides good ballroom and divertissement dances, and to swell the scene he invents an Enchanted Forest with masses of children fluttering about as butterflies and beetles. The Chicago company is lively and well trained, but, as hosts of "Nutcracker" presenters have discovered, nothing guarantees community interest in a production like the presence of small children in the cast. Farrell as the star guaranteed critical interest as well. Mejia, who with Maria Tallchief directs the Chicago City Ballet, may have applied "Nutcracker" formulas, but he hasn't just turned out "Not 'The Nutcracker.' " Largely because of Farrell, he has a "Cinderella" that is unique.

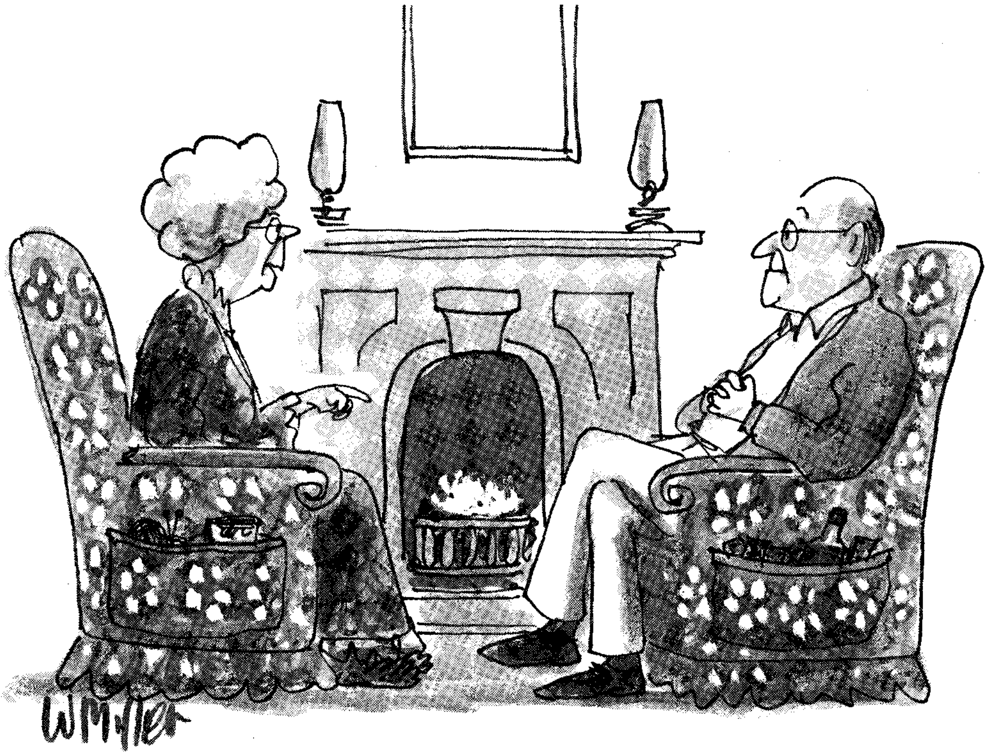
Farrell could have been all wrong in the role and still have been riveting. At the beginning, barefoot, her hair bound in a scarf, she does look miscast—but in a familiar way, much as if she'd gone back to her country girl in "Don Quixote," a role that summed up without actually featuring the kinds of commonplace things she has to do here, such as the meditative solo with the broom and the "dialogue" with the caged bird. As she does her chores and as she dances with an Ash Man who has rolled out of the fireplace, fantasizes about a Fairy Godmother, and wanders around being rebuffed by the stepsisters, Farrell retains the insular calm of her Dulcinea—the calm of self-possession, not self-absorption. She wins our sympathy by never asking for it. Her despair is seen in the averted pose she assumes sitting a long time apart, her face pressed to the brick wall of the hearth. When she gets to the ball, she dances ravenously, with a hunger to embrace the world. This is the Farrell we know from the third act of "Don Quixote." In essence, Farrell's Cinderella is a Balanchine creation. Mejia uses the Balanchine Farrell as a matrix, much as Ashton used the English pantomimes. In the ballroom scene, the characteristic Farrell bravura (of "Chaconne" and "Walpurgisnacht Ballet" as well as of "Don Quixote") is embellished by luxuriant slow backbends, which she executes while kneeling on Lüders' shoulder or recovering from swift spins and super-high battements in his arms. It is a display of personal treasure so abundant that we can't help seeing it, at this point in the ballet, as Cinderella coming into her kingdom.

Mejia's handling of straight narrative and narrative-through-dance is uneven. He overstresses the intervention of the Fairy Godmother (Cynthia Tosh) in the heroine's fortunes but leaves unexplained his doublecasting of Jennifer Barton and Gail Rosenheim as the stepsisters and as Spanish and Ethiopian temptresses in the bazaar scene that describes the prince's global search. He ignores the vexing problem that "Cinderella" always poses, of the discrepancy between the toe shoes that the heroine dances in and the glass slipper that she leaves behind. As in the Kirov production, the hours striking midnight are portrayed by a chorus of children, but without the saccharine antics of the

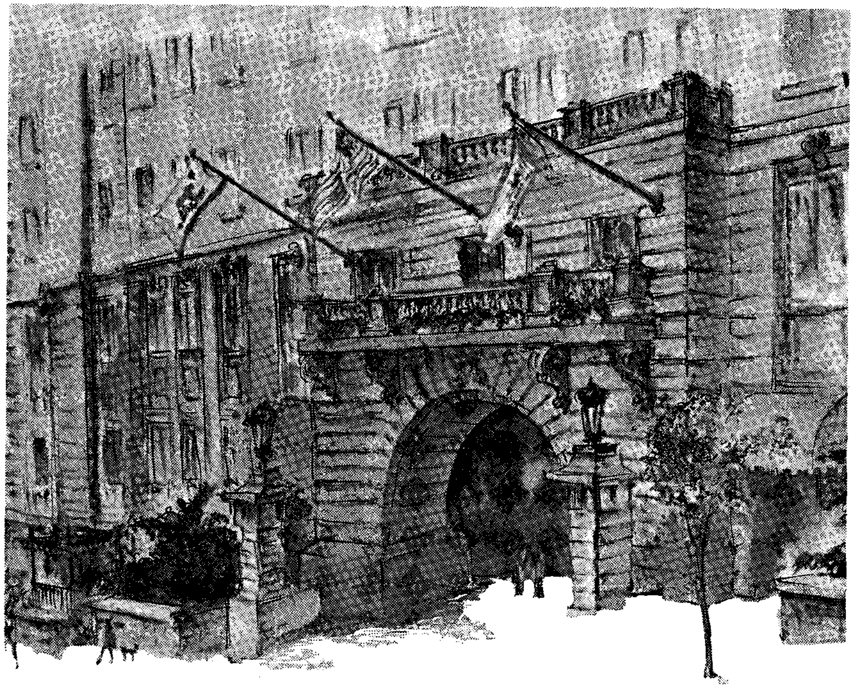
Kirov. Three acts are condensed to two; the shrewish stepsisters in mobcaps occupy much less running time than they might have. Just as the Enchanted Forest derives from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the ballroom scene, stripped of its three oranges (in a city that saw the première of "Love for Three Oranges"), owes much to "La Sonnambula" and "La Valse." As Cinderella arrives, we see her through the tall windows at the back of the set, slowly and apprehensively climbing a steep staircase and peering in upon the lavish scene. It's a moment as lovely, in its way, as the entrance in "Vienna Waltzes." The scenery, by Steven Rubin, and the costumes, by Ben Benson, enforce a solidly conventional look of storybook fantasy. The show is a hit. But its real Fairy Godmother is Balanchine.

THE Imperial Ballet of St. Petersburg in its last flowering produced a pride of ballerinas who, when their days of glory were done, lived on into illustrious old age. Lopokova died only a year ago; Spessivtseva, the last of the great prerevolutionary ballerinas, is still alive. The exception is Pavlova, who amassed the greatest legend of all. She died at fifty, on tour, a blazing comet that had burned itself out. Her death, from pleurisy, was headline news the world over, and she was mourned by a vaster public than any dance star had known before—or has known since. Her millions did not come to her; she came to them, travelling some four hundred thousand miles over six continents. Pavlova was a titan in an age of titans; even so, the facts of her career continue to amaze and appall. She endured the most arduous life a dancer can lead—a life on the road—and the bulk of her touring was composed of one-night stands. A new and valuable book, "Anna Pavlova: Her Life and Art" (Knopf; $55), reprints the itinerary of her North American tour of 1914-15. Keith Money, the author, is good at projecting himself back in time; he writes, "Just to look at it was to recoil with fatigue." *Was?* Here she goes, across the map of America, night after night stopping in a different city. Shrewd and ruthless bookers put her into the biggest halls they could find—three- and four-thousand-seaters—packed them solid, and then shot her on to the next Masonic lodge or Shriners' auditorium. But Pavlova was indefatigable. When after nine months the tour ends in Chicago, her company rests. She herself films "The Dumb Girl of Portici," goes to the West Coast for more filming, returns to Chicago, and begins a new tour, with the Boston Grand Opera, during which she performs, among other items, the opera on which the film is based. As Money remarks of a later and similar tour, "for the most part it was arrive, unpack, show, pack, travel—all in a twenty-four-hour span."

She did it, he thinks, because her restlessness and avidity gave her no choice. The Russian Empire was crumbling when, in 1909, Pavlova launched her Western career. Had she remained in Russia, she would have faced compulsory retirement at thirty-five, but even if, as in Preobrajenska's case, this rule had been relaxed and she had been allowed to continue, she would have had to deal with the stultifying regime at the Maryinsky. Not only Petipa, the ballet's principal architect and Pavlova's sponsor, but also her teacher Cecchetti had been dismissed, and the creative resources of the rising generation had already been corralled by Diaghilev for an assault on the West. There was a moment when Pavlova might have become the permanent prima ballerina of the Diaghilev company and Nijinsky's partner; Diaghilev let that moment pass. Butterfingers, Money suggests. He also suggests that Pavlova perceived an essential truth about the Diaghilev enterprise—that it was not primarily dedicated to dancing. This attitude betrayed her into some lapses of judgment (she rejected the title role in "Firebird" because she could not hear the dance pulse in the music), but it also fortified her on the missionary course her career took. She became in the world's eyes the absolute classical dancer, the singular representative of the Russian dance academies, the true successor to Taglioni and Elssler, the one and only great ballerina, the Swan. Pavlova's art was so new in most of the places she went that reviewers and promoters alike had to search out a vocabulary to describe it. In the more sophisticated capitals, she was known as a "Russian" dancer; Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan were "classical"—i.e., "Greek." The word "ballet" meant nothing. When Pavlova arrived in America, her performance was billed as "ocular opera," and Carl Van Vechten wrote his famous laborious description of a travelling arabesque: "With her left toe pointed out behind her, maintaining her body poised to make a straight line with it, she leapt backward step by step on her right foot." Her physical appearance was new, too. For a dancer, she was thought to be unusually tall and thin, and she was not considered beautiful—not "exquisite" or "be-



"Dear, the pockets on the sides of the chairs are for knitting and sewing supplies and nice periodicals, not walking-around money and bottles of booze."



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witching," like Adeline Genée. On behalf of her beloved "Giselle," she fought the accumulated prejudices of her era. A New York reviewer found that "the ballet is just about as interesting to ordinary play goers now as looking over the files of *Godey's Lady's Book* for 1858 might prove." She danced it in London with Nijinsky. "The little jerky 'tunes' are unendurable. No! 'Giselle' will not do!" It was the age of modernism, of expressionism, much too wise for the Wilis. "Who could really be alarmed by these nice young ladies in their white ballet-skirts?"

It may have been in response to criticisms like this that Pavlova began presenting her Wilis in Duncan-like draperies. Pavlova, of course, was a great Giselle; she was to Romantic ballet what Callas later became to bel canto, and ultimately Pavlova triumphed. Her votaries stamped "Giselle" with her image, and it dominates the ballet to this day. Money's book, with its wealth of documentation, makes Pavlova credible as a forerunner of the classical revivalism of our time. He dwells on such episodes as the Hippodrome production, in one act, of "The Sleeping Beauty." This was in 1916, five years before Diaghilev attempted his own, full-length revival in London. Both Pavlova and Diaghilev were forced to dismantle their productions before the runs were up. Pavlova's, a jewel-box fairyland concocted by Bakst, is far less known than the Diaghilev version, also by Bakst. But then much less is known about Pavlova than about Diaghilev and everyone and everything connected with him.

"Anna Pavlova: Her Life and Art" is an attempt to correct the record. It is an elaborate testimonial to tireless research, to single-mindedness, to connoisseurship of the most involving kind. Money, who has also done a book about Margot Fonteyn, obviously adores Pavlova, and sometimes his scholarly discipline has to strain against an instinct to protect her, to make her be all things good. He cites her sponsorship of two Fokine ballets to prove that her taste in art was not reactionary. (Perhaps only her taste in music? The ballets were to Liszt and the nonentity Spendiarov. She turned down "Le Coq d'Or," and it was produced by Diaghilev.) He uses her activism in reform movements at the Maryinsky to suggest that she was politically avant-garde. (But later, when Isadora came home Red, Pa-

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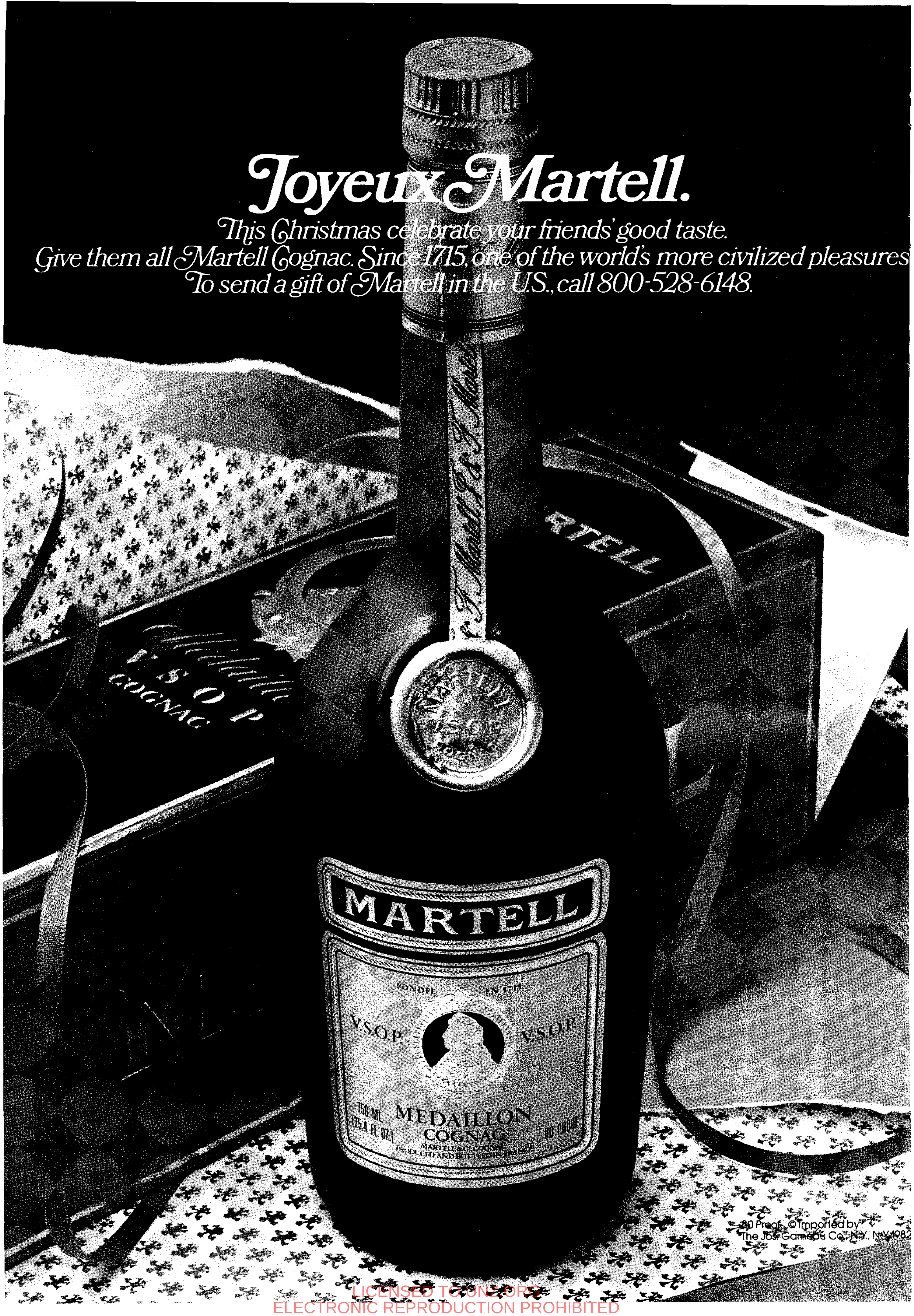

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vlova was enraged.) If she slapped her partners, there must have been a reason. She was not jealous of Nijinsky or any other dancer. She paid her dancers well and gave expensive gifts. She loved children, small animals, and birds, especially swans. Although Money gives the impression of being able to place her accurately on almost every day of her life, he does not pretend to be omniscient. He speculates on her character without subjecting it to analysis. That she was a lonely woman with an enigmatic sex life is something Money accepts. It was her lot. (Victor Dandré, who attached himself to her in Russia and remained until the end, was possibly her husband; if so, Money believes, there was no sexual union to speak of.) The Pavlova legend has always had about it the odor of martyrdom. Her genius, her toil, her power over the multitudes, and her early death seem to spell sacrifice and tragedy. There was sacrifice, perhaps, in dying at fifty. Implored to stop touring, Pavlova would say, "But my company! What will become of them?" Yet most dancers are dead as dancers by that age. What else but dancing could Pavlova have lived for? There was certain tragedy in the thinning repertory that was also her lot. Pavlova's wanderings began when she was twenty-eight; she had already conquered the standard ballerina repertory, had already claimed her signature roles (Giselle, Nikiya in "La Bayadère," "Chopiniana") and her personal vehicles ("The Swan," "Autumn Bacchanale"). For the rest of her life, she was not to create another artistic success. Instead, she circled the earth repeating ancient triumphs, adding more dragonflies, more autumn leaves, more bacchantic veils to the diaphanous train of vanity ballets that sustained her. In India, she refreshed herself with Hindu dancing, and she performed awhile with Uday Shankar. But even this was a return of sorts—to "La Bayadère."

She pushed on: Egypt, Japan, Australia. Money says of her obsession with touring, "Her body and mind were so programmed to this routine that the thought of abandoning it opened up black chasms of the unknown that terrified her more than the remorselessness of further touring." Perhaps it was to distract herself from such thoughts that she waged one of the most intensive personal publicity campaigns of the period. She endorsed face cream, silk stockings, pianos; she gave interviews by the score; she posed

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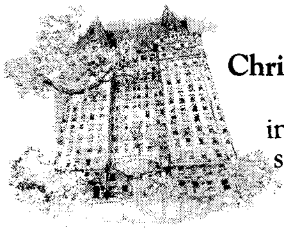

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for endless photographs, many of which are reproduced in this book with the care one might expect of Money (who is also a photographer) and the Knopf art department. There is not a bad one in the lot. Like Abraham Lincoln's, Pavlova's face is archetypal; it is changing and changeless at the same time. It responds to the lens as inventively as any movie star's, and it burns with inner life right from the start of the book—from the moment, to be exact, that she becomes a dance student. Its expression is irremediably tragic, but not bleakly so. There is pride in the way the head lifts itself above the tapering pedestal of the neck. And what vitality in that neck! How she flaunts it in her "grand" roles and guards it in her coquettish ones! Even in closeup, Pavlova's discipline proclaims her a dancer. She becomes pathetic only in the photographs that were taken in her forties—when she knows the search has ended. In one photograph, she appears to be offering her hands to the camera, and not her face, but her face is caught anyway, wearing a look of grief. In a portrait on the same page, the chronic depression she suffered from is evidently upon her. Money's caption is "By now Pavlova was less inclined to force cheerfulness for the camera's benefit."

What makes the book valuable is that it isn't keyed to Pavlova's gloom. It projects a multifacetted picture: Pavlova as celebrity, sacred monster, symbol of the dance, artist, and star. The woman was fun, and Money has realized it. It takes some slogging to get through his text, but then Pavlova was a slogger. As the details pile up (enormous pains are taken to sort out her for the most part piddling repertory), we begin to sense something of the pain and joy of hard work, the bliss of sheer continuity, that Pavlova must have felt. Wholeness of mind and body must surely have been her salvation. In the fashion photographs, there is no affectation. There is artificiality, to be sure, along with elegance, wit, and style. In the dozens of dance photographs (some, with unretouched points, escaped Pavlova's vigilance), she shows the protean sensibility of performers of her era; she is always creating roles. But, unlike Karsavina or Nijinsky, she does not disappear into them. No matter the role or the circumstance, onstage or off, the eyes look out with an expression that says, "I have found my life."

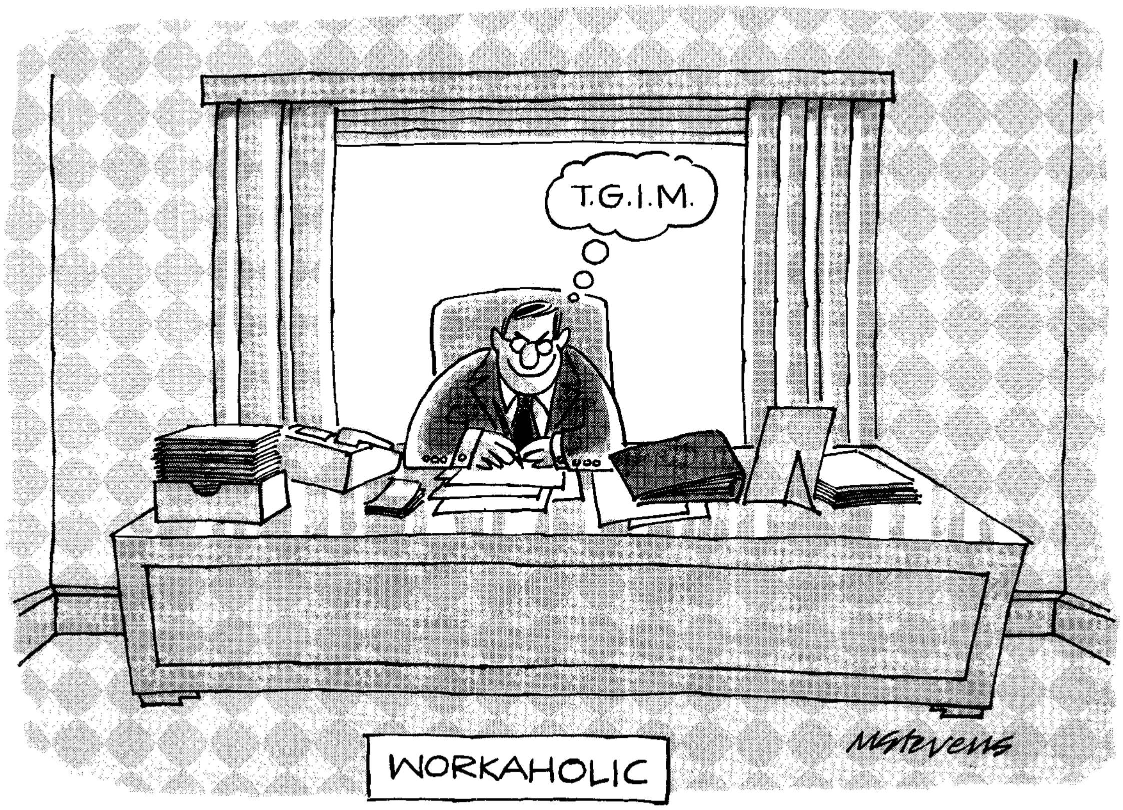
—Arlene Croce

MUSICAL EVENTS

Vintages

ORLANDO DE LASSUS was a prolific composer: the work list in the New Grove fills eighteen columns of small type. The domestic record companies treat him scantily: just four discs are noted in the December Schwann catalogue. Shortly before his death, in 1594, Lassus published a collection of motets and, introducing them, looked back to the gay, festive works of his springtime and likened them to "arbors covered with new vines, ornamented with a luxuriant growth of shoots and tendrils . . . more pleasing to the eye than old vines, set out in rows and tied to stakes and props, but with their stocks roughened and split open by age." The young vines bear little, while the old vines, he said, "yield a liquor that is most sweet to mankind." His early works are more likely to please, but he has come to think that the "venerable if less melodious" compositions of his late years "reveal in their sound more substance and energy, and afford a profounder pleasure to the mind and the ear."

It is Lassus' four-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday year, and Cappella Nova celebrated it last week with a "Christmas service" given at St. Joseph's, in the Village. (The program was repeated a week later at Corpus Christi, on Morningside Heights.) There were Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany motets; the Ordinary was a composite assembled (except for the Kyrie) from Mass movements based on the motets, and the Proper was drawn from items in the "Patrocinium Musices" unpublished since the sixteenth century and newly transcribed for the concert. In a program note, Richard Taruskin, the director of Cappella Nova, suggested that in the year when Stravinsky's hundredth and Haydn's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthdays have been widely celebrated too little attention has been paid to the third birthday boy, who is "every bit the equal of the other two in eminence and significance." Mr. Taruskin and his singers are ardent advocates who turn whatever they touch into glowing sound. The exclamatory cry that bounds up through an octave at the start of Lassus' "Videntes stellam;" the sudden triadic consolidation, a burst of glory after the voices have been treading mazy paths, in "Multifariam multisque modis;" the polyphony that breaks out like spring flowers, each a new and different delight, from the chant phrases of a Christmas sequence were sung with rare freshness and feeling. They were high points in an evening that never failed to afford profound pleasure to the mind and the ear.



In the July issue of *The Journal of Musicology*, there is an essay by Mr. Taruskin, "On letting the music speak for itself." He takes for his starting point a charge that Cappella Nova performances are "arbitrary and overly personal." What *he* considers arbitrary is "the flat dynamic and the lack of phrasing, that is, of molding lines to their high points, which characterize so many so-called 'objective' performances of Renaissance music." Because A is wrong, it does not follow that Z is right. I, too, feel that Cappella Nova performances are sometimes overemotional, and do so not on any "musicological" ground (who knows what the Bavarian ducal choir sounded like?) but because the striving for ever more fervent expressiveness can lead to forced tone and, on occasion, impure consonance. Lassus was admired in his day for his rhetorical power; his Penitential Psalms, with their vivid word painting, posit a vividly dramatic performance. But in some of the calmer pieces of the Christmas program a calmer, less tense approach, a suppler play of line against line might have made the music still more moving and beautiful. Yet the fault, if it be deemed one, was a fault on the right side. Everything the Cappella Nova did was alive and urgent. Of Lassus, we seldom get more than a tasting. This was a feast.

ABOUT ten years ago, the musical fires in Carlo Maria Giulini seemed to die: the great high tragedian, Callas's collaborator at La Scala, the unforgettable conductor of Covent Garden's "Don Carlos," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," grew dull. (In comedies—"The Barber," "Falstaff"—he had always been unsmiling, unsparkly.) His annual Verdi Requiem became tame and mannered. It can happen to conductors. It had happened to Rudolf Kempe, who for three years, 1955-57, conducted Covent Garden's annual "Ring" cycles with increasing mastery and was

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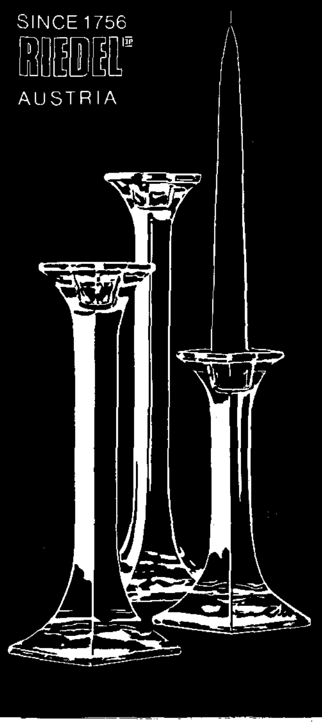

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hailed as the greatest Wagnerian of our day. (Ernest Newman found him "beyond praise.") In two further seasons, his grip on the cycle grew weaker, and it was hard—except for those to whom emperors seem always to be wearing splendid clothes—to recognize the conductor whose lyricism and poetry combined with vigor, large intellectual command, and theatrical flair had held audiences spellbound. There is a danger, especially in London, that overpraise may be followed by underrating—cracking up to the skies by unfair cracking down. When the British press and public find that an artist can do no wrong, it is said, then in few years' time that artist will be held to do nothing right. But the phonograph provides a check: compare Mr. Giulini's impassioned "Don Carlos" recorded in 1970 (already late) with his dutifully correct "Rigoletto" recorded in 1979, and the point about him is made. I have been unwilling to admit it and have hoped that I was mistaken; no one likes to lose a hero. In the last few years, I have attended Giulini concerts in California, Chicago, New York, London wanting to hear again the musician I once so much admired. Each time, I have been disappointed.

Mr. Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, of which he has been musical director for four years, came to New York this month to give four concerts, two in Carnegie Hall and then two in Avery Fisher Hall. The last of them began with the "Force of Destiny" overture, and in it there did shine for a while something of the old, brave Giulini. Ezra Laderman's Symphony for Brass and Orchestra, his fourth symphony, followed. It was commissioned to honor Dorothy Chandler, the principal patroness of the orchestra, on her eightieth birthday and was first played in Los Angeles last year. The three-movement work lasts half an hour and can be characterized, without much enthusiasm, as a "well-made" symphony. There is a striking start. The slow movement contains a lush melody whose lyricism is rightly described by its composer, in a program note, as full-blown. Tonality and atonality are conscientiously and skillfully contrasted and reconciled. There is some majestic brass writing.

The second half was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It began excitingly: a big, old-fashioned, Romantic performance, with strong emphases, violent contrasts, and heavily expressive

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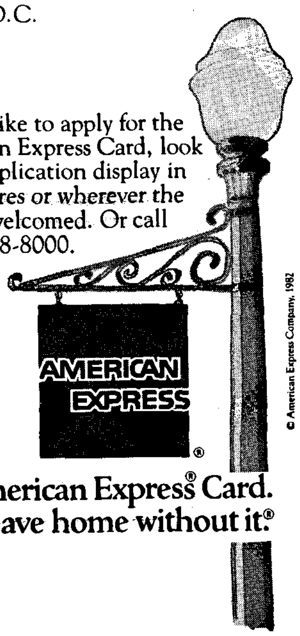

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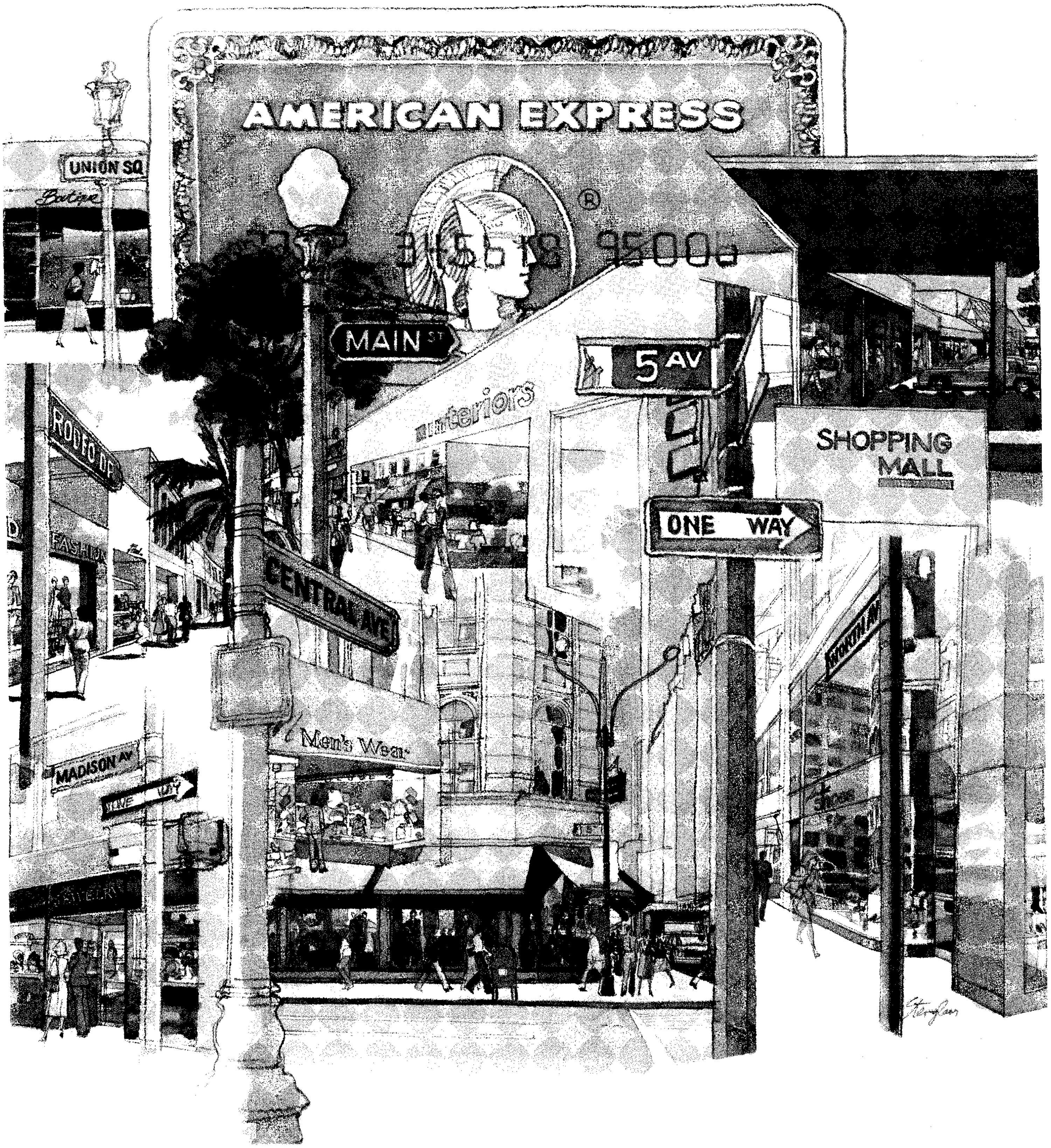
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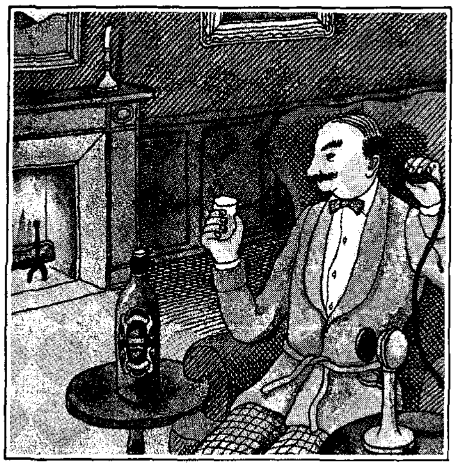
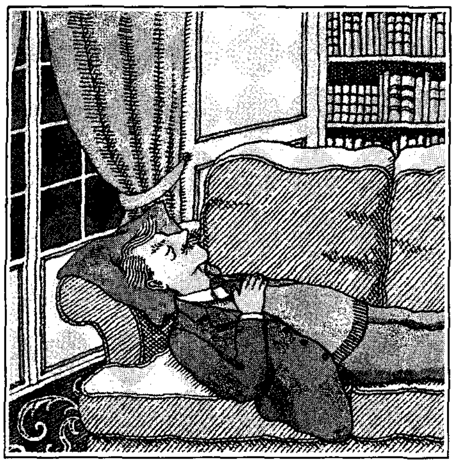
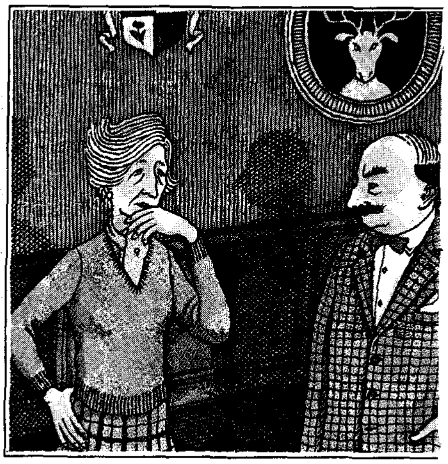


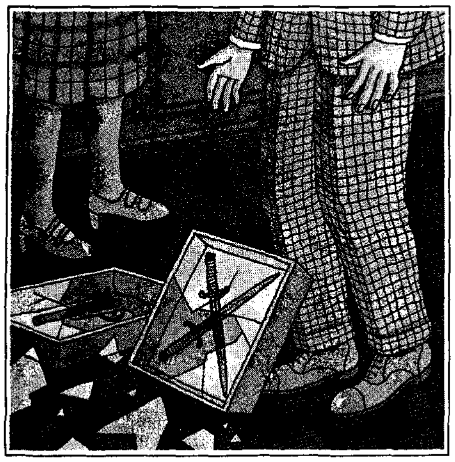
I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband...the gun or the dagger."



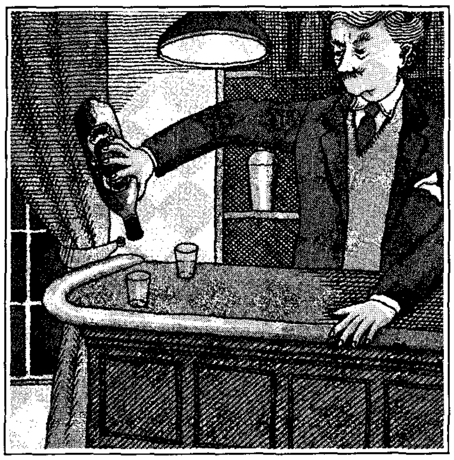
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



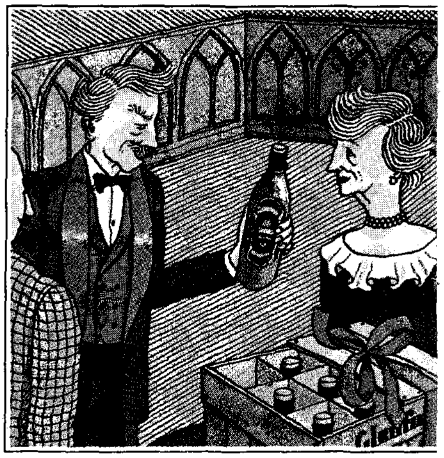
I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactl what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for the holidays!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich*, but we seem to be out."



As it turned out, Lord Hollyhock received *Glenfiddich*. "And I was afraid you'd give me another bloody antique!" he chortled. Whatever the occasion, a gift of *Glenfiddich* is proof of impeccable taste.

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phrasing. But the slow movement fell into rhapsodic incoherence and sentimentality; it became a tone poem of passing emotions. The third and fourth movements were episodic, often noisy, and, finally, inflated. "Vulgar" is not an epithet one ever thought might come to mind during a Giulini performance. He is not a vapid, superficial conductor. He tries to do something, to say something, with the music he plays. But the finale of his Fifth was, if not exactly vulgar, at any rate blatant. Another epithet that suggested itself was "Hoffmannesque." Hoffmann's tale about the Fifth Symphony is famous:

> Beethoven's instrumental music opens the realm of the colossal and the immeasurable for us. Radiant beams shoot through the deep night of this region, and we become aware of gigantic shadows that, surging back and forth, close in on us and destroy all within us except the pain of endless longing—a longing in which every pleasure that rose up amid jubilant tones sinks and succumbs. Only through this pain, which, while consuming but not destroying love, hope, and joy, tries to burst open our breasts with a full-voiced general cry from all the passions, do we live on, enchanted beholders of spirits in the supernatural realm.

It might be "Tristan"—still half a century in the future—that Hoffmann is describing. As the symphony approaches its climax, it "leads the listener irresistibly onward into the wonderful spiritual realm of the infinite." The reiterated C-major chords of the close are no triumphant affirmation; they are disturbing, destructive of any resolute calm, and "have the effect of a fire that again and again shoots high its bright, blazing flames after one had believed it extinguished."

The wonderful spiritual realm of the infinite is where Mr. Giulini would fain dwell, according to the publicity he has been subjected to since assuming the Los Angeles post. At his concerts, one sometimes has the feeling that he has perhaps entered it and is rapt in platonic experience while his players and his listeners remain behind in a less than perfect world. They are left with sober blandness of execution, varied by some underlinings of the obvious, and with playing in which precision of attack and purity of wind intonation are counted mundane virtues that need not be strictly pursued. These are hard things to say about a high-minded man whose sincerity and earnestness are not in question. But much of what one reads about Mr. Giulini's performances seems to describe a legend

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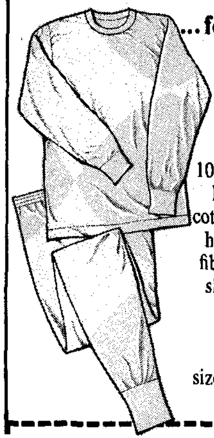

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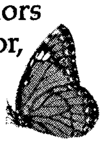
rather than the sounds that were actually made.

The account of the Beethoven Fifth, it should be added, was not fully Hoffmannesque, for the Hoffmann sentences quoted above accompany a *careful analysis of the symphony* the burden of which is that, while "for many people the whole work rushes by like an ingenious rhapsody"—its movements "linked together in a fantastic way"—what matters most is the apprehensible integrity of the score: "It is particularly the intimate relationship of the individual themes one to another which produces the unity that firmly maintains a single feeling in the listener's heart." The overheated, unbalanced performance was also uncharacteristic of Mr. Giulini's work. The Brahms Requiem done at the first of the Los Angeles concerts was more nearly in the vein of that simply pious, earthbound, prosaic Beethoven Ninth he conducted here three years ago. The Requiem—*pace* Bernard Shaw, who declared that it could be "borne patiently only by the corpse"—is neither gloomy nor dull. It is comforting in the old sense of the word—strong, consolatory, fortifying. In this performance, it slipped by almost without incident.

SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ, a silver medallist at the 1981 Van Cliburn piano competition, gave an Alice Tully Hall recital last week. A biographical note in the program book began by observing that he "has been called a brilliant, extroverted pianist and a crowd-pleaser by the nation's most respected critics," but the recital revealed an unassertive, gentle, poetic player, untouched by flamboyance, although the possessor of an exceptionally fleet and fluent technique. He began with Bach's Second Partita and gave a delicately poised, sensitively phrased performance. Then came the first two intermezzi of Brahms' Opus 118. The second of them was reticent almost, but not quite, to the point of mildness: a line between modest affirmation and meek understatement was nicely drawn. Alberto Ginastera's Second Sonata, composed in 1981, had its New York première. It is an arresting and attractive ten-minute composition, in three movements, Bartókian in its crisp transformations of folk music. The outer movements are moto-perpetuo toccatas based on Aymara and Quechua dances and songs. In the central slow movement, an ecstatic love song from Cuzco, a *harawi*,



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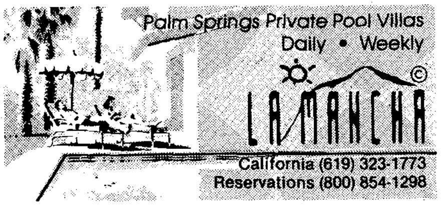

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frames a *scorrevole* episode that (in the composer's words) "evokes the murmurs of the night in the lonely Andean punas." The singing of the *harawi* by the left hand while the right hand touches in resonances in a not quite parallel line high above, and both hands approach their melody notes through flickering ornaments, is a brilliant piece of ethnic transcription for the modern piano which cunningly creates microtonal illusions on the twelve-note instrument. (Ginastera's Third Piano Sonata, given its first performance last month in Tully Hall, by Barbara Nissman, is a four-minute toccata based on South American indigenous dances; "sonata" is too grand a title, but it is an exhilarating piece.)

The second half of Mr. Rodriguez' recital—three Rachmaninoff Preludes, Scriabin's F-sharp-major Sonata, a Granados Spanish Dance, and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol;" Debussy's "Ondine" and the "cimbalom" final episode of Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody as encores—suggested a Horowitz program. It was played without Horowitz panache: not glitteringly, extravagantly, breathtakingly but with unobtrusive mastery and quiet lyricism. The Rachmaninoff and the Scriabin were beautiful. The Moszkowski, a flashy confection, needed more showmanship; it must be done dashingly or not at all. The second movement of the Scriabin and the Liszt displayed Mr. Rodriguez' self-effacing virtuosity to perfection. There was no piece on the program substantial and sustained enough to indicate whether he is more than a pianist of uncommonly high accomplishment and tenderly romantic instincts, but anyone who uses "gentle" as a term of high praise, and "assertive" as a pejorative, should enjoy him. He played a Baldwin instrument that can be reviewed in much the same terms: it was warm, unbelligerent, responsive, and very pleasing.

—ANDREW PORTER

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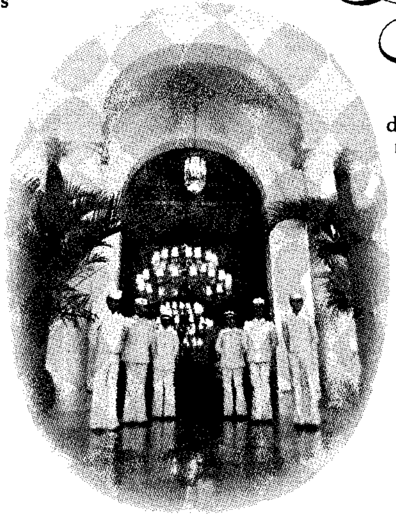

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BOOKS

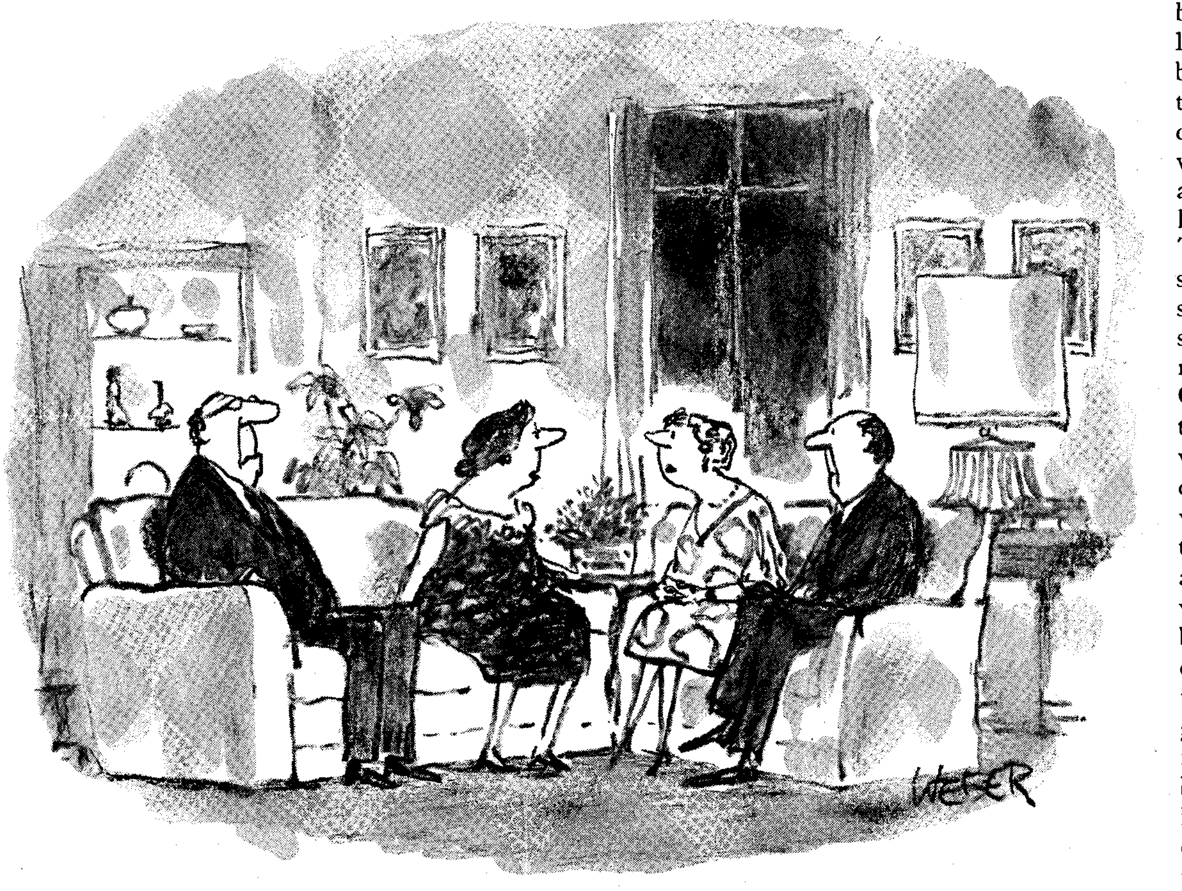
Albert Camus

ALBERT CAMUS is one of those writers who are idolized in their lifetime and then are trapped by their legend. Now he is neglected in France, though he is still admired in Great Britain and the United States. He was entangled in the fierce and barren quarrels about political and moral commitment during and after the Second World War, and allowed himself to appear as a hero of the Resistance from the beginning, though in fact he did not join it until eight months before the Liberation. He came to be thought of as a "lay saint" and as "the moral conscience of his generation." His famous novel "L'Étranger" ("The Outsider") seemed to put the bleak halo of Existentialism above his head, although, as he said and Sartre feelingly agreed, he was no Existentialist. His world-famous novel "La Peste" ("The Plague") passed as an allegory of the Nazi Occupation. He, indeed, said it was, and most readers of the time thought so, too. We can now see that the matter was more complex. In time, the hero from Algiers who believed in justice and assimilation for the poor Arabs disconcerted his admirers by siding with the *pieds noirs* against Algerian freedom. Camus was really a kind of liberal who had a lifelong horror of bloodshed, terrorism, and war. To the next generation of French writers, for whom the doctrine of political commitment has burned itself out, Camus has some interest because of his experiments in multiple narration and language. A new critical biography—"Camus," by Patrick McCarthy (Random House; $17.95)—attempts to sort out facts from prejudice. For Mr. McCarthy, Camus was no "saint" (though many saints have been as ambiguous and as devious as he was); a poor philosopher and no political thinker, his temperament being religious but not god-seeking; a wooden playwright and a fine novelist. It strikes me that Camus's real distinction is that of the mythologizing autobiographer, the essayist and probing talker; that the man himself is more interesting than his legend. In personal life, he had a spell that was half physical. Compared with the immensely well-educated, upper-middle-class Sartre, Camus is the proletarian and near-autodidact—part journalist, part artist, and, above all, the uprooted colonist, on his own. He was also an instinctive actor who was a collector of roles. Mr. McCarthy concludes:

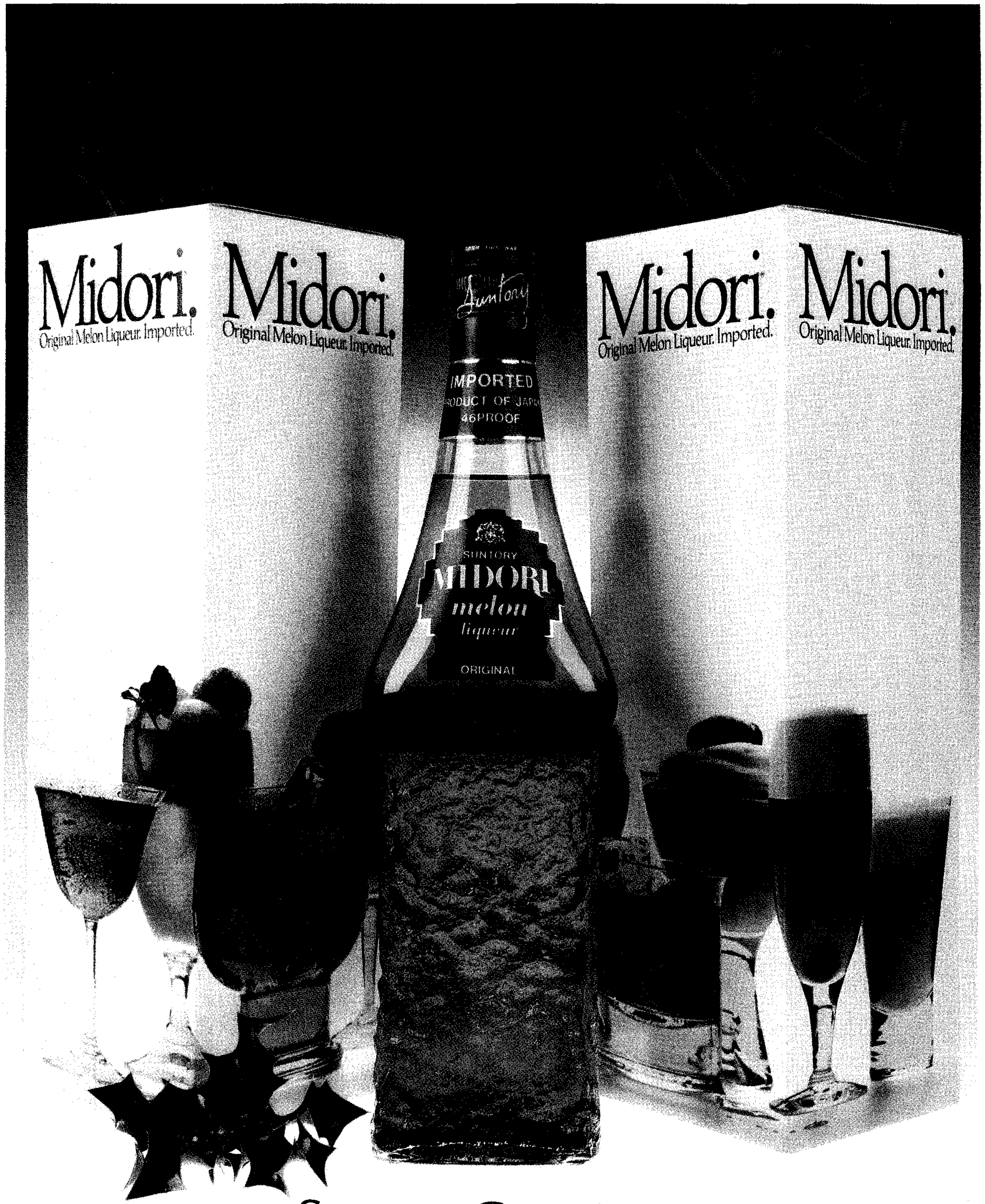
> Camus' life was almost the opposite of what it seemed to his contemporaries: a long, losing battle against wars and terrorists, tuberculosis and fame. French Algeria, which had offered him instincts, passions and happiness, however tangled with poverty and prejudice, almost destroyed him along with itself.

The tuberculosis seems to have been responsible for his euphoric excesses, his sexual promiscuity, his gallows humor, and his obsession with death.

Camus was the son of an Algerian laborer of French descent who was killed in the 1914 war. The son had not known him. He *did* know that his father had been obliged to see a man guillotined, and that stuck in the mind of father and son. The mother was a charwoman of Minorcan descent, one of the thousands of poor workers of mixed Mediterranean races in the Algerian colony—a real *pied noir*. Camus was very proud of his Spanish connection, and as he grew up he cultivated the impassive Spanish pride and macho bearing. (However, note that the Minorcans were not Spanish but energetic Catalans.) The mother brought up her son in the slums of Belcourt, outside Algiers. She was simple and illiterate and was known for her stunned silences. The household, Camus said, was a speechless solitude. He saw her silence as an act of revolt against her life. Close to the home was the Arab slum, more wretched than their own. Camus said there were no words of affection between mother and son; he simply worshipped her. She became mythical in his eyes. It does not seem that Mr. McCarthy goes too far when he remarks that "their bond lay in their joint indifference, the badge of the suffering and the knowledge that they shared." Camus



"It's after ten. I'm afraid Aubrey's mind is officially closed."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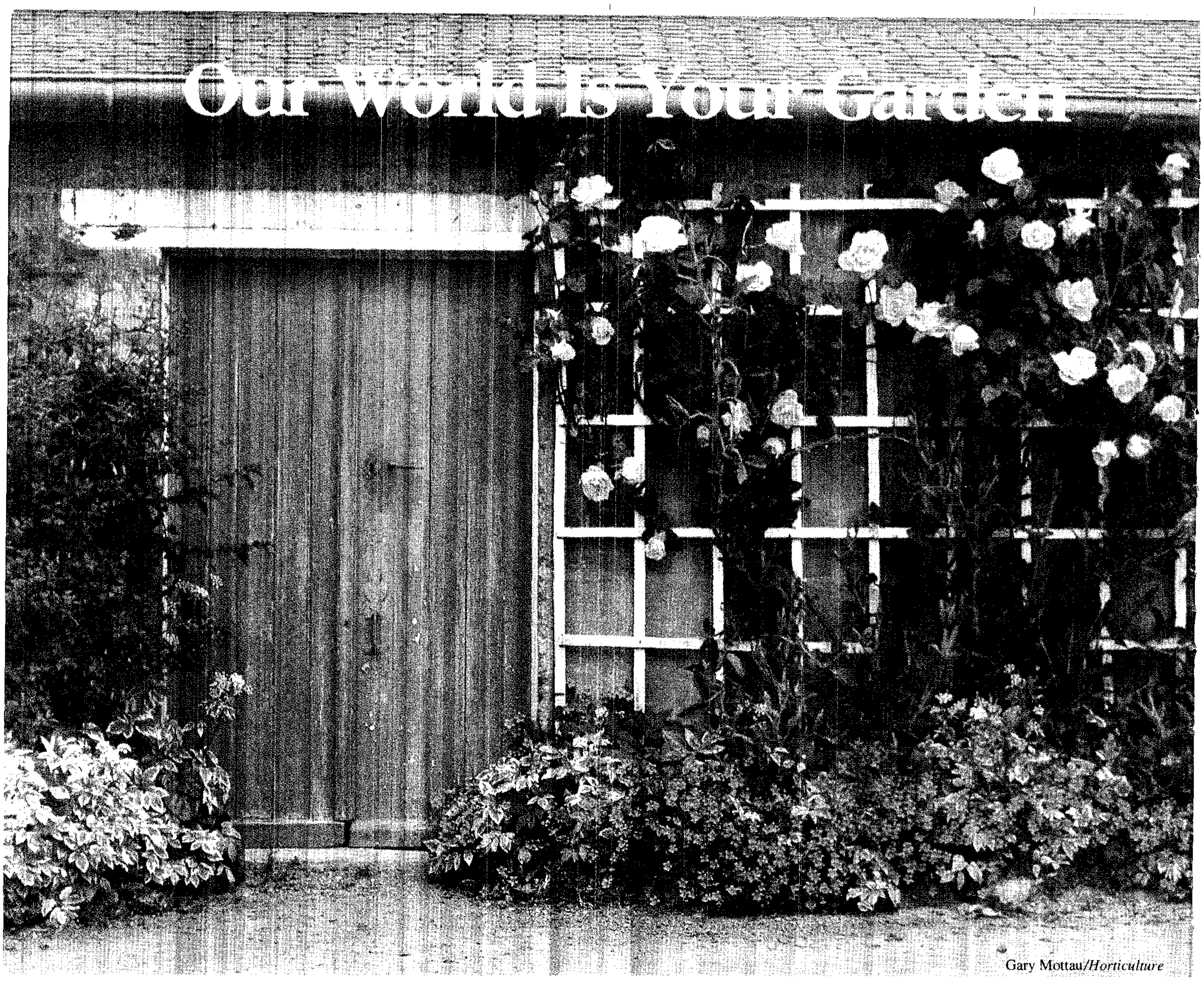

Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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spoke of inheriting a "profound indifference which is like a natural infirmity." Eventually, as Mr. McCarthy points out, "her suffering assumed a religious form. Her stoicism was not merely a rebellion; it was an ascetic rejection of the things of this world." "A God is present in her," Camus wrote when he was young. This God, Mr. McCarthy says, was "remote and uncaring" yet was the source of Camus's own "strong, ever-frustrated religious impulse."

Mr. McCarthy is excellent on the Algerian boyhood and, indeed, on the history of French rule in Algeria. The colony had something of the quality of a frontier or pioneer state. The colonists had the colonial "chip," the colonial loneliness and violence, the colonial fear of the conquered Arabs. Algiers was a city where robbery, murder, and death were brutally familiar. At the carnival, it was normal that one float should contain a man stretched out in a coffin, acting the corpse. The colony

> drew on cultures which had known centuries of bloodshed and had turned fighting into a ritual. . . . But the main cause of violence lay, inevitably, in the colonial situation, in that secret, unavowed fear. Algeria was becoming [in Camus's boyhood] ever more a frontier country because the European population was retreating into the coastal cities.

Camus was the complete wandering street kid, the tough and personable young proletarian, always ready to fend off a blow, fanatical about soccer and swimming and bodily fitness. The solid, communal ethos of the working class was to remain with him all his life, even after his two middle-class marriages and his final wealth. It was soon clear to his alarmed mother that he was a passionate reader and very intelligent. He was helped by a remarkable schoolmaster who was a dogged philosopher and a minor writer. The boy easily got through the lycée; he read Nietzsche and Dostoevski, and at the university he distinguished himself by his thesis on St. Augustine. But the soccer and the swimming went on, the lonely wanderings in the countryside and the low quarters of Algiers, and presently the easy sexual encounters on the idyllic Mediterranean beaches with the girls from the cigarette factories. He saw himself as the impassive Spanish Don Juan to whom girls and women flocked. He turned to journalism and was also soon working with poor theatrical groups; and, with his chosen friends, was for a time involved in Communist politics. It was natural to be a left-winger and to feel that something ought to be done about the Arabs who were the victims of the rich French farmers and entrepreneurs. He read and argued about the mixed cultures of the Mediterranean. He deplored the ruthless Roman influence that had prevailed rather than the Greek sense of limits and "nothing too much." Algeria was mindless, exploited by France, and was barbarous, but the barbarity was of nature and could be called primitive and innocent. His senses responded to the harsh mountain landscape, the stony plateau, and the desert that was another sea; to the clear sunlight, the brassy heat, and the seductive silence of the evenings. The deep sense of "indifference" in him responded to the indifference of nature, but not in a Northern, Wordsworthian way: there was nothing "deeply interfused" here. Each stone or tree was an object: his visual sense of the "things" of landscape is intense in all his writing. Mortality was a presence as unanswerable as rock. His work as a journalist would eventually lead him to lapse sometimes into rhetoric and sentimentality, but his best manner is plain, detached, lonely, and laconic: abruptly lyrical and briefly sensuous. There is a sentence in his "Notebooks"—"One of our contemporaries is cured of his torments by contemplating a landscape"—that marks his identification with his country. What are those torments? Not of conscience or poverty alone. At the age of sixteen, he had become tubercular. The disease never left him; it is at the heart of his "indifference," and the almost too vivid sense of the instants of hope.

A large part of Mr. McCarthy's book is given to the stormy story of Camus's career as a polemical journalist, first in Algiers and then in Paris during the German Occupation. One marvels that, coughing out his lungs, Camus was able to work and quarrel so hard and carry on with his compulsive drinking and his part as habitual seducer—who tried desperately to save his first wife, a morphia addict; who loved his much-tried second wife and their children, and was capable of tortuous passion in his liaison with the Spanish-refugee actress Maria Casarès. In love, Camus was a gambler but (as Mr. McCarthy says) a prudent one.

I find Mr. McCarthy helpful about "The Outsider," "The Myth of Sisyphus," "The Rebel," and "The Fall," and especially "The Plague." Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" was, of course, the literary source of "The Plague." In Defoe, the storyteller is omniscient. In Camus, the real narrator is concealed in the voices of Oran, the city of the plague; the use of many narrators is a success because it "flaunts" the limits of the people's understanding and says "less" to suggest mysteriously "more." "Anonymity" and "amputation" remain, Mr. McCarthy writes, "the watchwords of Camus' art." The aim is to offer a collective view and to make it more positive than a single narrator can; the remote, invisible "narrator who puzzles" is, to Mr. McCarthy, a "thoroughly modern achievement." It seems to derive from Camus's inheritance of the communal mind. Only short passages of his journalistic rhetoric break the spell for a moment. Outside of his political polemical writing or works like "The Rebel," which are rather lumbered up with research (which is, in fact, rather sketchy), Camus is a natural personal essayist.

Mr. McCarthy thinks the last book, "The Fall," is a far better book than "The Plague." "The Fall" was written in defiance of the writer's block that paralyzed Camus's imagination during the Algerian conflict, and at a time when he had no hope of recovering his health. The remedy for the artist was to transfigure his evil by attacking himself. Simone de Beauvoir thought that the story was a confession of a hidden guilt—the guilt that the Don Juan, the habitual seducer, felt toward his wife. It is true that in his "Notebooks," which I find very revealing, he does groan and lacerate himself on this score. But "The Fall" goes far beyond the personal. Camus was a great mimic and talker, and in this tale he magnifies these gifts: the verbosity of a hypocrite at the confessional. Camus has a strong sense of the French classical tradition, and Mr. McCarthy says that Clamence, the penitent lawyer, "is a pessimistic moralist in the long French tradition that goes back to La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. Like them, he attributes all man's actions to egoism." Clamence feels himself justified by his resemblance to all mankind. But Camus undercuts the language of Clamence with the irony that is the classical French gift. Mr. McCarthy's final word is that "despite the lack of re-

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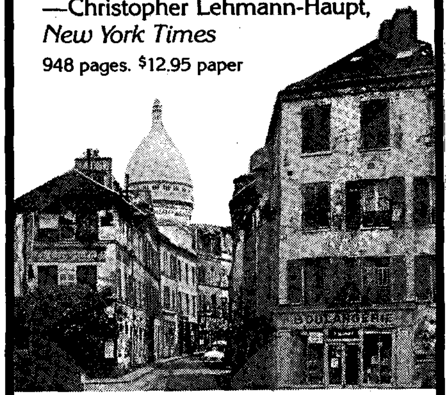

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demption" "The Fall" is a piece of religious writing about man's fallen state: "It is a superb novel written from the viewpoint of a world without men." Clamence is indeed as isolated as Tartuffe. By a stroke of genius, Camus sets the confession not in the clear light of Algeria but in the deceiving fogs of Amsterdam, with its concentric circles of canals, which are the inescapable circles of Hell. The place is "hemmed in by fogs, cold lands, and the sea steaming like a wet wash." Holland is a country where "everything is horizontal, no relief; space is colorless, and life dead. Is it not universal obliteration, everlasting nothingness made visible? No human beings, above all, no human beings! You and I alone facing the planet at last deserted!" With an awful glee, the penitent lawyer, who has himself committed a crime that will implicate anyone so foolish as to discover it, talks his way into moral complacency by incriminating mankind. What an irony that "the outsider" of Algiers should turn up as "the insider" in Amsterdam! —V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Brother of the More Famous Jack, by Barbara Trapido (Viking; $12.95). "I love what people say to each other," the narrator confesses toward the end of this delightful first novel as her in-laws lob affectionate insults at each other: while she only thinks "you absolute bloody swine" about her husband's father (a large, hairy, sexist left-wing Jewish Oxford don), her husband calls his Anglo-Irish patrician mother "you warped old battle-axe," and the stuffy fiancé of one of his five siblings marches out in protest. Many scenes staged by this expansive, and expanding, family erupt throughout the story, which begins when the narrator, about to enter Oxford, falls in love with the lot of them, and which ends, about fifteen years later—after numerous flings and two affairs (the more disastrous one lasts for six years and lands her in a lunatic asylum)—with a controversial wedding. The narrator makes clear her admiration of another fan of small talk, Jane Austen ("Like Mr. Knightley," she writes dotingly of her husband, "he appears in doorways, knocking mud from his boots"), and that author's influence on this author is—in spite of the verbal liberation that Emma's descendants enjoy—major.

Oxherding Tale, by Charles Johnson (Indiana; $10.95). This daring, extravagant novel, which plays with the conventions of the first-person "slave narrative," begins in 1837, on the night of the hero's conception, when his father, a black butler on a South Carolina plantation, obeys his master's order to swap wives. The butler is immediately demoted to oxherd (and his master is exiled from his own bedroom), but later his son is given lessons with an eccentric tutor (an anarchistic Transcendentalist), who fills his head with the puzzles of Xenophon, Plato, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Thoreau, and Marx. All this education helps to account for his elaborate, discursive style (and for his abstract interest in his congenital dilemma), but none of it solves the problem of his being a racial anomaly. His narrative features a black sorcerer called the Coffinmaker, who flees toward Chicago with our hero (who pretends to be his owner), and a bounty hunter called the Soulcatcher, who tracks down his victims by means of his mystical insight into their minds. For all his philosophical playfulness, Mr. Johnson is telling a tale grounded in cruel facts, and he reaches his happy ending only by way of several dark and bitter episodes. A memorable book.

2010: Odyssey Two, by Arthur C. Clarke (Del Rey/Ballantine; $14.95). The old space traveller Clarke is back, and so are the bizarre and wonderful characters, human and computer (including Hal), who populated "2001." But in this sequel there is a new dimension. Mr. Clarke has included people with recognizably human emotions, and that turns the book from an abstract science-fiction exercise into a real adventure story.

GENERAL

Growing Up, by Russell Baker (Congdon & Weed; $15). Mr. Baker, now the strongest voice of wit and reason on the *Times*, was born on a hardscrabble hill farm in Virginia and grew up—with a widowed mother and a baby sister—near the bottom of white America in Newark and Baltimore in the rock-bottom years of the Great Depression. This is, though neither grim nor solemn, a shattering memoir of that terrible time. He recalls a man in his forties, a Danish baker called Oluf—a man enamored of Mr. Baker's mother, a hardworking man struggling to survive—and offers a series of his pathetic letters, from up and down the Eastern seaboard, recounting his jobs, his layoffs, his looking for work: "I did write Jelke Co, and hat an answer, I did write Echerson Co, but it is the same Story, they sjure would like to have me, but the Depression is on, it is affoul." And his last letters: "so Please forget all about me, I am lost and going." "I am not interested in anything any more." There is much more here—a portrait of a valiant but painfully domineering mother, a portrait of a cheerful young uncle with a wife, two brothers, a sister, and four children to support on thirty dollars a week, and Mr. Baker's own hard climb out of the blue-collar life that knew nothing of the world, of politics, of art, of music, of leisure, knew nothing except the fight to earn a few cents. But it is somehow Oluf who sinks deepest into the mind.

THE HIDDEN-HAND PRESIDENCY: EISENHOWER AS LEADER, by Fred I. Greenstein (Basic Books; $16.95). This fascinating study of what its author calls an "unexpectedly fascinating presidency" is the work of a Princeton political scientist who voted for Stevenson and believed during Eisenhower's two terms (1953-61) that the General was an apolitical and apathetic President. Research into previously unavailable documents has changed Mr. Greenstein's mind: he is now convinced that Eisenhower was a superb politician whose air of being above squalid politicking was in itself a political decision, and whose involvement in politics and policy formation was more intense, thorough, and effective than journalists, historians, and biographers may have realized. The opening of archives in recent years permitted the author to discover (for example) that Eisenhower's frequent syntactical vagueness in speech was often deliberate, and to appreciate the precision and clarity he attained when he wished, both in his own writing and in his reworking of the drafts of others. Eisenhower's experience of management and politics on the national and international levels refined his theories of leadership. For instance, he delegated and consulted in order

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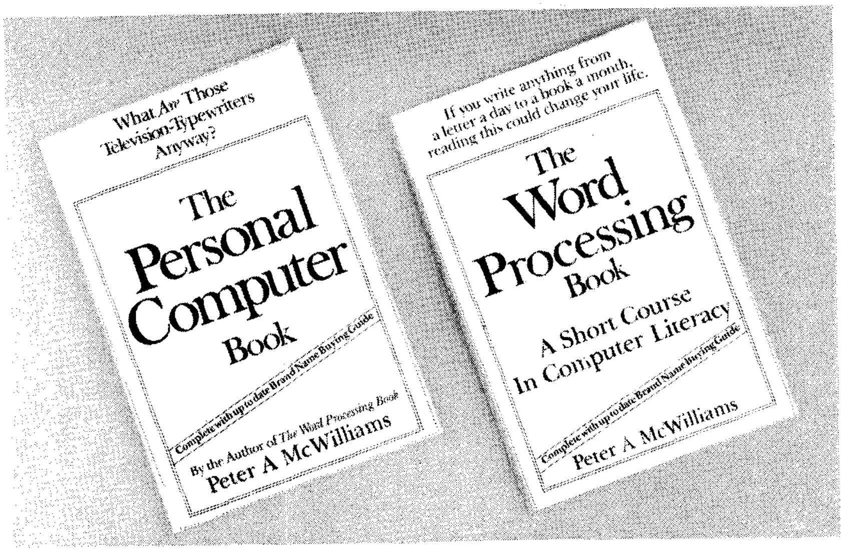
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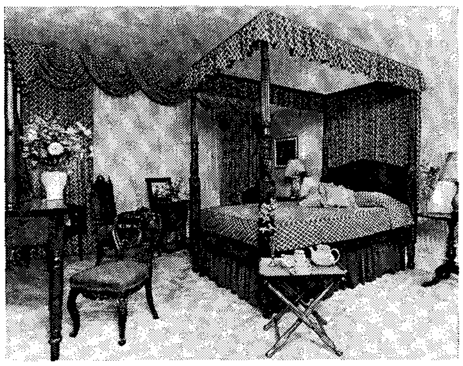

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to enhance the morale of his subordinates and increase his chances of being well informed, but he did not, as his critics have alleged, yield any powers of decision. Mr. Greenstein recounts how Eisenhower maneuvered against Senator Joe McCarthy while insisting publicly that coping with the demagogue was purely the Senate's problem. He thinks that the nineteen-fifties are remembered as uneventful largely because the President set out to avoid confrontation and defuse conflict; he worked longer hours than the public knew, and chose not to convey panic, or even urgency. The author doubts if Eisenhower's approach is suited to great social innovation, but points out that, as a conservative, Eisenhower wanted none. His overriding interest was in keeping the peace, and he seems to have been the last American President who knew enough about war to understand the peril of nuclear weapons.

A Venetian Bestiary, by Jan Morris (Thames & Hudson; $14.95). A pretty, poetic, and merry book, by *a writer who has been celebrating* Venice for thirty years, about the real animals that live in the city and have lived there since its beginnings, in the fifth century A.D., and the host of others that have had their being in the imagination of the citizens of Venice and its artists. The illustrations include photographs of dogs, cats, and birds that call Venice home; monuments that commemorate the Venetians' love of animals (and their virtual obsession with the lion, winged or not); and paintings by the great Venetian masters—notably Carpaccio and Titian—who could never seem to keep animals out of their pictures, and who, the author observes, were wonderfully skilled at depicting horses and dogs but could scarcely draw a proper cat.

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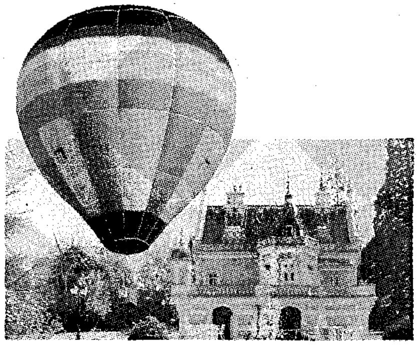

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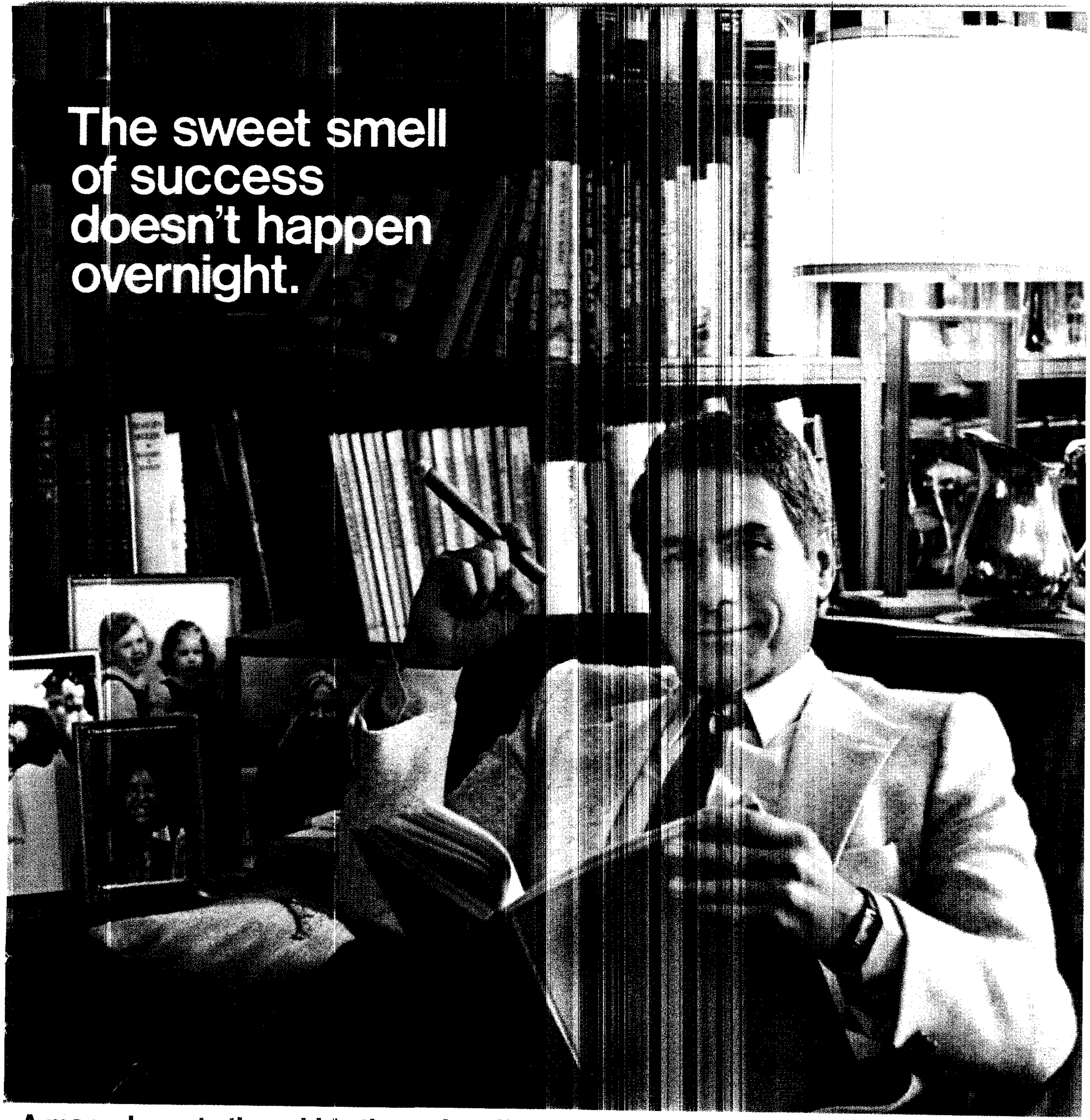
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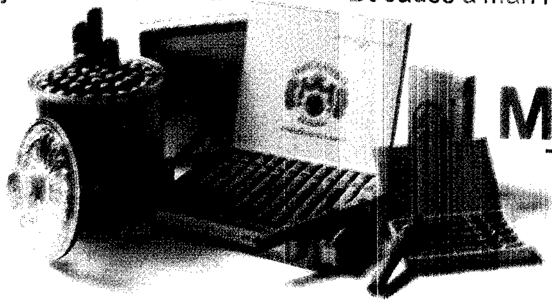

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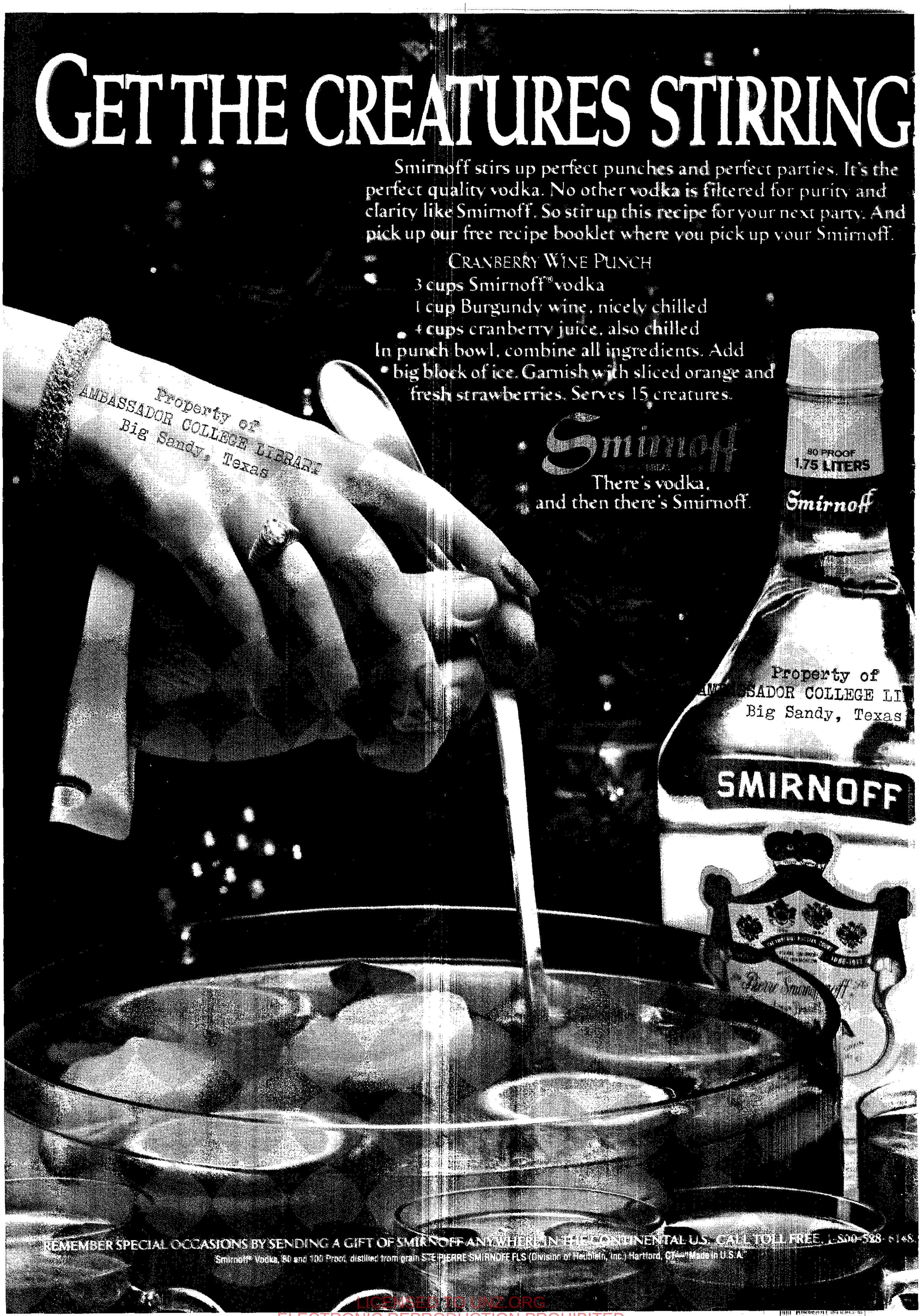

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